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THE WORKS OF MRS. GASKELL.*

“QUAND une lecture vous élève l'esprit, et qu'elle vous inspire des sentiments nobles et courageux, ne cherchez pas une autre règle pour juger de l'ouvrage; il est bon, et fait de main d'ouvrier.” This dictum of Jean de la Bruyère is peculiarly applicable to the works of Mrs. Gaskell, whose too brief literary career was closed by death early in the past year. It is hardly possible to read a page of her writing without getting some good from it. The style is clear and forcible, the tone pure, the matter wholesome. Under her guidance we are always taken into cleanly company, and

need never feel ashamed to say where we have been—a comfortable consciousness that does not remain with us after the perusal of certain younger authors, who yet set up for moralists. She is never afraid of degrading her subject by homely details, and on whatever she touches she leaves the artist-mark of reality. Other novel-writers of her generation have more poetry, more scholarship, more grace, eloquence and passion, but in the art of telling a story she has no superior—perhaps no equal.

It is nineteen years since Mrs. Gaskell made her first essay in fiction in “MARY BARTON,” a tale of Manchester Life, which but yesterday was adapted to the stage under the name of the “Long Strike”—a remarkable testimony to its abiding popularity. Novels have been styled Week-day Sermons, novelists Week-day Preachers, and in more than one of her stories, Mrs. Gaskell takes up the parable of Dives and Lazarus with the avowed object of telling one half the world how the other half lives, that knowledge may breed sympathy, and sympathy bring about redress for those sufferings

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which arise from ignorance, misconception or wilful wrong. She by no means thinks it her mission simply to amuse. For motto to "MARY BARTON" she takes these words of Carlyle: "*'How knowest thou,' may the distressed Novel-wright exclaim, 'that I, here where I sit, am the foolishest of existing mortals; that this my Long-ear of a fictitious Biography shall not find one and the other, into whose still longer ears it may be the means, under Providence, of instilling somewhat?'* We answer, 'None knows, none can certainly know: therefore, write on, worthy Brother, even as thou canst, even as it is given thee.'" Thus encouraged Mrs. Gaskell does write on, and does instill somewhat, well worth hearing and laying to heart; and that her words, and others like them, have been laid to heart, and have brought forth the fruit of good deeds, witness the universal charity that prevailed during the recent cotton famine, and contrast it with the angry distrust that existed between rich and poor during the calamitous years of 1846-47-48 when she first began to teach and to preach.

"Words are things; and a small drop of ink, Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces* That which make thousands, perhaps millions, think."

Those were days of great trouble and upsetting both in the social and the political world. In Ireland there was famine and rebellion; in France there was revolution, out of which rose the Second Empire; in England there was commercial distress, such as always bears most heavily on the multitudes whose daily labor is their daily bread. In the preface of the cheap edition of "MARY BARTON" Mrs. Gaskell tells us how, living in Manchester, she learned to feel a deep sympathy with the care-worn men thronging its busy streets, who looked as if doomed to struggle through their lives in strange alternations of work and want, tossed to and fro by circumstances, apparently in even a greater degree than other men; she tells us how this sympathy opened to her the hearts of one or two of the more thoughtful amongst them; how she saw that they were sore and irritable against the prosperous, especially against the masters whose fortunes they had helped to build up; and how they were possess-

ed of a strong belief that the privations and miseries that they suffered were the result of the injustice and hardness of the rich, the even tenor of whose seeming happy lives appeared to increase the anguish caused by the lottery-like nature of their own. She saw the thoroughness of this belief manifested from time to time in acts of deadly revenge; and the consequences were so cruel to all parties, that the more she reflected on them the more anxious she became to give utterance to the dumb agony of the people, and to disabuse them of their bitter misapprehensions; for they seemed to her to be left in a state wherein lamentation and tears were put aside as useless, but in which the lips were compressed for curses, and the hand clenched and ready to smite.

Mrs. Gaskell's vocation was that of a peacemaker. She compels us to feel not how different men are, but how much they are alike when the accidents of wealth and poverty are put by. She utters her voice often through tears, but always to a most wise and Christian purpose, and throughout "MARY BARTON" her cry is for Patience with the Poor. The discussions she strove to pacify, the difficulties she strove to smooth, are cropping up again in these days with quite another light upon them, and it is not always easy to get at her original point of view, but when we do get at it, we see that it was the just point for that time, whatever modifications and changes twenty years may have wrought in the respective positions of masters and men. The literary merits of the story are great, but the moral of it, the deep, direct, earnest intention that underlies the story, which has performed its mission and become out of date, is its most forcible part.

The conversion of the masters is accomplished now. Their power is effectually circumscribed by public opinion and public government; their consciences are better informed than they were half a century ago, and few rich men would care to assert at this hour an absolute right to do what they like with their own. The individual artisan also is wiser, abler, more willing to see straight than his fathers were; but bodies of artisans banded in trades' unions are what they always

were—parts of a machine without heart, without brain, without conscience. Terrible trade outrages, the perpetrators of which remain undiscovered, still occur at intervals, startling the nation with a revival of the worst symptoms of a treacherous old disease, and almost justifying the belief of the unaffiliated, that it is radical in the constitution of these societies.

Such an outrage is one of the leading events in the story of "MARY BARTON." The plot is woven on the back-ground of a long strike, Mary, her father, and her two lovers being the most prominent actors in it. John Barton is a busy member of his union, a man not naturally harsh or bitter, but one whose sufferings have turned the milk of human kindness in his heart to gall. His mother had died of want, his little lad had "clemmed to dead" before his eyes. Hating factory work for women, he had 'prenticed his dear little Mary to a dressmaker, and she grew up so bonny, blithe, and attractive that she not only engaged the affections of Jem Wilson, a suitor in her own rank of life, but also drew on herself the less honorable admiration of young Mr. Carson, the son of a wealthy cotton spinner. She let her fancy run on the notion of being a lady, and discourages Jem, though she does not love his rival, and while matters stand in this position comes the crisis of the story—the murder of young Carson in fulfilment of a unionist oath of vengeance against the masters, and the arrest of Jem Wilson for the crime. The circumstances that immediately preceded its commission we will quote. The first scene is a meeting of masters, and delegates from the men, with a view to putting an end to the strike which was ruining both.

"The door was opened, and the waiter announced that the men were below, and asked if it were the pleasure of the gentlemen that they should be shown up. They assented, and rapidly took their places round the official table. Tramp, tramp, came the heavy clogged feet up the stairs, and in a minute five wild, earnest-looking men stood in the room. Had they been larger-boned men you would have called them gaunt; as it was, they were little of stature, and their fustian clothes hung loosely on their shrunk limbs. In choosing their delegates, the operatives had more regard to their brains and power of

speech than their wardrobes. It was long since many of them had known the luxury of a new article of dress; and the air-gaps were to be seen in their garments. Some of the masters were rather affronted at such a ragged detachment coming between the wind and their nobility; but what cared they?

"At the request of a gentleman hastily chosen to officiate as chairman, the leader of the delegates read, in a high-pitched, psalm-singing voice, a paper containing the operatives' statement of the case at issue, their complaints and demands, which last were not remarkable for moderation. He was then desired to withdraw for a few minutes, with his fellow-delegates, to another room, while the masters considered what should be their definitive answer. The masters would not consent to the advance demanded by the workmen. They would agree to give one shilling per week more than they had previously offered—the delegates positively declined any compromise of their demands.

"Then up sprang Mr. Henry Carson, the head and voice of the violent party amongst the masters, and addressing the chairman, even before the scowling operatives, he proposed some resolutions—firstly, declaring all communication between the masters and that particular trades' union at an end; secondly, declaring that no master should employ any workman in future, unless he signed a declaration that he did not belong to any trades' union. Considering that the men who now stood listening with lowering brows of defiance, were all of them leading members of the union, such resolutions were in themselves sufficiently provocative of animosity; but not content with simply stating them, Harry Carson went on to characterize the conduct of the workmen in no measured terms, every word he spoke rendering their looks more livid, their glaring eyes more fierce.

"Now there had been some by-play at this meeting. While the men had stood grouped near the door, on their first entrance, Mr. Harry Carson had taken out his silver pencil, and had drawn an admirable caricature of them—lank, ragged, dispirited and famine-stricken. Underneath he wrote a hasty quotation from the fat knight's well-known speech in Henry IV. He passed it to one of his neighbors, who acknowledged the likeness instantly, and by him it was sent round to the others, who all smiled and nodded their heads. This proceeding was closely observed by one of the men. He watched the masters as they left the hotel (laughing, some of them were), and when all had gone, he went to the waiter, who recognized him—'There's a bit on a picture up yonder, as one of the gentlemen threw away; I've a little lad at home as dearly loves a picture; by your leave I'll go up for it.'

Having obtained possession of the caricature he produces it the same evening in an assembly of working-men—like himself out of work—John Barton being amongst them.

“The heads clustered together to gaze at and detect the likenesses.

“That’s John Slater! I’d ha’ known him anywhere by his big nose. Lord! how like; that’s me, by God, it’s the very way I’m obligated to pin my waistcoat up, to hide that I’ve gotten no shirt. That is a shame, and I’ll not stand it!”

“Well!” said John Slater, after having acknowledged his nose and his likeness; “I could laugh at a jest as well as e’er the best on ‘em, though it did tell agen mysel’, if I were not clemming, and if I could keep from thinking of them at home, as is clemming, (his eyes filled with tears; he was a poor, pinched, sharp-featured man, with a gentle and melancholy expression of countenance); ‘but with their cries for food ringing in my ears, and making me afeard of going home, and wonder if I should hear ‘em wailing out if I lay cold and drowned at th’ bottom of th’ canal, there—why, man, I cannot laugh at aught. It seems to make me sad that there is any as can make game on what they never known; as can make such laughable pictures on men whose very hearts within ‘em are so raw and sore as ours were and are, God help us.’

John Barton began to speak; they turned to him with great attention. ‘It makes me more than sad, it makes my heart burn within me, to see that folks can make a jest of starving men; of chaps who comed to ask for a bit o’ fire for th’ old granny as shivers i’ th’ cold; for virtualls for the chilfer whose little voices are getting too weak to cry aloud w’ hunger. I have seen a father who had killed his child rather than let it clem before his eyes; and he were a tender-hearted man!’”

Brooding and talking over this wound to their self-love kindles their vindictive passions. Barton suggests that instead of beating poor “knobsticks,” or blinding them with vitriol, they should “have at” the masters—set him to serve out the masters and see if he will stick at aught.

“And so with words, or looks that told more than words, they built up a deadly plan. Deeper and darker grew the import of their speeches, as they stood hoarsely muttering their meaning, and glaring with eyes that told the terror their own thoughts were to them, upon their neighbors. Their clenched fists, their set teeth, their livid looks, all told the sufferings which their minds were voluntarily undergoing in the contemplation of crime,

and in familiarizing themselves with its details.

“Then came one of those fierce, terrible oaths which bind members of trades’ unions to any given purpose. Then under the flaring gaslight they met together to consult further. With the distrust of guilt each was suspicious of his neighbor, each dreaded the treachery of another. A number of pieces of paper (the identical letter on which the caricature had been drawn that very morning) were torn up, and one was marked. Then all were folded up again, looking exactly alike. They were shuffled together in a hat. The gas was extinguished; each drew out a paper. The gas was re-lighted. Then each went as far as he could from his fellows, and examined the paper he had drawn without a word, and with a countenance as stony and immovable as he could make it.

“Then, rigidly silent, they each took up their hats and went every one his own way. He who had drawn the marked paper had drawn the lot of the assassin! and he had sworn to act according to his drawing. But no one, save God and his own conscience, knew who was the appointed murderer.”

Harry Carson is the victim selected; and the evening but one after the swearing of the secret oath, he is shot dead on his way home. At this crisis the dramatic interest of the story quite runs away with its morality. Jem Wilson falsely accused of the murder and brought to trial, gets a safe deliverance in one of the finest scenes in the book, but the real criminal goes unpunished of human justice, the wickedness of his act is disimulated, and the law is mocked. That such crimes, done in the supposed interest of communities, occasionally evade discovery, is a fact too patent to be denied, but in a work of fiction, written for a great purpose, where points are strained here and strained there, to fit immaginary circumstances, we would rather this point had been strained also, and that the murderer of Harry Carson had expiated his crime upon the gallows, a warning and example to others, tempted and tried as he was tempted and tried, at whatever cost of feeling to writers and readers. The book, as we have said, still enjoys a wide popularity, and as we have allowed to it the credit of having wrought true sympathy for the poor in the hearts of their richer neighbors, we venture also to express a fear that it may have wrought real mischief in the

hot heads of angry unionists by granting impunity to murder.

The sacrifice of what is eternally right to what is temporarily agreeable is liable to be often demanded by the exigencies of romance, and therefore is it that so many critics set their faces against moral aims in novels, and declare that it is their sole mission to be entertaining. In her earlier works Mrs. Gaskell never consented to this, and "*NORTH AND SOUTH*" is a second illustration of the quarrel between Manchester masters and operatives as it was in the times that are past. But here the quarrel is incidental to another story, designed to set forth the different fibre of Hampshire and Lancashire men—to the distinct advantage of the latter. It is easy to see where Mrs. Gaskell's heart is, and where also was her truer and fuller knowledge at this period of her career.

The scene opens on the eve of a wedding in London, and we are introduced first to the bride elect, a pretty young lady afraid of anybody who does anything for conscience' sake, and her cousin, the heroine, Margaret Hale, who has been brought up with her in Harley Street. We make a passing acquaintance with the bridegroom, a brave, handsome noodle; with his brother, a clever, ambitious barrister; and with the bride's mother, Mrs. Shaw, who, having married for position, has all her life since professed regret for what she missed in not marrying for love like her sister, Margaret's mother, who having accepted an amiable clergyman, has moped with him in affectionate discontent and obscurity ever since at Helstone, a parish in the New Forest, and in such straightened circumstances that she cannot attend her niece's marriage, because it would not be prudent to buy new clothes for the occasion, and she will not disgrace it by going shabby. After the wedding, we are taken down to Helstone, with Margaret Hale and her father, not greater strangers to the heroine's home than she is herself; and here occur some of those sweet descriptive bits of country which betray that if Mrs. Gaskell's lot was cast in murky Manchester, her imagination made it one of the brightest holidays in the woods and fields.

"It was the latter part of July when Margaret returned home. The forest trees were all one dark, full, dusky green; the fern below them caught all the slanting sunbeams; the weather was sultry and broodingly still. Margaret used to tramp along by her father's side, crushing down the fern with a cruel glee, as she felt it yield under her light foot, and send up the fragrance peculiar to it,—out on the broad commons into the warm-scented light, seeing multitudes of wild, free, living creatures, revelling in the sunshine, and the herbs and flowers it called forth. This life—at least, these walks—realized all Margaret's anticipations. . . Her out-of-doors life was perfect. Her in-doors life had its drawbacks."

And very serious drawbacks they were;—the shadow of a dear son, lost to home and country, an exile and fugitive under sentence of death, for the leading part he had taken in a mutiny on board a king's ship; failing health and broken spirits for the bereaved mother, and sad doubts and unrest on the part of Mr. Hale, which brings him to a resolution to give up Helstone and his office as a minister of the Church of England. And here we think there is some haziness and exaggerated sentiment. As a man of honor and conscience, Mr. Hale could certainly not any longer hold a cure under a religious system that he believed contrary to right (what his special difficulties were we are not told), but it is a curious misconception of Anglicanism to set forth as one of its principles that to leave the Church of England is to be severed from the Church of God. We had hitherto rested in peace under the belief that all the reformed congregations, at home and abroad, whatever their government, were of the same household of faith as ourselves. To be sure it is by the lips of Margaret Hale that the new notion is promulgated, and that may account for its eccentricity; heroines are commonly nice girls and good practical Christians, but they are not often strong in doctrine or ecclesiasticism.

From the sunny parsonage in the New Forest to a dreary little house in a dull suburb of Milton - Northern, Darkshire, is a long step, but Mr. Hale takes it, with delicate wife and reluctant daughter, and one faithful tyrannical servant, Dixon, Mrs. Hale's confidant, and her maid before her marriage. Mr. Hale proposes

to eke out his slender private income by giving lessons in the classics to any manufacturers or sons of manufacturers who can be induced to spare an hour now and then from the universal business of money-making. Through an old college friend, Mr. Bell, Margaret's god-father, he gains his first and best pupil, Mr. Thornton, of Marlborough Mills, the representative granite man of the North, of whom his mother—more granite than himself—says with honest pride: "Go where you will—I don't say in England only, but in Europe,—the name of John Thornton, of Milton, is known and respected by all business men. Of course it is unknown in the fashionable circles," she continued, scornfully. "Idle ladies and gentlemen are not likely to know much of a Milton Manufacturer, unless he gets into Parliament, or marries a lord's daughter."

This John Thornton plays hero admirably to Margaret Hale's heroine, and they begin in the most promising way with a little aversion. How this aversion becomes interest, admiration, and something more, is the substance of the story; and a perfectly charming story it would be, but for what strikes us as a wanton degradation of Margaret by putting her into circumstances where she is driven to think a lie better policy than the truth—necessary, indeed, to save her brother's life—a tricky expedient for raising interest which blemishes more than one of Mrs. Gaskell's works. We know how Sir Walter Scott dealt with a similar difficulty in "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," and what a profound effect he creates by making Jenny Deans tell the truth, and trust God for the consequences.

The subordinate characters in "NORTH AND SOUTH," chiefly factory-folk, are touched in with force and distinctness, and this remark applies no less to "MARY BARTON," than to all the later productions of our author. As a pathetic example of the home-life of the "hands," in whose joys and sorrows she had so keen a sympathy, we will quote a scene between a weaver on strike and his daughter, whom Margaret Hale has gone to visit as she lies sick, and slowly wearing away to the "Land o' the leal."

"A great slatternly girl, not so old as

Bessy, but taller and stronger, was busy at the wash-tub, knocking about the furniture in a rough, capable way, but altogether making so much noise that Margaret shrunk, out of sympathy with poor Bessy. . . .

"Do you think such life as this is worth caring for?" gasped Bessy, at last. Margaret did not speak, but held the water to her lips. Bessy took a long, feverish draught, and then fell back and shut her eyes. Margaret heard her murmur to herself: "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat."

Margaret bent over and said: "Bessy, doot not be impatient with your life, whatever it is,—or may have been. Remember who gave it you, and made it what it is."

"She was startled by hearing Nicholas speak behind her; he had come in without her noticing him.

"Now, I'll not have my wench preached to. She's bad enough as it is, with her dreams and her methodic fancies, and her visions of cities with golden gates and precious stones. And if it amuses her I let a' be, but I'm none going to have more stuff poured into her."

"But surely," said Margaret, facing round, "you believe in what I said, that God gave her life, and ordered what kind of life it was to be."

"I believe what I see and no more. That's what I believe, young woman. I don't believe all I hear—no! not by a big deal."

Bessy had been watching Margaret's face; she half sat up to speak now, laying her hand on Margaret's arm with a gesture of entreaty. "Don't be vexed wi' him—there's many a one thinks like him; many and many a one here. If yo' could hear them speak, yo'd not be shocked at him; he's a rare good man, is father—but oh!" said she, falling back in despair, "what he says at times makes me long to die more than ever, for I want to know so many things, and am so tossed about wi' wonder."

"Poor wench—poor old wench—I'm loth to vex yo', I am; but a man mun speak out for the truth; and when I see the world going all wrong at this time o' day, bothering itself wi' things it knows naught about, and leaving undone all the things that lie in disorder close at its hand—why, I say, leave a' this talk about religion alone, and set to work on what yo' see and know. That's my creed. It's simple, and not far to fetch nor hard to work."

"But the girl only pleaded the more with Margaret. "Don't think hardly on him,—he's a good man, he is. I sometimes think I shall be moved wi' sorrow even in the City of God, if father is not there." The feverish color came into her cheek, and the feverish flame into her eye. "But you will be there, father! You shall! Oh! my heart!" She put her hand to it and became ghastly pale.

"Margaret held her in her arms, and put

the weary head to rest upon her bosom. She lifted the thin soft hair from off the temples, and bathed them with water. Nicholas understood all her signs for different articles with the quickness of love, and even the round-eyed sister moved with laborious gentleness at Margaret's 'hush.' Presently the spasm that foreshadowed death had passed away, and Bessy raised herself and said,—

"I'll go to bed—it's best place; but," catching at Margaret's gown, "you'll come again, I know yo' will—but just say it."

"I will come to-morrow," said Margaret. "Bessy leant back against her father, who prepared to carry her up stairs; but as Margaret rose to go he struggled to say something. 'I could wish there were a God, if it were only to ask him to bless thee.'"

One more quotation from "NORTH AND SOUTH," and we will pass on from the familiar ground where Mrs. Gaskell earned her first fame to the novels of her middle manner—for she had three, alike yet distinct, and the latest was the best—that by which her name will be kept fragrant beyond this generation. The passage tells its own story.

"It was not a favorable moment for Higgins to make his request. But he had promised Margaret to do it at any cost. So, though every moment added to his repugnance, his pride and his sullenness of temper, he stood leaning against the dead wall, hour after hour, first on one leg and then on the other. At last the latch was sharply lifted, and out came Mr. Thornton.

"I want for to speak to yo', sir."

"Can't stay now, my man, I'm too late as it is."

"Well, sir, I reckon I can wait till yo' come back." . . . At last Mr. Thornton returned.

"What! you there still!"

"Ay, sir, I mun speak to yo'."

"Come in here, then. Stay! we'll go across the yard." . . . "It is such men as this," thought he, "who interrupt commerce, and injure the very town they live in; mere demagogues, lovers of power, at whatever cost to others." . . . "Well, sir, what do you want with me?" said Mr. Thornton, facing round at him as soon as they were in the counting-house.

"I want work."

"Work! You're a pretty chap to come asking me for work. You don't want impudence, that's clear."

Mr. Thornton saw a letter addressed to himself on the table. He took it up and read it through. At the end, he looked up and said, "What are you waiting for?"

"An answer to th' question I axed."

"I gave it you before. Don't waste any

more of your time. . . . I've turned off upwards of a hundred of my best hands for no other fault than following you, and such as you; and d'ye think I'll take you on? I might as well put a fire-brand into the midst of the cotton-waste."

"Higgins turned away; then the recollection of Boucher came over him, and he faced round with the greatest concession he could persuade himself to make. "I'd promise yo', measter, I'd not speak a word as could do harm, if so be yo' did right by us; and I'd promise more; I'd promise that when I see'd yo' going wrong, and acting unfair, I'd speak to yo' in private first; and that would be a fair warning. If yo' and I did na agree in our opinion o' your conduct, yo' might turn me off at an hour's notice."

"Upon my word, you don't think small beer of yourself; Hamper has had a loss of you. How came he to let you and your wisdom go?"

"Well, we parted wi' mutual dissatisfaction. I would not gl'e the pledge they were asking; and they would not have me at no rate. So I'm free to make another engagement."

"That you may have more money laid up for another strike, I suppose?"

"No, I'd be thankful if I was free to do that; it's for to keep th' widow and chilfer of a man who was drove mad by them knobsticks o' yourn; put out of his place by a Paddy that did na know weff fra warp."

"Well, you'd better turn to something else if you've any such good intention in your head. I should not advise you to stay in Milton; you're too well known here."

"If it were summer," said Higgins, "I'd take to Paddy's work, and go as a navvy, or haymaking, or summut, and ne'er see Milton again. But it's winter, and the chilfer will clem."

"A pretty navvy you'd make! Why, you could not do half a day's work at digging against an Irishman."

"I'd only charge half a day for the twelve hours, if I could only do half a day's work in the time. Yo're not knowing of any place, where they could gi' me a trial away fra' the mills, if I'm such a firebrand? I'd take any wage they thought I was worth, for the sake of those chilfer."

"Don't you see what you would be? You'd be a knobstick. You'd be taking less wages than the other laborers—all for the sake of another man's children. Think how you'd abuse any poor fellow who was willing to take what he could get to keep his own children. You and your union would soon be down upon him. No, no! if it's only for the recollection of the way in which you've used the poor knobsticks before now, I say, No, to your question. I will not give you work. . . . There's your answer."

" 'I hear, sir. I would na ha' troubled yo' but that I were bid to come, by one as seemed to think yo'd getten some soft place in yo'r heart. She were mistook, and I were misled. But I'm not the first man as is misled by a woman.'

" 'Tell her to mind her own business the next time, instead of taking up your time and mine too.' I believe women are at the bottom of every plague in this world. Be off with you.'

" 'I'm obleeged to yo' for a' yo'r kindness, measter, and most of a' for yo'r civil way o' saying good-bye.'

" Mr. Thornton did not deign a reply. But looking out of the window a minute after, he was struck with the lean, bent figure going out of the yard; the heavy walk was in strange contrast with the resolute, clear determination of the man to speak to him. He crossed to the porter's lodge.

" 'How long has that man Higgins been waiting to speak to me?'

" 'He was outside the gate before eight o'clock, sir. I think he's been there ever since.'

" 'And it is now—?'

" 'Just one, sir.'

" 'Five hours,' thought Mr. Thornton; 'it's certainly a long time for a man to wait doing nothing, but first hoping and then fearing.'

For the credit's sake of the granite men of the north, we must add that Mr. Thornton repented before the day was over, and did give Higgins work—which the man did not take without telling the master "a bit of his mind."

" *North and South*" was originally published in *Household Words*, as were also the delicious pictures of country-town life, grouped together under the name of "Cranford." Mrs. Gaskell has written many things of greater power and more vivid interest than these stories, but nothing that will better bear to be read over and over again. They are rich in her peculiar humor, her sense of fun, and warm throughout with her genuine womanly kindness. Akin to these are numerous short tales, contributed to various periodicals, amongst which we may instance, as most striking, "Lizzie Leigh," "The Grey Woman," and "Mr. Harrison's Confessions," which have been since collected into volumes. In another line, under the title of "Company Manners," she gives us her notions of how society is made agreeable, or the reverse: her pet illustration of a perfect

entertainer being the charming Madame de Sablé.

We shall now pass forward to "RUTH;" in order of publication, Mrs. Gaskell's second great work, written in what we have styled her second manner, and, of all her novels, perhaps, least our favorite. It is the story of a life full of tears; of a girl left fatherless and motherless, and apprenticed at fifteen, by a guardian who has no personal interest in her, to the head milliner of a country town. Pretty, graceful, timid, untaught, a little indolent, a little refined; without protection, without counsel, save that voice of God in the soul of her which we call *conscience*, she attracts the dangerous admiration of a self-indulgent young gentleman of three and twenty, and with as little pre-meditation as may be in such a case, they go astray together. Ruth hears a whisper within, warning her that it is not good for her to meet Mr. Bellingham, to walk with him when she should be at church; but her pleasures are so few, and this pleasure is so great. Thoughts of her mother, dead and gone, hold her a little while, but a threat from her mistress opens the door of opportunity to her lover, and he entices her easily over the threshold of temptation, soon to abandon her in that wilderness of sorrow and suffering, where society has decreed that women who have once left the straight paths of virtue shall wander all their days outcast, branded, apart. Whether this decree of society is Christian, wise, fair, is the hard problem Mrs. Gaskell sets us to consider and to solve in the sad story of "Ruth." And first she shows us the girl while she was yet "snow pure," wearying in the milliner's work-room, at two o'clock on a January morning, during a brief interval for rest, in the labor of preparation for a country ball.

" Ruth pressed her hot forehead against the cold glass, and strained her aching eyes in gazing out on the lovely sky of a winter's night. The impulse was strong upon her to snatch up a shawl, and wrapping it round her head, to sally forth and enjoy the glory; and time was, when that impulse would have been instantly followed; but now, Ruth's eyes filled with tears, and she stood quite still, dreaming of the days that were gone. Some one touched her shoulder while her thoughts were far away, remembering past January

nights, which had resembled this, and were yet so different.

"Ruth, love," whispered a girl who had distinguished herself by a long and hard fit of coughing, "come and have some supper. You don't know how it helps one through the night."

"One run—one blow of the fresh air would do me more good," said Ruth.

"Not such a night as this," replied the other.

"And why not such a night as this, Jenny?" answered Ruth. "Oh! at home I have many a time run up the lawn all the way to the mill, just to see the icicles hang on the great wheel, and when I was once out, I could hardly find in my heart to come in, even to mother sitting by the fire—even to mother," she added, in a low melancholy tone, which had something of inexpressible sadness in it."

An interlude of bitter-sweet delight follows Ruth's fall from her pure estate. Mr. Bellingham carries her to Wales, and the landlady of the inn where they lodge, though she promptly discerns her position, finds it "hard to show the proper contempt," so gentle is she, so humble and meek. Already on a dull day, the hours begin to lag with the lover, already, now and then, a shadow droops over Ruth's beautiful face. But when the weather is bright, and they can ramble abroad, they are happy as children at play. Here is one sunny scene of their love, close on which come clouds and tears, and the natural end of such love's beginning.

"There was a path leading sharp down, and they followed it; the ledge of rock made it almost like going down steps, and their walk grew into a bounding, and their bounding into a run, before they reached the lowest plane. A green gloom reigned there; it was the still hour of noon; the little birds were quiet in some leafy shade. They went on a few yards, and then they came to a circular pool overshadowed by trees, whose highest boughs had been beneath their feet a few minutes before. The pond was hardly below the surface of the ground, and there was nothing like a bank on any side. A heron was standing there motionless, but when he saw them he flapped his wings and slowly rose, and soared above the green heights of the wood up into the very sky itself; for at that depth the trees appeared to touch the round white clouds that brooded over the earth. The speedwell grew in the shallowest water of the pool, and all around its margin, but the flowers were hardly seen at first, so deep was the green

shadow cast by the trees. In the very middle of the pond the sky was mirrored clear and dark, a blue which looked as if a black void had laid behind.

"Oh! there are water-lilies," said Ruth, her eye catching on the farther side. "I must go and get some."

"No, I will get them for you. The ground is spongy all round there. Sit still, Ruth; this heap of grass will make a capital seat."

"He went round, and she waited quietly for his return. When he came back, he took off her bonnet, without speaking, and began to place his flowers in her hair. She was quite still while he arranged her coronet, looking up in his face with loving eyes, with peaceful composure. She knew that he was pleased, from his manner, which had the joyousness of a child playing with a new toy, and she did not think of his occupation. It was pleasant to forget everything except his pleasure. When he had decked her out, he said:

"There, Ruth, now you'll do. Come and look at yourself in the pond. Here, where there are no weeds, come."

"She obeyed, and could not help seeing her own loveliness: it gave her a new sense of satisfaction for an instant, as the sight of any other beautiful object would have done, but she never thought of associating it with herself. Her existence was in feeling and thinking and loving.

"Down in that green hollow they were quite in harmony. Her beauty was all that Mr. Bellingham cared for, and that was supreme. It was all he recognized in her, and he was proud of it. She stood in her white dress against the trees that grew around; her face was flushed into a brilliancy of color, which resembled that of a rose in June; the great heavy white flowers drooped on either side of her beautiful head, and if her brown hair was a little disordered, the very disorder seemed only to add a grace. She pleased him more by looking so lovely than by all her tender endeavors to fall in with his varying humors."

On the evening of this very day, Mr. Bellingham is smitten with fever, his mother comes to nurse him, and Ruth is excluded from his room. No sooner is he convalescent than he prepares to abandon her—if it can be arranged handsomely, he does not "wish to see her again." His mother regards his selfish heartlessness as a return to virtue, and leaving a letter of severe counsel and a fifty pound note for Ruth, she carries him away from the inn at once, to avoid the possibility of meeting with the unhappy girl. When Ruth finds herself

forsaken, her first impulse is to follow her faithless lover, her next to seek the refuge of death in the dark pool where the water-lilies grew. But as the angel of the Lord met Hagar by the fountain in the wilderness, so he met Ruth in her despair upon the moor, and brought her back by the hand of a poor, deformed, Dissenting minister to reason and repentance, and trust in God, and the patient bearing of that cross of shame, by means of which, out of her weakness she was made strong to endure persecution, to resist temptation such as few endure, few resist.

And here begin the moral difficulties of the story. Thurstan Benson, and his sister Faith, moved by the true spirit of Christian charity, agree to carry their compassion into active exercise, to take Ruth into their home, to comfort her in her misery, to shield her in her distress—but with a reservation. Fear of their *world*, represented by Mr. Bradshaw, a hard, self-righteous, prosperous church member, perverts their honesty into gross deceit, and to screen Ruth and her unborn child from the penalties exacted from such as they, she is introduced to their friends at Eccleston as a near relation, early left a widow. Their old servant Sally, a capital character, detects the imposition at a glance; but others are less shrewd, and it succeeds for several years, during which Ruth cultivates her mind until she is fitted for a governess, in which capacity she is received into the family of Mr. Bradshaw. Her conduct here is that of a modest, gentle, refined, cultivated woman. Love for her child, gratitude to those who have succored her, have matured in her the seeds of good. When Mr. Bellingham sees her again, it is in this respected and trusted position; and he thinks she must have played her cards very well. She is lovelier than ever, and he would fain lure her back into sin, he even offers her marriage, but all her heart is now treasured up in their son, Leonard, and to save him from his father, she has fortitude to withstand all his pleadings, and her own weakness of tender remembrance. Close upon this follows the discovery of her false character, and Mr. Bradshaw drives her from his house with violence and contumely. Then ensues a heart-

breaking revelation to Leonard of the disgrace that rests upon his mother and on himself, and the hard struggle to live which erring women encounter.

We may say here, once for all, that in its rigor of social law against wantonness we believe the *world* is right. There are men and women always ready, always willing to mitigate the law and receive to mercy those who, like Ruth, have sinned in ignorance, passion, and youth. But they distinguish. Few hearts would not be pitiful to such a case as hers. It is not "snow pure" simplicity that slips oftenest into sin. There are those whose vanity and idleness court temptation; there are others with vicious proclivities who cannot be kept out of it; and for these, perhaps the majority, the social law may justifiably be left as it is, will assuredly be left as it is, while Christian ideas of morality and English ideas of honor hold their ancient ground. But as individuals, it will be good to bear in mind that we can never do amiss in restraining harsh and bitter speech to the tempted, lest we urge mere weakness to wickedness, or in holding out a hand to help the fallen to a chance of redemption. To the unforgiving severity of virtuous women is commonly ascribed the ban which excludes their erring sisters from all hope of being restored to honor and good fame on this side of the grave; but Mrs. Gaskell, with a truer observation of what passes in real life, makes Ruth's chief adversary a pharisee amongst religious men; one who values purity in his wife and daughters and truth between neighbors as pearls of price inestimable, but has no spark of that divine compassion which was the light Christ brought into the world when he came to seek and to save those that were lost.

Ruth's life, from the time she stands forth to the little world of Eccleston as the betrayed mother of a bastard child, is exquisitely sorrowful, exquisitely touching. The good minister, his sister, and old Sally love her and guard her as good Christians guard and love souls they have saved from death. Her child loves her with passionate devotion. She seeks work here, there, everywhere, and finds it, at last, in helping as she has been helped, in tending the sick, the poor, all that are in misery. And in the midst of

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this work, God calls her home—"one of those who have passed through great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, and are before the throne of God forever." We are touched with so much pity at the last, that we are almost moved to erase our previous strictures. But let them stand.

In "A DARK NIGHT'S WORK" we have another story of a deception—a deception so much stranger than fiction that we are inclined to believe it founded on fact. A long and rather tedious preamble brings us acquainted with Mr. Wilkins, a country attorney, the son and grandson of attorneys, respectable practitioners in the town of Hamley, employed by the county magnates from generation to generation. Educated at Eton, handsome, elegant, a man of taste, refinement, and ambition, polished by foreign travel, he falls reluctantly into the hereditary groove; until his marriage with the pretty daughter of a *méssalliance*, who is also niece to Sir Frederick Holster, wins him a precarious footing amongst the county gentlefolks; which his eminent social qualities enable him to retain after he is left a widower with one beautiful child, Ellinor, whose deep affection for him, and his for her, are most tenderly and touchingly depicted.

The story proper does not begin until Ellinor is of an age to be wooed by a young gentleman of family, Ralph Corbet, who comes to Hamley during the Oxford vacations to read with Mr. Ness, the vicar. He is a lover whose intellect has always the mastery over his affections, but Ellinor's sweetness captivates him completely, and the disapproval of his own people confirms him in his attachment, which passes through all the phases of courtship into an avowed and admitted engagement. Ellinor is intensely happy, and in her happiness is hardly observant enough of her father's gradual deterioration of conduct and character. His always liberal expenditure has become lavish, his easiness in business has become neglect, and a clerk from London, Dunster by name, has been installed in the attorney's office to reduce order out of the confusion into which his affairs and those of others en-

trusted to him professionally, have fallen. Dunster is a reserved man, very persistent in having things exactly done; and his precision proves a constant vexation to his superior, who finds it easier by-and-by to admit him to partnership and responsibility than to keep him in his subordinate place. Such is the position of the chief personages of the story when the dark night's work is done which gives it a name.

Mr. Dunster returns from a dinner-party with Mr. Wilkins to talk over some business matter; a disagreement arises, and Wilkins strikes his adversary a sudden blow—a fatal blow. Down from her chamber comes Ellinor, and finds Dunster dead on the floor of her father's study; and they two, at the suggestion and with the assistance of Dixon, Mr. Wilkins's factotum, bury the body in the flower-garden. The police of Hamley do not appear to have been very shrewd detectives, for they and everybody else credit the first rumor explaining Dunster's disappearance—namely, that he has decamped to America with so much of his principal's private and professional property, that his affairs are thrown into irretrievable confusion. But the three who have conspired to conceal what was no crime—or, at the worst, manslaughter—have spoiled their lives utterly. Terrors assail them on every side; their home is become a haunted place. Ellinor loses her lover, Mr. Wilkins dies insolvent, and seventeen years after, when, in making a cutting for a railway, Dunster's body is discovered, Dixon is arrested and tried for murder. The old servant keeps counsel so far as to let himself be condemned to death, but Ellinor flies to the rescue, and things are so pleasantly arranged in the end for the survivor's of the dark night's work, that it seems as if Dunster were only rightly served for making himself disagreeable. It is true that their consciences have been irksome; but, for the public good, it has been found so essential to supplement the work of conscience with penal inflictions, that we feel troubled in our sense of justice, when Mrs. Gaskell lets off assassins and their accessories without any pains and penalties beyond what looks most like the dread of being found out; for in this instance, the torment of conscience

does not lead to confession—the only trustworthy sign of a real repentance.

Shortly after the death of Charlotte Brontë, in 1855, Mrs. Gaskell was requested to write the life of that gifted woman; and in the biography she produced, we have one of the fullest yet simplest and most touching records in our language—a record known and popular wherever our language is spoken. She had a subject in which all the world could feel an interest—a woman possessed of the highest intellectual power, whose conscientiousness and family affection withstood every temptation which extraordinary literary success throws in the way of women; ambitious and world-famed, yet living and suffering obscurely; the moral of her life, “the unconquerable strength of genius and goodness.”

Mrs. Gaskell's fine appreciation of scenery, especially of the wild, bleak, hill-country of Yorkshire and Lancashire, enables her to set before us in vivid relief the moorland parsonage of Haworth, where Charlotte Brontë was born and died, where her great faculties found their nurture, and where all the love of her passionate heart was garnered up. The biography was almost universally accepted as tender, just, and true, and if it has appeared to some that the happy-tempered, genial, motherly writer did not get at the core of the recluse, all whose joys were spiritual, all her miseries physical and external, it may arise from the fact that their personal intimacy was not close, more than from the lack of sympathy. A biography, written so immediately on the death of its subject, risks many perils, and of these it cannot be said that Mrs. Gaskell steered quite clear even of the most obvious. Reading the book now, we are impressed with the intense pain and mortification it must have inflicted on living persons, and with the absence of the judicial spirit which would have discerned that there must be something to be said on the other side of those matters of fact of which we are shown but one. In later editions the defects arising from prejudice or from partiality have been abated; and coming to the story with a calm mind, after the lapse of ten years, we are not always so far influenced by Mrs. Gaskell's power of narrative that we cannot perceive pri-

mary causes other than those she sets forth to account for the family tragedy she has to record. We should ascribe to the needless privations and hardships of their early childhood, rather than to the neglects of Cowan Bridge, the foundation of that physical debility which marred the brief lives of all the Brontë girls, and to the absence of due paternal care and guidance in boyhood, the going astray of their unhappy brother. It is to be observed that in the selection made from Miss Brontë's letters, we have no word of causes, but only of consequences; that she lays no blame anywhere, and offers no plea in extenuation of the misconduct which made her home worse than a prison-house. Whether it was fair to reveal a half-truth with insinuations, where it was impossible to reveal the whole truth, is a matter for private rather than for critical opinion. In a literary point of view, we think the interest and reality of the life might have been retained with much less of painful reflection upon persons beyond the four walls of Haworth parsonage. But with all its over-statements or under-statements, the work undoubtedly remains what it was pronounced to be at the time of its publication, “one of the best biographies of a woman by a woman,” that we possess.

We come now to Mrs. Gaskell's novels in her last manner, “SYLVIA'S LOVERS,” and “WIVES AND DAUGHTERS,” with the exquisite short story of “COUSIN PHILIPS” between. In “SYLVIA'S LOVERS,” we are carried back to the war-time at the end of the last century, and to Monks-haven, a town on the north-eastern coast, which a hundred delicate descriptive touches enable us to identify with Whitby. We are made as well acquainted with its amphibious population as with the operatives of Manchester, and Sylvia Robson, the bonnie only child of a man who was a little of a farmer, a little of a seaman, a little of a smuggler, is as real to us in her joys and sorrows as Mary Barton, or any of the factory lasses with whom Mrs. Gaskell was personally familiar. She has the art of thoroughly clothing her conceptions in flesh and blood, of putting into their mouths articulate speech, individually appropriate, so that we are impressed by them, and

moved as by the doings and sufferings of men and women with whom we have actually known. As we read, they are not fictitious characters to us, but persons whose sentiments, motives, conduct, we feel inclined to analyze and discuss as if they had a literal bearing upon our own. Sylvia Robson is a charming rustic lassie for a heroine, and is first introduced to us perplexed with the prettiest and most innocent of feminine vanities, the choice of a new cloak—shall it be scarlet, shall it be grey? Her young love for a bit of gorgeous color inclines to scarlet, but her mother has spoken up for grey. She is on her road to Monkshaven, with Molley Corney, a neighbor's daughter, to sell her butter at the Market Cross, and by the way the girls debate the purchase which is to follow the sale of the butter.

"The girls were walking barefoot, and carrying their shoes and stockings in their hands during the first part of their way, but as they were drawing near Monkshaven they stopped and turned aside along a foot-path that led down from the main road to the banks of the Dee. There were great stones in the river about here, round which the waters gathered and eddied and formed deep pools. Molly sat down on the grassy bank to wash her feet, but Sylvia, more active (or perhaps lighter-hearted with the notion of the cloak in the distance,) placed her basket on a gravelly bit of shore, and giving a long spring, seated herself on a stone almost in the middle of the stream. Then she began dipping her little rosy toes in the cool rushing water, and whisking them out with childish glee.

"Be quiet wi' the', Sylvia. Thou'rt splash-ing me all ower, and my feyther'll noane be so keen o' giving me a new cloak as thine is seemingly."

"Sylvia was quiet, not to say penitent, in a moment. She drew up her feet instantly, as if to take herself out of temptation, she turned away from Molly to that side of her stony seat on which the current ran shallow and broken by pebbles. But once disturbed in her play, her thoughts reverted to the great subject of her cloak. She was now as still as a minute before she had been full of gambolling life. She had tucked herself up on the stone as if it had been a cushion, and she a little Sultana. Molly was deliberately washing her feet and drawing on her stockings, when she heard a sudden sigh, and her companion turned round so as to face her, and said, 'I wish mother hadn't spoken up for t' grey.'

"Why, Sylvia, thou wert saying as we

topped t' brow, as she did naught but bid thee think twice afore settling on scarlet.'

"Ay! but mother's words are scarce, and weigh heavy. Feyther's liker me, and we talk a deal o' rubble; but mother's words are liker to hewn stone. She puts a deal o' meaning in 'em. And then,' said Sylvia, as if she was put out by the suggestion, 'she bid me ask Cousin Philip for his opinion. I hate a man as has gotten an opinion on such-like things.'

"Well! we shall never get to Monkshaven this day, either for to sell our stuff and eggs, or to buy thy cloak, if we're sitting here much longer. T' sun's for slanting low, so come along, lass, and let's be going!"

"But if I put on my stockings and shoon here, and jump back into yon wet gravel, I see not be fit to be seen," said Sylvia, in a pathetic tone of bewilderment, funnily child-like. She stood up, her bare feet curved round the curving surface of the stone, her slight figure balancing as if in the act to spring.

"Thou knows thou'll just have to jump back barefoot, and wash thy feet afresh, without making all that ado; thou shouldst ha' done it at first, like me and all other sensible folk. But thou's gotten no gumption."

"Molly's mouth was stopped by Sylvia's hand. She was already on the river's bank by her friend's side.

"Now dunnot lecture me; I'm none for a sermon hung on every peg o' words. I'm going to have a new cloak, lass, and I cannot heed thee if thou dost lecture. Thou shall have all the gumption, and I'll have my cloak."

A great event in Monkshaven—the coming into port of the *Resolution*, the first whaler of the season, from the Greenland seas—delays the purchase of the cloak, but it is accomplished at last, and scarlet wins the day, in spite of the advice of the shopman—that cousin Philip, in Sylvia's contemptuous dislike of whom we feel inclined to sympathize, from the moment we hear that he was a serious young man, tall, but with a slight stoop in his shoulders, and a long upper lip, which gave a disagreeable aspect to a face that might otherwise have been good-looking.

Sylvia's sweet warm-heartedness and sympathy are beautifully brought out in the events that ensue on the arrival of the whaler, down upon whose newly returned men—husbands, fathers, sons, lovers—pounces the press-gang. These legalized kidnappers furnish the tragedy of the story, which needs all the bright

pictures strewn along its pages to lighten and relieve the ever-deepening gloom of the back-ground.

Sylvia's lovers are her cousin Philip Hepburn, and Charley Kinraid, speck-sioneer to the whaling-ship *Good Fortune*, who has made himself a hero in other eyes than hers by his gallantry in resisting the press-gang, in the course of which resistance he received a severe wound. He is carried to Moss Brow, nursed into health and strength again, and during this process it is that he and Sylvia grow into love with each other. Philip prosecutes his suit by teaching Sylvia to read and write against her inclination, and by insinuating evil stories against his rival—a method of courtship which fails, as it deserves to fail, while Kinraid's prospers without an effort. The girl's aversion to the young draper, who is so pious, proper, and demure that everybody else approves of him, is a just instinct. He sees the press-gang lurking in ambush for Kinraid, has the chance of warning him, and does not do it; he sees the luckless fellow caught and carried off to a man-o'-war's boat; he even accepts a message from him to give to Sylvia—"Tell her I'll come back to her. Bid her not forget the great oath we took together this morning; she's as much my wife as if we'd gone to church; I'll come back and marry her afore long." But when he hears that the speck-sioneer is supposed to have been overtaken by the tide and drowned on the shore, because his hat has been found drenched with sea water, he holds his peace, and lets Sylvia with the rest, though he sees her grieving all the day long, believe her lover dead.

"When sorrows come, they come not single spies but whole battalions." Daniel Robson gets into a fight with the press-gang to release some seamen whom they have captured very treacherously; an officer is killed, and Robson being brought to trial, as leader of the fray in which the disaster occurred, is condemned and executed. The forlornness of his widow and poor Sylvia makes Philip Hepburn's opportunity. He can give them protection and a good home, and for her mother's sake Sylvia consents to marry him—her heart yearning all the time with tenderest regret for Kinraid. There is an

affecting scene within twenty-four hours after their engagement where she betrays this, and bespeaks Philip's patience.

"Sylvia sat down on the edge of the trough, and dipped her hot little hand in the water. Then she went in quickly, and lifting her beautiful eyes to Philip's face, and with a look of inquiry—'Kester thinks as Charlie Kinraid may have been took by the press-gang.'

"It was the first time she had named the name of her former lover to her present one since the day, long ago now, when they had quarreled about him; and the rosy color flushed her all over; but her sweet, trustful eyes never flinched from their steady unconscious gaze. Philip's heart stopped beating; literally, as if he had come to a sudden precipice, while he had thought himself securely walking on sunny greensward. He went purple all over from dismay; he dared not take his eyes away from that sad earnest look of hers, but he was thankful that a mist came before them and drew a veil before his brain. He heard his own voice saying words he did not seem to have framed in his own mind.

"'Kester's a d—d fool,' he growled.

"'He say's there's mebbe but one chance in a hundred,' said Sylvia, pleading, as it were, for Kester; 'but oh, Philip, think ye there's just that one chance?'

"'Ay, there's a chance, sure enough,' said Philip, in a kind of fierce despair that made him reckless what he said and did. 'There's a chance, I suppose, for every thing i' life as we have not seen with our own eyes as it may not ha' happened. Kester may say next as there is a chance your father is not dead, because we none on us saw him—'

"'Hung,' he was going to have said, but a touch of humanity came back into his stony heart. Sylvia sent up a little sharp cry at his words. He longed at the sound to take her in his arms and hush her up, as a mother hushes her weeping child. But the very longing, having to be repressed, only made him more beside himself with guilt, anxiety and rage. They were quite still now. Sylvia looking sadly down into the bubbling, merry, flowing water; Philip glaring at her, wishing that the next word was spoken, though it might stab him to the heart. But she did not speak.

"At length, unable to bear it any longer, he said, 'Thou sets a deal o' store on that man, Sylvia.'

"If 'that man' had been there at that moment, Philip would have grappled with him, and not let go his hold till one or the other were dead. Sylvia caught some of the passionate meaning of the gloomy miserable tone of Philip's voice as he said these words. She looked up at him.

"'I thought yo' knowed that I cared a deal for him.'

"There was something so pleading and innocent in her pale troubled face, so pathetic in her tone, that Philip's anger, which had been excited against her as well as against all the rest of the world, melted away into love; and once more he felt that have her for his own he must at any cost. He sat down by her and spoke to her in quite a different manner to that which he had used before, with a ready tact and art which some strong instinct or tempter close at his ear supplied.

"Yes, darling, I know yo' cared for him. I'll not say ill of him that is—dead—ay, dead and drowned—whatever Kester may say—before now; but if I chose I could tell tales."

"No! tell no tales; I will not hear them," said she, wrenching herself out of Philip's clasping arm. "They may misca' him for ever, and I'll not believe them."

A few days later, when Philip comes entreating her forgiveness for a starving wretch whom her father had succored to the saving of his life, and whose evidence had hanged his benefactor, she turns round on him furious. "I've a mind to break it off for iver wi' thee Philip. Thee and me was never meant to go together. When I love, I love, and when I hate, I hate; and him as has done harm to me, to mine, I may keep fra striking, fra murdering, but I'll never forgive!" They are married, a child is born to them, and soon after Kinraid reappears, and all Philip's baseness is laid open to his wife, who makes a vow in her wrath, never to hold Philip for her lawful husband again, nor ever to forgive him for the evil he had wrought her, but to hold him as a stranger, and one who had done her heavy wrongs. How God takes her at her word, and suffers no peacemaker to intervene but death, is the rest of this pathetic story—as true as it is pathetic, and as beautiful as true.

"COUSIN PHILLIS," is less remarkable for story than for consummate grace and delicacy of execution. Here we escape the shock of soul-destroying sorrow; we breathe sweet country air amongst good people who live above the temptations of an evil world; people to whom God has given neither riches nor poverty, but a full measure of content; who live laborious days, rising with a prayer, lying down with a blessing. The characters are few but instinct with vigor and action. First there is the teller of the tale—Paul Manning, an engineer, married, middle-aged—who gives it as a

beautiful sad memory of his 'prentice youth, when he lodged in a little three-cornered room over a pastry-cook's shop in the market-place of the county town of Eltham, and had for his master a far-travelled, clever fellow, named Holdsworth, whose talk was like "dram-drinking," and himself one of the most lovable and delightful of men. Then there is the family at Hope Farm—Minister Holman, his wife and their daughter, the Cousin Phillis of the story, "a stately, gracious young woman, in the dress and with the simplicity of a child." So young Manning thinks when he sees her, on his first visit to the farm, and finds her father in the fields at the end of the day's harvest work, closing it with a psalm, "Come all harmonious tongues," sung to "Mount Ephraim" tune. It is a lovely picture.

"The two laborers seemed to know both words and music, though I did not; and so did Phillis: her rich voice followed her father's as he set the tune; and the men came in with more uncertainty, but yet harmoniously. Phillis looked at me once or twice with a little surprise at my silence; but I did not know the words. There we five stood, bareheaded, excepting Phillis, in the tawny stubble-field, from which all the shocks of corn had not yet been carried—a dark wood on one side, where the woodpigeons were cooing; blue distance seen through the ash trees on the other."

We might multiply citations of such tender, suggestive scenes, for the whole story is a series of them, but we will refrain. Cousin Phillis goes through a great sorrow, but God will not suffer her heart to be broken, and everybody tries to console her. The farm-servant Betty—one of Mrs. Gaskell's typical rough, sweet-natured creatures—gives her some excellent advice when she sees her in tears.

"Now, Phillis," said she, coming up to the sofa; "we ha' done a' we can for you, and th' doctors has done a' they can for you, and I think the Lord has done a' He can for you, and more than you deserve, too, if you don't do something for yourself. If I were you I'd rise up and snuff the moon, sooner than break your father's and your mother's hearts wi' watching and waiting till it pleases you to fight your own way back to cheerfulness. There, I never favored long preachings, and I have said my say."

"A day or two after Phillis asked me,

when we were alone, 'If I thought my father and mother would allow her to go and stay with them a couple of months.' She blushed a little as she faltered out her wish for change of thought and scene.

"Only for a short time, Paul. Then— we will go back to the peace of the old days. I know we shall; I can, and I will."

With "WIVES AND DAUGHTERS" we bring our review of Mrs. Gaskell's works to a close. It was the last of them. She had but one chapter to write when death arrested her cunning hand, and the tale was left unfinished, though not so incomplete but that we can discern how happily it would have ended had she been spared to work it out. In this story of every-day life her literary art attained its highest excellence. The moral atmosphere is sweet, bracing, invigorating; the human feeling good and kind throughout. We do not hesitate to pronounce it the finest of Mrs. Gaskell's productions; that in which her true womanly nature is most adequately reflected, and that which will keep her name longest in remembrance. This generation has produced many writers whose books may live long after them as pictures of manners in the reign of good Queen Victoria; but we call to mind none save Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Dickens, George Eliot, and Mr. Anthony Trollope, in their best moments, to whom the future will be so much indebted for its knowledge of how we lived and moved in the middle of the nineteenth century, as to Mrs. Gaskell.

As for the tribe of authors to whom the catch-penny nick-name of "Sensation Novelists" is indiscriminately applied (let them be never so dull,) we make little account of their chance of enduring reputation. Their figures are out of drawing, their accessories are out of keeping; antic gestures stand for passion, blotches of red and black paint for color. The majority of their works remind us of nothing so much as those frantic essays at art which throng the walls of the Pantheon Bazaar, or delight young men and women from the country in the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's Wax-Work Show. They are a fashion—like enameled faces, dyed hair, hoop-petticoats and *chignons*. They have their admirers, people who, like themselves,

never went, save in imagination, across any threshold in Belgravia, but who are flattered in the notion that they have a monopoly of all the virtues and graces, while the vices and furies reign exclusively amongst the nobility and gentry. Miss Braddon, herself an adept in sensation-writing, has revealed to us, in her novel of "The Doctor's Wife," the secrets of their workmanship, and has told us that they have been promoted from the ranks of the cheap low-class magazines, which were quite unknown to Mr. Mudie's library and polite readers a dozen years ago. We can believe it on her authority, and we shall not be sorry when the rage for them in society dies out; for though we feel sure that good household morality, such as the authors of "John Halifax" and the "Chronicles of Carlingford" supply us with, is more widely read and approved than these florid romances, the latter do attract many readers, and spoil their taste for what is better.

We cannot, for instance, imagine any one enchanted with the adventures of Lady Audley and Miss Gwilt turning with relish to Mrs. Gaskell's "WIVES AND DAUGHTERS." Sweet Molly Gibson, loyal, unselfish, duty-loving, duty-doing, would seem, by comparison, a mere bread-and-butter miss. Cynthia, the incarnation of a flirt, who cannot help charming, who changes her lovers as easily as her gloves, who subsides into successful matrimony without any obliteration of her spots, or any change of her disposition, would suggest only lost opportunities for "blood-and-thunder" writing. Those who could study the passion of Mr. Bashwood without sick-loathing of heart, would find no delight in the company of Mr. Gibson and of Squire Hamley and his sons. And yet what excellent company it is! how purifying, how vivifying! We may cite again here, with special force, the dictum of the old French court-moralist and philosopher with which we began our article. As we read this every-day story, our minds are raised, noble sentiments inspire us, we know we are receiving benefit, and we seek no other rule for judging the work; it is *good*, and done by the hand of a workman.

There are characters in this book as

difficult to portray as ever novelist attempted, and Mrs. Gaskell's success in portraying them is as great as ever novelist achieved. We have no wish either to add or to diminish—they are perfect in their strength and in their weakness—people whom we know and think of as if they were our personal acquaintances. We love Molly, and are satisfied that she and Roger Hamley were born for each other; we have not the heart to be angry with Cynthia—nay, we sympathize in her prejudice against a husband who would keep her always on moral tiptoe, straining to be more purely good than complex nature meant her to be. Mrs. Gibson is odious in her selfishness and double-facedness, but the character rings true to life from first to last. Indeed, all the women are natural from the rigid old countess, her sensible daughter Lady Cuxhaven and her brusque daughter Lady Harriet, to poor, suffering Mrs. Hamley, and the group of village gossips, Mrs. Goodenough, Mrs. Dawes, the Misses Browning and their neighbors. And if the women are excellent, the men are no less admirable. We do not know that it has ever been charged on Mrs. Gaskell that she drew her characters from the life, but they are all so distinctly individualized that a real model might have sat for each portrait. And there is a complete gallery of them to study. Mr. Gibson, the country doctor, shrewd, sarcastic, disappointed in his frivolous wife, is good, but better are Squire Hamley, the Tory of old lineage, and his despised neighbor, the Whig Earl of Cunnor, whose family dates no higher in county annals than Queen Anne's days; and best of all are the brothers Osborne and Roger Hamley, so dissimilar, yet so clearly akin; the elder, like his mother, beautiful, poetical, with a strain of his father's wilfulness; the younger, strong-featured and rugged like the Squire, laborious, most generous and tender, fulfilling all the hopes that Osborne had disappointed, bearing his own grievances like a man. Mr. Preston is well painted too, insolent, handsome, boastful, redeemed by a vein of honest passion; and for "lad love" red-headed Mr. Coxe, who begins with a desperate caprice for Molly, and after two years of absence and fidelity, forgets her in a week under

the fire of Cynthia's charms, is without a rival.

We shall not endeavor to give any outline of this every-day story, for the merit of it is that it carries out its name—it is a story of such simple loves and doings and sacrifices as we see around us; it progresses by days and weeks and months and years as our lives progress; it is not rounded into any completeness of plot, though each event grows out of its predecessors as inevitably as real events grow, and brings about its natural results, in the fulness of time, such as we anticipate will be brought about. But we will quote one of its most salient and beautiful passages to show that the genius which created Mary Barton and Ruth, Margaret Hale and Mr. Thornton, Cousin Phillis and Sylvia Robson, had lost none of its fire, none of its force when its work was suddenly arrested by death.

Roger Hamley is going away to Africa on a scientific mission, and coming to bid the doctor's family good-bye, he cannot resist the temptation to tell Cynthia he loves her, and the following scene ensues between the fortunate coquette and poor Molly as soon as he has left the house.

"Molly saw him turn around and shade his eyes from the level rays of the westerly sun, and rake the house with his glances—in hopes, she knew, of catching one more glimpse of Cynthia. But apparently he saw no one, not even Molly at the attic casement; for she had drawn back when he had turned, and kept herself in shadow; for she had no right to put herself forward as the one to watch and yearn for farewell signs. None came—another moment—he was out of sight for years.

"She shut the window softly, and shivered all over. She left the attic and went to her own room; but she did not begin to take off her out-of-door things till she heard Cynthia's foot on the stairs. Then she hastily went to the toilet-table and began to untie her bonnet-strings; but they were in a knot and took time to undo. Cynthia's step stopped at Molly's door, she opened it a little and said, 'may I come in, Molly?'

"'Certainly,' said Molly, longing to say 'No' all the time. Molly did not turn to meet her, so Cynthia came up behind her, and putting her two hands around Molly's waist, peeped over her shoulder, pouting out her lips to be kissed. Molly could not resist the action—the mute entreaty for a ca-

ress. But in the moment before she had caught reflections of the two faces in the glass; her own, red eyed, pale, with lips dyed with blackberry juice, her curls tangled, her bonnet pulled awry, her gown torn—and contrasted it with Cynthia's brightness and bloom, and the trim elegance of her dress. 'Oh! it is no wonder!' thought poor Molly, as she turned around, and put her arms round Cynthia, and laid her head for an instant on her shoulder—the weary aching head that sought a loving pillow in that supreme moment! The next she had raised herself, and had taken Cynthia's two hands, and was holding her off a little the better to read her face.

"Cynthia, you do love him dearly, don't you?"

"Cynthia winced a little aside from the penetrating steadiness of those eyes.

"You speak with all the solemnity of an adjuration, Molly," said she, laughing a little at first to cover her nervousness, and then looking up at Molly. "Don't you think I've given a proof of it? But you know I've often told you I've not the gift of loving; I said pretty much the same thing to him. I can respect, and I can admire, and I can like, but I never feel carried off my feet by love for any one, not even for you, little Molly, and I am sure I love you more than—"

"No, don't!" said Molly, putting her hand before Cynthia's mouth, in almost a passion of impatience. "Don't, don't—I won't hear you—I ought not to have asked you—it makes you tell lies."

"Why, Molly!" said Cynthia, in her turn seeking to read Molly's face, "what's the matter with you? One might think you cared for him yourself."

"I?" said Molly, all the blood rushing to her heart suddenly; then it returned and she had courage to speak, and she spoke the truth as she believed it, though not the real actual truth. "I do care for him; I think you have won the love of a prince amongst men. Why, I am proud to remember that he has been to me as a brother, and I love him as a sister, and I love you doubly because he has honored you with his love."

"Come, that's not complimentary!" said Cynthia, laughing, but not ill-pleased to hear her lover's praises, and even willing to depreciate him a little in order to hear more. "He's well enough, I dare say, and a great deal too learned and clever for a stupid girl like me; but even you must acknowledge he is very plain and awkward; and I like pretty things and pretty people."

"Cynthia, I won't talk to you about him. You know you don't mean what you are saying, and you only say it out of contradiction, because I praise him. He shan't be run down by you, even in joke."

"Well, then, we won't talk of him at all.

I was so surprised when he began to speak—so: and Cynthia looked very lovely, blushing and dimpling up as she remembered his words and looks. Suddenly she recalled herself to the present time, and her eye caught on the leaf full of blackberries—the broad green leaf, so fresh and crisp when Molly had it gathered an hour or so ago, but now soft and flabby and dying. Molly saw it, too, and felt a strange kind of sympathetic pity for the poor inanimate leaf.

"Oh! what blackberries! you've gathered them for me, I know," said Cynthia, sitting down and beginning to feed herself daintily, touching them lightly with the tips of her fingers, and dropping each ripe berry into her open mouth. When she had eaten above half she stopped suddenly short.

"How I should like to have gone as far as Paris with him," she exclaimed. "I suppose it would not have been proper; but how pleasant it would have been. I remember at Boulogne (another blackberry) 'how I used to envy the English who were going to Paris; it seemed to me then, as if nobody stopped at Boulogne but dull, stupid school-girls.'

"When will he be there?" asked Molly.

"On Wednesday, he said. I am to write to him there; at any rate he is going to write to me."

"Molly went about the adjustment of her dress in a quiet, business-like manner, not speaking much; Cynthia, although sitting still, seemed very restless. Oh! how much Molly wished she would go.

"Perhaps, after all," said Cynthia, after a pause of apparent meditation, "we shall never be married."

"Why do you say that?" said Molly, almost bitterly. "You have nothing to make you think so. I wonder how you can bear to think you won't, even for a moment."

"Oh!" said Cynthia, "you must not go and take me *au grand sérieux*. I dare say I don't mean what I say, but you see everything seems a dream at present. Still, I think the chances are equal—the chances for and against marriage, I mean. Two years! It's a long time; he may change his mind, or I may; or some one else may turn up, and I may get engaged to him; what should you think of that, Molly? I'm putting such a gloomy thing as death quite on one side, you see; yet in two years how much may happen?"

"Don't talk so, Cynthia; please don't," said Molly, pitifully. "One would think you did not care for him, and he cares so much for you."

"Why, did I say I did not care for him? I was only calculating chances. I am sure I hope nothing will happen to prevent the marriage. Only, you know it may, and I thought I was taking a step in wisdom, in looking forward to all the evils that might befall. I

am sure all the wise people I have ever known thought it a virtue to have gloomy prognostics of the future. But you're not in a mood for wisdom or virtue, I see ; so I'll go and get ready for dinner, and leave you to your vanities of dress.'

"She took Molly's face in both her hands, before Molly was aware of her intention, and kissed it playfully. Then she left Molly to herself."

This scene, in which are so finely contrasted the characters of the two heroines of the story, must serve as an ensample for the whole, which is, indeed, too fresh in popular remembrance and favor to need a lengthened commendation. It makes us keenly regret that the world will have no more amusement, no more wise instruction from the same masterly pen. Mrs. Gaskell leaves a place vacant in the literary world, as Thackeray left a place vacant the year before her—as all men and women of genius and power like theirs, do leave vacant places which never seem to find quite adequate successors.

Macmillan's Magazine.

RELIGION IN AMERICA.

BY EDWARD DICEY.

OF the books published this season, there will be none, I think, more widely read than Mr. Hepworth Dixon's "New America." And, before I enter on the subject - matter of this article, let me here congratulate Mr. Dixon on a success which is not only unquestionable, but well deserved. He has accomplished a task which is by no means an easy one. He has written a book about America, having the unusual merit of being at once amusing and instructive, true as well as new. We have had enough, and to spare, of comic views of Trans-Atlantic life ; we have had a certain number, though not too many, of grave and thoughtful works about the New World ; but the former have been too light, and the other have been too dull. With every respect for the ability of Mrs. Trollope, Mr. Dickens, or Mr. Sala, and their imitators, I may fairly say that the English public would know considerably more about America if their books had never been written. The

real truth is, that America is the most trying subject in the world for a professional *littérateur* to write about, especially if he happens to be in the comic line of literary business. Paradoxical as the assertion may appear to the ordinary English reader, there is very little opportunity for light writing about America. Some few years ago, a friend of mine, who was about to cross the Atlantic on a book-making errand, came to talk to me before his departure concerning his plans. Like all persons who have never visited the States, he was convinced he should find no lack of matter to describe, and remarked to me that he meant to do what never had been done before—to describe the common life of Americans. "For instance," he said, "I shall give an exact description of a New England dinner-party." My answer was, that the idea was excellent if he had been writing for Frenchmen, but that, as an American dinner-party was the exact fac-simile of an English one, a description of it would possess no special interest for English readers. My friend, I need hardly say, left me convinced that my powers of observation were extremely limited ; but before he had been a week in America, he discovered that the old country and the new were very much alike—too much alike, indeed, for the purposes of the descriptive writer. In truth, all the elaborate and ingenious theories which were propounded during the late war for the edification of our newspaper readers were based upon the assumption that Americans were fundamentally different from Englishmen ; and the reason why all these theories proved so lamentably and ludicrously wrong, lay in the fact that the assumption in question was radically false. If critics could once make up their minds to recognize the simple truth that Americans are neither more nor less than Englishmen placed under conditions of climate, government, and institutions, other than our own, the American question, so to speak, would present singularly little difficulty of solution. There is infinitely less difference between Chicago and Southampton than there is between Dover and Calais, though the former are separated by twice as many hundred miles as there

are single miles between the latter. If you want to understand America, you must try and picture to yourself how the ordinary Englishmen you know would act under circumstances analogous to those existing across the Atlantic; and it is highly to Mr. Dixon's credit that he has appreciated this simple truth, and acted on it.

There is something absolutely ludicrous, if it were not a matter of grave import, in the conventional comic way of regarding all American subjects adopted by our literary men. Mr. Dickens, for instance, has travelled in America, and has seen much of Americans in Europe. Yet only the other day in "Mugby Junction," he describes a Yankee traveller as addressing a lady at the Mugby refreshment counter in these terms:—

"I tell Yew what 'tis ma'arm, I la'af. Theer! I la'af. I Dew. I oughter ha' seen most things, for I hail from the Onlimited side of the Atlantic Ocean, and I haive travelled right slick over the Limited, head on through Jee-rusalemm and the East, and likeways France and Italy, Europe Old World, and am now upon the track to the Chief European Village; but such an Institution as Yew, and Yewer young ladies, and Yewer fixin's, solid and liquid, afore the glorious Tarnal I never did see yet! And if I hain't found the eighth wonder of Monarchial Creation, in finding Yew, and Yewer young ladies, and Yewer fixin's, solid and liquid, all as aforesaid, established in a country where the people air not absolute Loonatics, I am Extra Double Darned with a Nip and Frizzle to the innermostest grit! Wheerfur-Theer!—I la'af? I Dew, ma'arm, I la'af!"

Mr. Dickens must know as well as I do that you might travel through the United States for years, and never hear such a speech uttered out of a lunatic asylum. A duller or less humorous body of men than American railway travellers it was never my misfortune to meet; and yet the public who read his works and know nothing of America, believe that this Yankee, making a little allowance for comic license, is a fair type in language of his countrymen. How can we wonder Americans do not love us,

when, as Hawthorn said with too much truth. "Not an Englishman of them all ever spared America for courtesy's sake or kindness. Happily Mr. Hepworth Dixon has had the good sense and good taste to write about Americans as we do about other nations, fairly and respectfully. Possibly if he had written an ill-natured work he might have had more readers, but he would not have contributed, as he has done, a very valuable addition to our knowledge of our Trans-Atlantic kinsmen.

So people who want delineations of the typical Yankee we meet with anywhere except in America, had better eschew the "New America." Mr. Dixon has had the shrewdness to see that the subject of expectoration was, to use an Americanism, "played out," and that there was not much more fun to be got out of the almighty dollar. Moreover, odd as the statement may appear, he went to America with the conviction that the subject he proposed to write about was a very grave and serious one. The time he could afford to pass away from England was necessarily short, and, therefore, he resolved to devote his attention to one single subject out of the many which the New World presents to the thoughtful observer. The true topic of the "New America" consists in the strange developments of religion which have manifested themselves upon the soil of the Western Continent; and the few portions of Mr. Dixon's work which bear upon other subjects might, I think, be omitted, with advantage to the general interest of the work. This remarkable book is so sure to be extensively read, that I should be repeating what most of my readers are probably acquainted with if I tried to epitomize Mr. Dixon's views on the Mormons, the Shakers, the Free-lovers, and the other strange sects which abound in America. All I wish to do is to point out, if possible, some of the causes which, in my judgment, account for these religious eccentricities—causes which Mr. Dixon has treated of somewhat too sparingly. There is a tendency in the English mind to regard Americans as belonging to what I once heard described as the "regiment of God's own unaccountables;" and this tendency is likely to be strengthened, if these anomalous

lous manifestations of religion, on which Mr. Dixon dwells, are regarded as nothing but spasmodic exhibitions of Yankee oddness.

Even a very superficial observer, while traveling in America, can hardly avoid being struck by two remarkable and apparently inconsistent facts. Wherever you go, you see places of religious worship; every little town has meeting-houses, chapels, churches, conventicles by the score; the newest settlement, where houses are sufficiently numerous to form the semblance of a street, has some rough edifice of planks devoted, in one form or another, to spiritual purposes; the newspapers are filled with advertisements of sermons, chapel-feasts, prayer-meetings, and revivals; Sunday is observed with a more than English strictness; and, as far as outward signs go, the Americans would justly be set down as a very religious people. Yet, at the same time, you hear, I think, less about religion than you would in England. Everybody chooses his own religion,—it is thought right and proper for a man to be attached to some religious community; but, having made his selection, he is left undisturbed by his neighbors. Partisan religious controversy is therefore almost unknown in the form it is so common amongst us. Each sect is anxious enough to make proselytes and increase its numbers; but, under the voluntary system, all sects stand on exactly the same footing, and have a common interest in the universal toleration which protects them all. Thus religion is not an element in the political problem, as it is here. During a long period throughout which I have been in the habit of reading American newspapers, I can hardly recollect an instance where religious considerations have been introduced into the discussion of political matters. In this country, the creed professed by a public man is, to say the least, an important item in his success or failure. The religious persuasions to which our leading statesmen belong are as well known as the political principles they profess. That Mr. Bright is a Quaker, Sir George Bowyer a Catholic, Mr. Beresford Hope a High Churchman, Mr. Newdegate an Evangelical, and so on, are all facts which are, as it were,

the A B C of political knowledge. But ninety-nine Americans out of a hundred could probably not tell you, to save their lives, the religious persuasions which owned the different members of the United States government. In all the countless attacks which have been poured on President Lincoln, Johnson, Seward, Jefferson Davis, Wendell Phillips, and Charles Sumner, whoever heard an attack based upon their religious views? Yet I believe that one and all of these gentlemen would, in England, be called religious men,—that is, men to whom religion is professedly a matter of deep interest and importance. The truth is, that religion has grown to be considered in America entirely a matter appertaining to the individual, with which the State has no more concern than it has with his literary tastes or scientific pursuits. The only occasion in which religious partisanship was ever brought into a Presidential canvass was at the time of Fremont's election, when a cry was sought to be raised against him on the ground of his being a Catholic. But the apparent exception proves the rule; the only two religious denominations which have been in any sense made the objects of popular intolerance in the States are Roman Catholicism and Mormonism; and both these forms of faith are objected to, not on abstract grounds, but from a conviction, whether true or false, that their tenets are inconsistent with the principles on which the American Constitution is based. Thus, if my observation is correct, we have to account for the two somewhat contradictory facts that America is the country where religion flourishes in the greatest profusion, and yet where it has the least obvious connection with the public life of the population.

I should premise that the remarks I have made, and shall have to make, apply especially, if not exclusively, to the West. It is there, in the great Mississippi valley, that, in my judgment, the true America—the America of the future—has its abode. Hawthorne once said to me, in talking about the new Backwoods States I had then recently visited, “After all, we Yankees are but the fringe on the garment of the West;” and the remark always appeared to me to contain the clue to all real comprehension of the

new Trans-Atlantic world. The old Seaboard States, and notably New England, are to a very great extent England across the ocean. Settled from the old home, united to the mother country by ties constantly renewed, they have been established on English principles, and retain to the present day, though in a modified form, the tastes, prejudices, weaknesses, and virtues of an English character. The men of Massachusetts and Maine, and to a less degree of New York, are to a very great extent English settlers still. Both for good and evil, they have preserved the old type, and have not developed much of new institutions, or new tones of thought, or new national character. It is in the West that the different conditions of climate, atmosphere, political government, social life, and native thought operate to create a new nation, untrammelled by the powerful influences of old associations. Of course this, like all other generalizations, must be taken rather as the expression of a tendency than a distinct statement of fact. What I wish to express is my conviction, that in the West, not in the East, you must study the characteristics of the nation which ultimately will claim the title of American. If, as we may reasonably expect, the great Anglo-Saxon nation, now growing so rapidly in the Western hemisphere, is to enrich the world with a new polity, a new literature, a new development of faith, it will be in the West that we must look for their manifestation. And it is this fact which, I believe, has contributed perhaps more than anything to falsify our judgments about America. Our travelers, with scarcely an exception, have based their impressions, whether favorable or unfavorable, upon the old Anglicised States instead of on the new dominions, where the process of reconstruction is really being carried out.

If ever there was a sort of *tabula rasa* on which the story of mankind might be written out anew, it is that vast region of the West. From the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains there stretches a well-nigh unbroken plain, which, in physical and geological characteristics, is positively more absolutely uniform than any other area of the same size on the surface of the globe. Put an American

suddenly down in any unsettled portion of that immense district enclosed by the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Ohio, and their confluents, and he would find it almost impossible to say, from external observation, whether he stood in Kentucky or Colorado, in Minnesota or Arizona. Everywhere there extends the same dead flat, everywhere there is the same rich fertile soil, everywhere the same boundless horizon. Everywhere, too, there are much the same social conditions, the same lack of traditions, the same absence of poverty, the same uniformity of class. One man in the West is as good as another, not as a matter of theory, but as an accident of fact. Nobody has any special claim to distinction in respect of his state, or township, or family, or birth, or nationality. Individual success or ability is about the only thing which raises one man above another. I am not now saying whether such a state of things is beneficial or otherwise. I only assert that it cannot fail to exert a marked influence upon the national character. M. Laugel, in his very able work on the United States, points out, with great truth, how Abraham Lincoln's nature was affected by the circumstance of his Western birth and breeding. "The life of the fields," he says, "and the open air of the Western plains, formed this robust nature for the struggles it was to undergo. The great rivers and the prairies taught him more than books. It is from the wilderness, among the woods, the wild flowers, and the newly-planted fields, that he took his love of independence, his contempt of etiquette, his respect for labor. His ruling passion, and, so to speak, his only one, was found to be that of the nation. . . . Nowhere has the national sentiment penetrated the souls of men so deeply as among the people beyond the Alleghanies. The inhabitant of Massachusetts may take pride in his little State. The greater part of the States washed by the Atlantic have traditions and memories; but Indiana, Ohio, and Illinois, have as yet no history. The inhabitant of those vast regions, who feels himself irresistibly called to such high destinies, is above all an American. He is, and is determined to be, the citizen of a great country. He is determined to measure its powers by the immensity of

its prairies, and his patriotism literally knows no bounds."

The sort of influence which is thus portrayed, with truth, as having moulded Lincoln's character, operates upon all members of the community to which he belonged. These Western men have a moral, as well as a material elbow-room not vouchsafed at all to other nations, and to a far less degree to their Eastern fellow-countrymen. In politics, religion, and social fashion everybody is at liberty to do what he pleases in the West; and space there is so plentiful that one man's action interferes comparatively little with that of his neighbors. If you like to walk about with bare feet, or dwell in a house without windows, or eat uncooked meat, or eschew soap and water, or commit any other departure from the ordinary rules of social life, you can do so in the West, not only with more freedom, but with infinitely less attention being drawn to your conduct, than in any other civilized region. Till within a few years ago, to wear a beard or moustache in Boston, was to place yourself outside the pale of society; and even to the present day, a man who did not go to church in a New England village, would find his pecuniary credit suffer. But the idea of objecting to anybody, politically or socially, on account of his dress or creed would scarcely be intelligible to the true Western mind.

Some appreciation of the social condition of the West is necessary to understand the luxuriance of what I may call the religious vegetation of America. Every town, in that immense area, has sprung up in the same fashion. Half a dozen settlers have encamped themselves on a particular spot, have run up houses, and then collected other settlers around them. At first they had no religious ministration whatever, except what they got from the chance visit of some itinerant preacher. The original founders of the settlement were, probably, men of different creeds—Lutherans, Methodists, Episcopalian, Unitarians, Baptists, or what not; it is almost a matter of certainty that they did not in any case all belong to the same form of faith. As the hamlet grew into a village some wandering preacher squatted down there himself, or some settler took to preach-

ing, or some two or three zealous individuals ran up a chapel, and obtained a minister belonging to the peculiar creed they happened to profess. But thus it depended, and depends, entirely upon hazard what especial sect first established itself in any settlement. When once a chapel was established, that portion of the settlement who had religious convictions or appetites of any kind generally attached themselves to the chapel, even if the form of worship was not what they professed, until such time as the village grew large and populous enough to have more than one chapel, and then each settler began to choose his own place of worship. This, in substance, is the religious history of every settlement in the West; and so it may be seen that there are probably few places where it is so much, humanly speaking, a matter of chance what religion a child is brought up in as in the West. There is no *prima facie* reason why any Western man should belong to one church more than another. Not only is there no State religion, but there is not, as in the East, any dominant sect. There is, to a very large class of minds, a great attraction in belonging to the faith professed by the majority of the people among whom your lot in life is cast. Persons who are actuated by this feeling would naturally be Independents in New England, Quakers in Pennsylvania, Catholics in Louisiana, Methodists in the other States of the South. But what form of faith they would gravitate towards in the West it is impossible to say. Yet, though the religious instinct is thus left undirected, it is developed by the circumstances of Western life. The life of the settler is necessarily a solitary one. In a thinly-populated country the towns and villages and cottages which dot the surface of those boundless plains lie far apart from each other. Men, and still more women, are thrown much upon their own resources. Of the social occupations of lands where people live close and thick together they have but few; and the sermon or prayer-meeting is about the only intellectual excitement that the week offers them. Moreover, I cannot but think that the constant aspect of the sea of land which stretches everywhere, far as the eye can reach, predisposes the mind

somehow to religious contemplation. The sense of immensity which attaches to the prairie is oppressive in its nature; and the soul seeks for some sort of counter-balancing protection against the feeling of being, as it were, lost in space. Men who live upon the sea, it has always been observed, are given to devotion or superstition, or by whatever name you choose to describe the religious instinct, and they would be, I think, still more so inclined if instead of sailing in company they sailed mostly alone; and the settlers of the West are, after all, a sort of dry-land sailors, anchored each in their own bark at their several moorings.

Thus, if my view is correct, you have in the Western States all the conditions required for the development of new religious sects. You should also take into account the fact that education of a kind sufficiently high to interest its possessors on questions higher than those of mere food and raiment is almost universal in the West, and that, on the other hand, there is no large class of highly educated minds powerful enough to lead the tone of public thought; and then you will understand why new prophets should have extraordinary facilities afforded them in the West for the propagation of their creeds.

The remarks that I have made are, I hold, true, to a considerable extent, of the whole of the United States. After all, America as a nation has hardly yet emerged from the settler phase of civilization; but, just as students of optics choose a blank wall whereon to study effects of reflection and refraction, so I think students of religious problems in America should select the West to watch the working of religious influences. There are fewer disturbing causes to be taken into account—less allowance to be made for the action of accidental forces. As a qualification, however, of what I have said, I should observe that, for the sake of convenience, I have spoken of the West almost as if it were a distinct and different country from the East. But, in truth, it is impossible to say with any precision where the East ends or the West begins. You pass imperceptibly from one to another, and each in turn constantly operates upon the other. But I think it will be found that, though most

of the new teachers have come from the old States, and in many cases have found their first adherents among the dwellers in those States, their real permanent success as founders of new sects has been in the half-settled Western regions. Along the sea-board society is growing too prosperous, too settled, too educated for any large body of men to leave all and follow prophets, whether false or true.

Of all the various sects of which Mr. Dixon treats, Mormonism is by far the most important. About the only unfavorable literary criticism I should feel inclined to make about his book is, that he fails to convey any distinct estimate of the relative importance of the different religious bodies about which he discourses so ably and so pleasantly. There is nothing to indicate, to a reader unacquainted with the subject, that, while the Mormons are a body whose importance can hardly be overrated, Mount Lebanon is hardly, if at all, more influential than the Agapemone, near Taunton, of which Brother Prince was, or is for aught I know, the Messiah. I may remark, too, that I think Mr. Dixon falls into a serious blunder in estimating the Spiritualists of America at three millions. I have had several friends amongst this body, and I never knew men who were more prone to deal in sensation statements. It was their fashion to set down anybody who ever had, could, or would take part in a spiritual *seance*, as a believer; but my own impression is, that the number of persons in America who belong to the Spiritualistic congregations which exist in some cities of the Union, or who, in any true sense of the words, could be called adherents of the creed in question, would not exceed ten thousand at the outside.

Mormonism I think to be a genuine Western production. It is true that the disciples of Joseph Smith are probably more numerous even at the present day on this side of the Atlantic than they are in Utah; but they belong to precisely that class which furnishes the West with a perpetual stream of emigrants. The superior success of Mormonism to that of other American sects of a similar character I take to arise from the fact that it is grafted upon a system of emigration. The founders of the faith had the wit to

perceive that the tendency which carries the surplus population of Europe from the Old World to the New might be turned into a religious agency. The apostles of the faith as it is in Brigham Young go forth to Welsh peasants, and English laborers, and Norwegian cottiers, and to the poor of every country where the migratory passion has begun to work; and promise them, not only salvation in the world to come, but land in this. A friend of mine not long ago was engaged in trying to obtain emigrants amongst the agricultural classes for a distant English colony. He found plenty of persons willing to go, but their reluctance to embark alone upon a long journey proved an almost insuperable obstacle to his success as a recruiter for the colony. Let anybody imagine what it must be to ordinary laborers, who have never known anything of the world beyond the limits of their parish, to set forth without friends or acquaintances to seek their fortunes in a strange country where they know nobody. They would like well enough to go, but they are afraid of going. Now this feeling—which is, I believe, a very general one amidst the emigrant class—is made to do service for Mormonism. Converts to the new creed have emigration made easy to them: the whole responsibility of the journey is taken off their hands. They are escorted on their road by men they know; amongst their fellow-converts they have friends, or at any rate acquaintances, already provided for them; and they know that when they reach the far-away land which seems to them so utterly beyond their mental vision, they will find homes and employment prepared beforehand. I do not attribute the success of Mormonism solely, or even mainly to its connection with a well-organized system of emigration; but I do believe that any sect which offered the same or similar inducements would find no want of proselytes.

Mr. Dixon is obviously inclined to think that polygamy is an incident rather than a characteristic of Mormonism. It flourished before a plurality of wives was practically allowed, and would continue, he believes, to flourish even if monogamy were re-established as an institution. How far this may be true or not is a mat-

ter of speculation. But this much is clear, if Mr. Dixon can be at all relied on, that Utah is not at present, whatever it may become hereafter, a mere sink of licentious self-indulgence. As a body, the Mormons are hard-working, sober, temperate men; actuated by a deep faith and an earnest devotion to the interests of their creed. There must be something in that faith which appeals to men's convictions as well as their passions; and, if I am correct in my theory, the saving instinct of Mormonism is common to it with almost every one of the sects which have sprung up of late years in the Western world.

Nobody can have observed the tone of European—and more especially of Anglo-Saxon European—thought without seeing that the tendency of the age is toward realism in religion as well as in art and literature. The cardinal tenet of all our existing Old World creeds is that this mundane life is of no importance compared with that of the world to come. In former times men really believed this tenet, and based their actions on it. Persecution, asceticism, and celibacy were all natural and logical deductions from this fundamental dogma. If the sole object of this life was to prepare for another, the mode in which you or others passed this mortal existence could be of no material consequence. A little more enjoyment, a little less suffering, were trifles light as air in view of the rewards and punishments of the future beyond the grave. But now, somehow or other, this belief has failed to satisfy mankind. It may be that our faith is not so vivid as it was; it may be that our view is larger. We have grown, even in the most orthodox of sects, to attach a far greater value to this present living existence than is quite consistent with the abstract theory of our theology. Philanthropy, in the sense we ordinarily attach to the word, of a desire to relieve the temporal wants or sufferings of mankind, is in itself antagonistic to the ascetic view of religion. The progress of national civilization may possibly have taught us to exaggerate the importance of what befalls us in this world. I am speaking now, not of what I believe to be the truth with regard to such questions, but simply of the tendencies which I observe.

And, as a matter of fact, however much you may deplore it, I think no one who has ever thought at all upon the question can deny that even devout and orthodox men have learnt imperceptibly to believe that we are bound to live for this world as much as, if not more than, for the next. As late as the days of the Puritans such a faith could have been deemed the rankest heresy; yet it is held by men now who consider themselves the descendants of the Calvinist school. And the doctrine of the new creed I take to be that this life is good, not as a means only of obtaining salvation, but as an end. As the world has gravitated towards this materialistic view, there has been felt the need of some faith other than that in which our fathers rested content. When Heine, in his reckless revolt against all received doctrines, sang,

"Ein neues Lied, ein besseres Lied,
O Freunde, will ich Euch dichten
Wir wollen hier auf Erde schon
Das Himmel reich errichten,"—

he expressed feelings with which others than unbelievers have a distinct if latent sympathy.

So, whatever abstract tenets they may hold, men, even in this Old World, have learnt to believe that misery is not the appointed lot of mankind; and that, if I may say so, as I wish to do, without the slightest irreverence, we are more concerned with the affairs of this earth on which we live than with those of the unknown land on which we shall all have to enter. This belief has pervaded our literature, and has produced a marked influence on our social and political relations. But in the New World it has operated with infinitely more freedom. Every American writer is imbued with the conviction, whether expressed or concealed, that to reclaim the wilderness, to carry on the work of civilization, is the especial mission to fulfil which Americans have been called into existence.

I recollect once hearing an old Irish woman in the States say, in reply to some remark, "Shure an' it's a blessed country. God made it for the poor." This belief is, I think, well-nigh universal among the laboring classes of America. They have entered, as they deem, upon the land of promise; they have reached, in this world, the place of which preach-

ers talked as only to be found in another life, where want is unknown, and poverty, as we see it, is a thing unheard of. And thus amongst them there is a decided tendency to rest and be thankful, without spending their time in thinking what the future may have in store for them.

From all these causes, it is, I think, not hard to understand how all the new religions of which Mr. Dixon speaks have a very material character. Even sects which retire from the world, like the Shakers, yet make it part of their creed to labor and toil and till the earth. In fact, the deification of labor might, I think, be called, not inaptly, the especial characteristic of these new creeds and religions. So, if I judge rightly, these developments of faith are due to a reaction against the excessive importance which our older creeds attached to considerations of another life. It is easy enough to see how this materialist tone of thought bears upon the relations of the two sexes. But this question is one of far too wide a nature to be entered on at the close of a paper.

If I have succeeded in making my meaning clear, my view about the disclosures Mr. Dixon has given us would amount to this: Mormons, Jumers, Shakers, and the rest are of little more innate importance than Irvingites, or Johanna Southcotites, or Muggletonians are in our own country. In a land where there is no or little authority to exercise any influence in matters of opinion, these sects attain a growth of eccentricity which would hardly be possible amongst us. But it would be grossly unjust to imagine that these fantastic faiths have obtained any serious hold on the popular mind of America. On the other hand, I think they do indicate the fashion which all religious thought in America tends to assume. Just as the presence of fungi show where mushrooms may be expected to grow, so I believe that the existence of these anomalous developments of superstition do point to the gradual formation of a creed in America in which, to extirpate poverty, to check disease, to increase the fertility of the soil—to make this world, in fact, as happy for its occupants as it is capable of being made—will be as much a tenet of religion as

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any abstract doctrine with regard to the relations of this life and the life to come. I think, if I understand his book rightly, Mr. Dixon in the main would agree with this view. I cannot wish my readers a pleasanter task than to determine for themselves, by the perusal of the "New America," whether this is so or not.

The Art-Journal.

A MEMORY OF SAMUEL ROGERS.

BY S. C. HALL.

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DR. JOHNSON.

"We have undertaken to discourse here for a little on Great Men, their manner of appearance in our World's business, how they have shaped themselves in the World's history, what ideas men formed of them, what Work they did."—CARLYLE: HERO WORSHIP.

All who were denizens of London—during the twenty years that preceded the last ten years—no longer ago—met frequently in the aristocratic neighborhood of St. James' a man evidently aged, yet remarkably active, though with a slight stoop and grizzled hair; not, to my thinking, with a pleasant countenance; certainly not with the frank and free expression of a poet who loved and lived with Nature; but rather that of one whose ever-open book was a ledger, and who counted the day, not by sunrise and sunset, but by Consols and Exchequer bills—things inconceivable to the Order to which SAMUEL ROGERS undoubtedly belonged.

The old man moved rapidly, as if pursuing a vain shadow, always.

He did not often smile, and seldom laughed: anything approaching hilarity, aught akin to enthusiasm, to a genuine flow of heart and soul, was foreign to his nature—or, at all events, seemed to be so. Yet, of a surety, he was a keen observer; he looked "quite through the deeds of men;" and his natural talent had been matured and polished by long and familiar intercourse with all the finer spirits of his age; his conversation to his "set" at home was remarkably brilliant, and his wit often pure and original.

It was curious, interesting, and start-

ling to converse—as I did—in the year of our Lord 1855, with a venerable gentleman whose first book of poems was published in 1786—just sixty-nine years; who had worn a cocked hat when a boy, as other boys did—recollected seeing the heads of the rebels upon poles at Temple Bar—had seen Garrick act—knocked at Dr. Johnson's door in Bolt Court, and chatted there with Boswell—heard Sir Joshua Reynolds lecture, and Haydn play at a concert in a tie wig with a sword at his side—rowed with a boatman who had rowed Alexander Pope—had seen venerable John Wesley lying on his bier "dressed in full canonicals"—had walked with old General Oglethorpe who had shot snipes where Conduit Street now stands—was the frequent associate of Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Mackintosh, Horne Tooke, and Madame de Staél, and was a man "in years" when Brougham was called to the Bar, John Kemble first played Coriolanus, Walter Scott had not yet issued "Waverley," Byron was writing "Minor Poems," and Ensign Arthur Wellesley was fighting his way to a dukedom, and immortality!

It seems to me, while writing a memory of this veteran of literature—as it will seem to my readers—that although he was with us but yesterday, he belongs to a remote generation: he had seen and known his co-mates in their youth, when the earliest rays of Fame dawned upon them; many of them he had followed to their graves, and few or none of them survived him.

This is a strange story to tell of any man.

There is no biography of him; if we except that written by his nephew, Mr. Sharpe, as a "Preface" to "Recollections," and another which introduces a volume of "Table Talk." Neither of these extends to more than a dozen pages. They are singularly meagre; as if the writers had done the work grudgingly; had no love for the subject, and were content to let the old man say for himself all he had to say. And that was not much. It is indeed a marvel that so little was gathered during so long and so full a life; for in these two volumes of "Remains" it would be difficult to find a score of passages that one would not willingly let die. His frequent companion, the publisher

Moxon,—one of his executors, who must have known much about his “ways”—has told us nothing concerning him; and such anecdotes as throw any light on his character must be gathered from his contemporaries who, here and there, and but rarely, illustrate and explain the guiding principles of his public and private life. Yet it is stated by the editor of “Recollections” (not recollections of him but by him), that “from his first entering into society he noted down the conversations or remarks of those among his intimate friends in whose company he took the greatest pleasure.”

In reference to his “Life,” I received this letter from Mr. Rogers—dated

St. James' Place, Jan. 30th, 1837.

“Believe me when I say I should be happy to comply with your desire if I had any intention of writing my own life.

“The only authentic account I can refer you to is to be found, such as it is, in a work published some years ago by Cadell, and entitled, I believe, ‘Portraits of Illustrious Persons.’

“Most of the circumstances in the Life published by Galignani are utterly without foundation. The ‘Pleasures of Memory’ (to mention one instance among many) was written in great seclusion under my father’s roof; and so far from consulting the gentleman there mentioned, on the subject, I was at that time unacquainted with him. He is there said, I think, to have read it over with me, before it appeared, fifty or sixty times.

“Yours very truly,

“SAMUEL ROGERS.”

He was born at Stoke Newington (Newington Green), now a suburb of London, on the 30th July, 1763. His father was an opulent banker, head of the firm of Rogers, Olding and Co.* His first publication—an “Ode to Superstition”—was issued in 1786. In 1792 appeared “The Pleasures of Memory,” to which he is mainly indebted for his fame.

He died at his residence, St. James’ Place, on the 18th December, 1855.

His countenance was a theme of continual jokes. It was “ugly,” if not repulsive. The expression was in no way, nor under any circumstances, good; he had a drooping eye and a thick under lip; his forehead was broad, his head large—out of proportion, indeed, to his form;

* The bank, which very recently had become a “joint-stock” concern, failed in the panic of last year.

but it was without the organs of benevolence and veneration, although preponderating in that of ideality. His features were cadaverous. Lord Dudley once asked him why, now that he could afford it, he did not set up his hearse; and it is said that Sidney Smith gave him mortal offence by recommending him, “when he sat for his portrait, to be drawn saying his prayers, with his face hidden by his hands.”

It is affirmed by some of his friends that “his purse was ever open to the distressed,” and that he was liberal of aid to struggling and suffering genius. That belief, however, is not sustained by evidence. From him to whom much is given, much is expected; the widow’s mite was a larger, as well as a more acceptable, gift to the treasury than the Pharisee’s contribution of the tithe of all he possessed. Rogers was rich, had few claimants on his “much,” and his personal wants were limited; he seems indeed to have had no great relish for the luxuries that money supplies, and which it is a duty to obtain on the part of those to whom wealth is allotted. He saw little company at his own house; giving breakfasts, frequently, the cost of which was small, and seldom entertaining at dinner above two or three at a time. Moreover, they were dinners of no very *recherché* character; at all events, none of his guests ever spoke of them as the feasts of a Sybarite. He never, I believe, kept a carriage—certainly, if he did, he seldom used it. On occasions when he attended meetings of the Royal Society, and other assemblages of that kind, at the close, let the night be ever so severe, if rain or snow were falling, he was invariably seen buttoning up his great-coat in preparation for a walk home. On one occasion I ventured to say to him (it was at an Evening at Lord Northampton’s, in Connaught Place), “Mr. Rogers, it is a very wet night, I have a fly at the door, may I have the honor to leave you at your house?” but the invitation was declined; the old man faced the weather from which younger and stronger men would have wisely shrunk.

I cannot find evidence to sustain an impression that he was other than by fits and starts generous; that it was not an impulse but a whim that induced him

occasionally to give a little of his "much." There are certainly a few records of his liberality—and but a few: none are related in the two volumes of "Table Talk," and "Recollections." Moore spoke of him to me, and no doubt to others, as a man with an open purse; but I do not find that he ever did more for the poet than lend him a sum that was repaid with interest.

His charities were certainly often based on calculation. "He did nothing rash," Mr. Hayward states. "I am sure," said one of his friends, "as a baby, he never fell down unless he was push'd; but walked from chair to chair in the drawing-room, steadily and quietly, till he reached a place where the sunbeam fell on the carpet." And Byron, writing to Bernard Barton, asks, "To what does Rogers owe his station in society, and his intimacy in the best circles?" Not to his profession as an author, but "to his prudence and respectability."

No, "to do good and to distribute" was not the motto of the banker-poet, although some may have tasted of his bounty.*

No doubt, he was often worried by applications for aid; some from fraudulent petitioners, but some from persons to whom timely helps might have been great blessings—probably saved the lives, possibly the souls, of those who asked it.

He writes—~~•~~ The letters I receive from people of both sexes (people I have never heard of) asking me for money, either as a gift or a loan, are really innumerable;" but it is evident from the context that such "begging epistles" produced no results to the writers. It is recorded that Murphy owed him £200; the poet became "uneasy," and accompanied Murphy to his chambers to be paid. Once there, however, Murphy, instead of paying the existing debt, labored hard to borrow more—an attempt which the poet successfully resisted. Rogers afterwards took as security an assignment of the whole of Murphy's works (including his "Tacitus"), but found they had been previously disposed of to a bookseller. And

in the "Table Talk" there is a note that Shelley called upon Rogers—introducing himself—to request the loan of some money which he wished to present to Leigh Hunt, offering Rogers a bond for it. Rogers says, "having numerous claims upon me at that time, *I was obliged to refuse the loan.*"

It is reported of him that he once loved: at least, that, when a young man, he sedulously sought the society of the most beautiful girl he thought he had seen. At the end of the London season, at a ball, she said, "To-morrow I go to Worthing: are you coming there?" Some months afterwards, being at Ranelagh, he saw the attention of many drawn towards a lady who was leaning on the arm of her husband. Stepping forward to see this wonderful beauty, he found it was his old flame. She merely said, "You never came to Worthing!" Who shall say that the selfish cynic might not have been another man—a better and a far happier man—if he had gone to Worthing!

Moore, one of the few of his friends who really regarded Rogers, thus writes in a letter to Lady Donegal:—"I felt as I always feel with him: that the fear of loosing his good opinion almost embitters the possession of it; and that, though in his society one walks upon roses, it is with constant apprehension of the thorns that are among them."

And subsequently, Moore thus alludes to Rogers as a critic:—"He only finds fault with every part in detail; and this you know is the style of his criticism of characters." And Lady Donegal, in reply, speaks of his "sickly and discontented turn of mind which makes him dissatisfied with everything, and disappointed in all his views of life;" speaking, also, of his "unfortunate habit of dwelling upon the faults and follies of his friends."

There is an anecdote recorded by Lady Holland, in her memoirs of her father, Sydney Smith, that, perhaps more than any other, illustrates the character of Rogers; it is this:—"One day, Rogers took Moore and my father home in a carriage from a breakfast; and insisted on showing them, by the way, Dryden's house, in some obscure street. It was very wet; the house looked much like other old houses; and having thin shoes

* Rogers, if we are to credit the "Table Talk," once said, "What a noble-minded person Lord Lonsdale was! I have received from him hundreds of pounds for the relief of literary men."

on they both remonstrated ; but in vain. Rogers got out, and stood expecting them. 'Oh ! you see why Rogers don't mind getting out,' exclaimed my father, laughing and leaning out of the carriage, 'he has got goloshes on !'

When Turner illustrated his poems, the artist was to have received £50 a-piece for the drawings. But Rogers objected to the price, which he had "mis-calculated," and Turner agreed to take them all back, receiving £5 each for the use of them. The banker did not foresee a time when the purchase would have been a very good speculation indeed : if he had, there is little doubt he would have paid for them. He made other bargains that were more remunerative : the famous "Puck" of Sir Joshua Reynolds he purchased for £215 5s.

The house—in which he passed so many years of his life, from the year 1803 to its close—in St. James' Place, is still there ; but it is not a shrine that any pilgrim will much care to visit. Few great men of the age have excited so little hero-worship ; those who would have been mourners at his funeral had preceded him to the tomb ; he left none to honor or to cherish his memory. His house had been full of Art-luxuries, gathered by judicious expenditure of wealth, and by highly cultivated taste ; they were scattered by the hammer of the auctioneer after his death, and are the gems of a hundred collections. Yet the house will be always one of the memorable dwellings of London. "It was," I borrow the eloquent words of Mr. Hayward, "here that Erskine told the story of his first brief, and Grattan that of his last duel ; that Wellington described Waterloo as a 'battle of giants' ; that Chantrey, placing his hand on a mahogany pedestal, asked the host he then honored by his presence—'Do you remember a workman who, at five shillings a day, came in at that door to receive your orders ? I was that workman !' There had assembled Byron, Moore, Scott, Campbell, Wordsworth, Washington Irving, Coleridge, Sydney Smith, Sheridan, and a host of other immortal men, who gave renown to the nineteenth century, and 'live for aye in Fame's eternal volume.'"

No; the aged banker-poet who had lived so long, seen so much, been intimate with

so many of the great men and women of the epoch, who had all his life held "in trust" a huge amount of wealth, with its weighty responsibilities, has not bequeathed to us a "memory" that may be either venerated or loved. From no "sort of men" did he gather "golden opinions" ; his heart was in a perpetual solitude ; he seemed continually to quail under the burden of "a discontented and repining spirit," although God had been specially bountiful to him in all the good things of earth. He might have been a vast blessing to thousands : those who owed him aught that was not repaid, may surely be counted by units. In all I have heard and read concerning him, and it is much—I cannot find evidence that he had, at any time, "learned the luxury of doing good."

He himself states that Madame de Staél once said to him, "How very sorry I am for Campbell ! His poverty so unsettles his mind that he cannot write." This was the answer of Rogers :—"I replied, 'Why does he not take the situation of a clerk ? He could then compose verses during his leisure hours ;' and he adds, "I shall never forget the delight with which, on returning home [from his bank to his mansion], I used to read and write during the evening ;" moralizing thus : "When literature is the sole business of life, it becomes a drudgery : when we are able to resort to it only at certain times, it is a charming relaxation."

Ah ! had he but known what it is to "sweat the brain" not only all day long, but far into midnight ; to toil when the hand shakes and the head aches from over-work—when the labor of to-day must earn the sustenance of to-morrow, and not always that ; to work, work, work, and be sent by nature, hungry, to sleep that is not rest ; to endure far worse than these physical sufferings—"the proud man's contumely," the consciousness of power while fetters gall and fret ; heart-sick from hope deferred ; a gleam of far-off glory that scorches the brow ; the thousand ills that "unsettle the mind," so that the hand cannot write. Ay, authorship may be a "pleasant relaxation," when it is not a means by which men live ; when, well or ill, sad or merry, in joy or in sorrow, prosperous or afflicted—no matter which—there is that to be done

that must be done, and which may not be postponed because it is "a drudgery."

When Rogers uttered these words in protest against the generous sympathy of Madame de Staél, there were men starving in London streets, whose minds were pregnant with even greater creations than the "Pleasures of Memory," or "Human Life," and who gave them to the world before they left it. Crabbe may by that time have found means to buy, and pay for, food and clothes; Campbell may have been on the eve of rescue from poverty by the pension he earned and gained; Southey may have had his home fireside cheered by a remittance from Murray; and Leigh Hunt may have stayed the cravings of angry creditors by aid of some sympathizing friend: but there were scores of great men obscurely hidden in mighty London, whose struggles with penury would appal those whom "pleasure, ease, and affluence surround,"—enduring "all the sad varieties of woe," some of whom may have made their wants known, while others triumphantly averted the bitter end; though others were voluntary victims before their work was half done.

It might have been the glory of Samuel Rogers to have helped them out of the Slough of Despond!

Popular Science Review.

ON THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE AMONGST PLANTS.

BY J. D. HOOKER, M.D., F.R.S.

The quaint dictum, "Plants do not grow where they like best, but where other plants will let them," which is credited to the late eminent horticulturist, Dean Herbert, of Manchester, expresses a truth not yet half appreciated by botanists. It is a protest against the prevalent belief, that circumstances of climate and soil are the omnipotent regulators of the distribution of vegetables, and that all other considerations are comparatively powerless. The dean's crude axiom has lately found a philosophical exposition and expression in Mr. Darwin's more celebrated doctrine of the "Struggle for life, and preservation thereby of the favored races," and if to it we add that great naturalist's more fruitful

discovery, of the necessity for insect and other foreign agencies in insuring fertility, and hence perpetuating the species, we shall find that the powers of climate and soil are reduced to comparatively very narrow limits. Before proceeding to show what are the causes that do materially limit the distribution of species, it may be well to inquire how far the hard-pressed soil and climate theory really helps us to a practical understanding of one or two great questions that fall under our daily observation; of these, the following are the most prominent:

That very similar soils and climates, in different geographical areas, are not inhabited, naturally, either by like species, or like genera;—that very different soils and climates will produce almost equally abundant crops of the same cultivated plants;—and that in the same soil and climate many hundreds, nay, thousands of species, from other very different soils and climates, may be grown, and propagated, for an indefinite number of successive generations.

Of the first of these statements, the examples embrace some of the best known facts in geographical botany; as, for example, that the Flora of Europe differs wholly from that of temperate North America, South Africa, Australia, and temperate South America, and all these from one another. And that neither soil nor climate is the cause of this difference, is illustrated by the fact, that thousands of acres in each of these countries are covered, year after year, by crops of the same plant, introduced from one to the other; and by annually increasing numbers of trees, shrubs, and herbs, that have either run wild, or are successfully cultivated in each and all of them. The third proposition follows from the two others, and of this the best example is afforded by a good garden, wherein, on the same soil and under identical conditions, we grow, side by side, plants from very various soils and climates, and ripen their seeds too, provided only that their fertilization is insured. The Cape geraniums, London pride and *Lysimachia nummularia* in our London areas, the pendent American cacti in the cottage windows of Southwark and Lambeth are even more striking examples of the comparative indiffer-

ence of many plants to good or bad climate and soil; and what can be more unlike their natural conditions than those to which ferns are exposed in those invaluable contrivances, Ward's cases, in the heart of the city? True, the conditions suit them well, and with respect to humidity and equability of temperature, are natural to them; but, neither is the absolute temperature, nor the constitution, nor freshness of the air, the same as of the places the ferns are brought from; nor is any systematic attempt made to suit the soil to the species cultivated, for, as Mr. Ward himself well shows, the arctic saxifrage, the English rose, the tropical palm, and desert cactus live side by side in the same box, and under precisely similar circumstances, and, as it were, in defiance of their natal conditions.

Let it not be supposed that we at all underrate such power as soil and climate really possess. In some cases, as those of chalk, sand, bog, and saline and water plants, soil is very potent; but the number of plants actually dependent on these, or other peculiarities of the soil, is much more limited than is supposed. Of *bona fide* water-plants, there are few amongst phænogams. Sand plants, as a rule, grow equally well on stiffer soils, but are there turned out by more sturdy competitors; and with regard to the calcareous soils, it is their warmth and dryness that fits them, to so great an extent, for many plants that are almost confined to them, or are absolutely peculiar to them. So, too, with regard to temperature, there are limits as regards heat, cold, and humidity, that species will not overstep and live; but, on the other hand, so much has been done by selection in procuring hardy races of tender plants, and so much may be done by regulating the distribution of earth-temperature, &c., that we already grow tropical plants in the open air during a portion of the year, and eventually may do so for longer periods.

Amongst the most striking examples of apparent indifference to natural conditions of soil and climate, I would especially adduce two. One is the *Salicornia Arabica*, a plant never found in its natural state, except in most saline situations, but which has flourished for years

in the Succulent House at Kew, in a pot full of common soil, to which no salt has ever been added; the other is the tea plant, which luxuriates in the hot humid valleys of Assam, where the thermometer ranges between 70° and 85°, and the atmosphere is so perennially humid, that watches are said to be destroyed after a few months of wear; and it is no less at home in North-Western India, where the summers are as hot and cloudless as any in the world, and the winters very cold. I may add, that the tea plant has survived the intense cold of this last January, at Kew, on the same wall where many hardy and half-hardy plants have been killed.

It is, further, a great mistake to suppose that the native vegetation of a country suffers little and very exceptionally by abnormal seasons. The most conspicuous instance of the contrary that ever fell under my observation was the destruction of the gigantic gum-tree (*Eucalyptus*) forests, in the central districts of Tasmania, which occurred, if I remember right, about the year 1837. In 1840 I rode over many square miles of country, through stupendous forests, in which every tree was, to all appearance, absolutely lifeless. The district was totally uninhabited, consisting of low mountain ranges, 2,000 feet above the sea, separating marshy tracts interspersed with broad fresh-water lakes. The trees, much like the great gaunt elms in Kensington Gardens during winter, but much larger, were in countless multitudes, 80 to 180 feet high, close-set, and 10 to 20 feet in girth; their weird and ghostly aspect being heightened by the fact of most being charred for a considerable distance up the trunk, the effects of the native practice of firing the grass in summer during the kangaroo hunting season; and by the bark above, hanging from their trunks in streaming shreds, that waved dismaly in the wind; for the species was the stringy-bark gum, that sheds its bark after this fashion. And not only had the gum-trees suffered, the hardier *Lepidospernum* (tea-tree bush), and many others, were killed, some to the ground, and some altogether; so that though my journey was in spring, and the weather was delightful, the aspect of the vegetation was desolate in the extreme.

In such climates as our own, similar devastations are unknown, and though we know that our island was once covered with other timber than now clothes it, we have every reason to suppose that the change was slow, and the effect either of a gradually altered climate, or of the immigration of trees equally well or better suited to the conditions of the soil and climate, but which had not previously had the opportunity of contesting the ground with the ruling monarchs of the forest.

Making every allowance, then, for the influence of soil and climate in checking the multiplication of individuals, we have still two classes of facts to account for; the one, that plants which succeed so well, when cultivated, that we are assured both soil and climate are favorable to their propagation, nevertheless become immediately or soon extinct when the cultivator's care is withdrawn; the other, that plants of one country, when introduced into another, even with a very different soil and climate, will overrun it, destroy the native vegetation, and prove themselves better suited to local circumstances than the aboriginal plants of the country. In the first case, the reasons are very various, all of them relating to the conditions of the plant's existence. Of these the two most potent are, the absence of fertilizing agents, and the destruction of seeds and seedling plants. In the present state of our knowledge it is impossible to say which of these is most fatal in its effect. In the case of our annual plants, or our cereals, which never run wild, it is the latter certainly, for they seed freely enough; in the case of many perennials, shrubs, and trees, it may be the former, as with the common elm and lime, which rarely or never seed in England, though the latter is so notably frequented by insects during its flowering season; whilst a third cause is to be found in their seedling plants being smothered by others, of which we have numerous examples in our common pasture grasses, which are, perhaps, the most prejudicial in this respect. A most conspicuous example of this is afforded by the common maple, of which the seedlings come up early in spring by thousands in the neighborhood of the parent tree, in lawns and plantations, but scarce-

ly ever survive the smothering effects of the common summer grasses, as soon as these begin to shoot.

When I visited the cedar grove on Mount Lebanon in the autumn of 1860, I found thousands of seedling plants, but every one of them dead; and so effectual is the annual slaughter of the yearlings in that grove, that, though the seeds are shed in millions, and innumerable seedlings annually spring up, there is not a plant in the grove less than about sixty years old. It may hence have been sixty years since a cedar there survived the first year of its existence; that is to say, has struggled through its infancy, and reached the age even of childhood! *

On the other hand, when once the natural conditions of a country have been disturbed, the spread and multiplication of immigrants is so rapid that it shortly becomes impossible to discover the limits of the old, indigenous Flora. Take the English Flora, for example. If we contrast the cultivated counties with the uncultivated, the difference of their vegetation is so great that I have often been compelled to doubt whether many of the most familiar so-called wild flowers of the cultivated counties are indigenous at all; nay, more, I have been tempted to suspect that some of the more variable of them, as some species of *chenopodium* and *fumitory*, may have originated since cultivation began. In the uncultivated counties, the proportion of annual plants is exceedingly small, whereas, in the cultivated counties, annuals are very numerous; and the further we go from cultivation, roads, and made ground, the rarer they become, till at last, in the uninhab-

* Professor Hooker has fallen into the common error of supposing that there remains but a solitary cedar grove on Lebanon, whereas the Rev. Mr. Jessup, a very intelligent American missionary in Syria, has discovered, and locates and describes from personal observation, in *Hours at Home*, no less than eleven distinct cedar groves on Mount Lebanon; and he affirms that with proper care on the part of the people and the Government, whose attention has already been called to the subject, by sowing the seeds in the upper ranges, and carefully protecting the young trees from the sheep and goats, not many years would elapse before these arid heights would be clothed with living green, and "the glory of Lebanon" return again. See *Hours at Home* for March and April, 1867, for a highly interesting description of these newly-discovered groves.—EDITOR ECLECTIC.

ited islets of the west coast of Scotland, and in its mountainous glens, annuals are extremely rare, and confined to the immediate vicinity of cottages. Let any one who doubts this contrast between the Floras of cultivated and uncultivated regions compare the annuals in such Flora as those of Suffolk or Essex, the North Riding or Cumberland, with those of the Isle of Wight and the Isle of Arran. And it is not only that annuals abound in cultivated districts, but that so many are nearly confined to ground that is annually or frequently disturbed. The three commonest of all British plants, for example, are, perhaps, groundsel, shepherd's purse, and *Poa annua*. I do not remember ever having seen any of these plants established where the soil was undisturbed, or where, if undisturbed, they had not been obviously brought by man, or the lower animals; and yet I have gathered one of these, the shepherd's purse, in various parts of Europe, in Syria, in the Himalayas, in Australia, New Zealand, and the Falkland Islands. Were England to be depopulated, I believe that in a very few years these plants, and a large proportion of our common annual "wild flowers" would become exceedingly rare, or extinct, such as the Poppies, Fumitories, Trefoils, Fediæ, various species of Speedwell, *Anagallis*, *Cerastium*, *Lithospermum*, *Polygonum*, Mallow, *Euphorbia*, *Thlaspi*, *Senebiera*, *Medicago*, *Anthemis*, *Centaurea*, *Linaria*, *Lamium*, &c., &c.

It is usually said of some of the above named plants, that they prefer cultivated ground, nitrogenous soil, and so forth; and this is no doubt true, but that they will flourish where no such advantages attend them, a very little observation shows; and that they do not continue to flourish elsewhere is due mainly to the fact that, being annuals, their room is taken as soon as they die, and the next year's seedling has no chance of success in the struggle with perennials.

For good instances of this rapid replacement of annuals by perennials, the new railroad embankments should be examined. Whence the plants come from, which spring up like magic in the cuttings, many feet below the surface of the soil, is a complete mystery, and reminds us of the so-called spontaneous

generation of protozoa in newly-made infusions, or in distilled water. In the south of Scotland in 1840-50, and many parts of the north of England, the first plant that made its appearance was *Equisetum arvense*, which covered the new-formed banks for miles and miles, with the most lovely green forest of miniature pines. In the following year comparatively few of these were to be seen, and coltsfoot, dandelion, and other biennials, especially *Umbelliferæ*, with a great number of annuals presented themselves. For many successive years, I had no opportunity of watching the struggle for life on these banks, but when I last saw them they were clothed with perennial grasses, docks, plantains, and other perennial rooted plants.

The destruction of native vegetations, by introduced, is a subject that has only lately attracted much attention, but it has already assumed an aspect that has startled the most careless observer. Some thirty years ago the fecundity of the horse and European cardoon in the Argentine provinces of South America, so graphically described by Sir Edmund Head, drew the attention of naturalists to the fact, that animals and plants did not necessarily thrive best where found in an indigenous condition; and the spread of the common Dutch clover, *Trifolium repens*, in North America, where it follows the footsteps of man through the trackless forests, has long afforded an equally remarkable instance of vegetable colonization. Still more recently, in South Africa, Australia, and Tasmania, the Scotch thistle, briar, rose, *Xanthium*, plantains, docks, &c., have all become noxious weeds; and this leads me to the last and most curious point to which I shall allude in this article, viz., that the same annuals and other weeds, that are held so well in check by the indigenous perennial plants of our country, when transplanted to others, show themselves superior to the perennial vegetation of the latter. Of this New Zealand furnishes the most conspicuous example,—it was first visited scarcely more than 100 years ago, and it is not yet fifty since the missionaries first settled in it, and scarce thirty since it received its earliest colonists. The Islands contain about 1,000 species of flowering plants,

amongst which no fewer than 180 European weeds have been recorded as intruding themselves, and having become thoroughly naturalized; and probably double that number will yet be found, as they have never been systematically collected; but the most curious part of the history is this, that whereas of indigenous New Zealand plants, scarcely any are annual, no less than half the naturalized European ones are annual.

Of the effect of these introduced European plants in destroying the native vegetation, I have given examples in an article that appeared in the *Natural History Review* (January, 1864), from which I quote the following:—

In Australia and New Zealand, the noisy train of English emigration is not more surely doing its work, than the stealthy tide of English weeds, which are creeping over the surface of the waste, cultivated, and virgin soil, in annually increasing numbers of genera, species and individuals. Apropo of this subject, a correspondent (W. T. Locke Travers, Esq., F.L.S.)—a most active New Zealand botanist—writing from Canterbury, says, “ You would be surprised at the rapid spread of European and other foreign plants in this country. All along the sides of the main lines of roads through the plains, a *Polygonum (aviculare)*, called ‘ cow-grass,’ grows most luxuriantly, the roots sometimes two feet in depth, and the plants spreading over an area from four to five feet in diameter. The dock, (*Rumex obtusifolius* or *R. crispus*) is to be found in every river-bed, extending into the valleys of the mountain-rivers, until these become mere torrents. The sow-thistle is spread all over the country, growing luxuriantly up to near 6,000 feet. The watercress increases in our still rivers to such an extent as to threaten to choke them altogether; in fact, in the Avon, a still deep stream running through Christ Church, the annual cost of keeping the river free for boat navigation, and for purposes of drainage, exceeds 300*l.* I have measured stems twelve feet long and three quarters of an inch in diameter. In some of the mountain districts, where the soil is loose, the white clover is completely displacing the native grasses, forming a close sward. Foreign trees are also very

luxuriant in growth. The gum-trees of Australia, the poplars and willows particularly, grow most rapidly. In fact the young native vegetation appears to shrink from competition with these more vigorous intruders.”

Dr. Haast, F.L.S., the eminent explorer and geologist, also writes to me as follows:—

“ The native (Maori) saying is, ‘ as the white man’s rat has driven away the native rat, as the European fly drives away our own, and the clover kills our fern, so will the Maoris disappear before the white man himself.’ It is wonderful to behold the botanical and zoological changes which have taken place since first Captain Cook set foot in New Zealand. Some pigs, which he and other navigators left with the natives, have increased and run wild in such a way that it is impossible to destroy them. There are large tracts of country where they reign supreme. The soil looks as if ploughed by their burrowing. Some station holders of 100,000 acres have had to make contracts for killing them at 6*d.* per tail, and as many as 22,000 on a single run have been killed by adventurous parties without any diminution being discernible. Not only are they obnoxious by occupying the ground which the sheep farmer needs for his flocks, but they assiduously follow the ewes when lambing, and devour the poor lambs as soon as they make their appearance. They do not exist on the western side of the Alps, and only on the lower grounds on the eastern side where snow seldom falls, so that the explorer has not the advantage of profiting by their existence, where food is scarce. The boars are sometimes very large, covered with long black bristles, and have enormous tusks, resembling closely the wild boar of the Ardennes, and they are equally savage and courageous.

“ Another interesting fact is the appearance of the Norwegian rat. It has thoroughly extirpated the native rat, and is to be found everywhere, even in the very heart of the Alps, growing to a very large size. The European mouse follows it closely, and, what is more surprising, where it makes its appearance, it drives, in a great degree, the Norway rat away. Amongst other quadrupeds,

cattle, dogs, and cats, are found in a wild state, but not abundantly.

"The European house-fly is another importation. When it arrives, it repels the blue-bottle of New Zealand, which seems to shun its company. But the spread of the European insect goes on very slowly, so that settlers knowing its utility, have carried it in boxes and bottles to their new island stations."

But the most remarkable fact of all has been communicated to me since the above was printed, viz., that the little white clover, and other herbs, are actually strangling and killing outright the New Zealand flax (*Phormium tenax*), a plant of the coarsest, hardest, and toughest description, that forms huge matted patches of woody rhizomes, which send up tufts of sword-like leaves, six to ten feet high, and inconceivably strong in texture and fibre. I know of no English plant to which the New Zealand flax can be likened, so as to give any idea of its robust constitution and habit, to those who do not know it; in some respects, the great matted *tussocks* of *Carex paniculata* approach it. It is difficult enough to imagine the possibility of white clover invading our bogs, and smothering the tussocks of this *Carex*, but this would be child's play in comparison with the resistance the *Phormium* would seem to offer.

The causes of this prepotency of the European weeds are probably many and complicated; one very powerful one is the nature of the New Zealand climate, which favors the duration of life in individuals, and hence gives both perennials and annuals a lengthened growing season, and, in the case of some, more than one seed crop in the year. This is seen in the tendency of mignonette and annual stocks to become biennial and even perennial, in the indigenous form of *Cardamine hirsuta* being perennial, and in the fact that many weeds that seed but once with us, seed during a greater part of the year in New Zealand. Another cause must be sought in the fact, that more of their seeds escape the ravages of birds and insects in New Zealand than in England; the granivorous birds and insects that follow cultivation not having been transported to the Antipodes with the weeds, or at least, not in proportionate numbers.

Still the fact remains as yet unaccounted for, that annual weeds, which, except for the interference of man, would with us have no chance in the struggle with perennials, in New Zealand have spread in inconceivable quantities into the wildest glens, long before white men or even their cattle and flocks penetrate to their recesses. Such is the testimony of Drs. Haast and Hector, and Mr. Travers, the original explorers of large areas of different parts of the almost uninhabited middle island, and who have sent to me, as native plants, from hitherto unvisited tracts, British weeds that were not found in the island by the careful botanists (Banks, Solander, Forster, and Sparrmann) who accompanied Captain Cook in his voyages; and which were not found by the earlier missionaries, but which of late years have abounded on the low lands near every settlement.

This subject of the comparative great *vis-vitae* of European plants, as compared with those of other countries, involves problems of the highest interest in botanical science, and the subject is as novel as it is interesting; it is quite a virgin one, and requires the calmest and most unprejudiced judgment to treat it well. It cannot be doubted that the progress of civilization in Europe and Asia has, whilst it has led to the incessant harrassing of the soil, led also to the abundant development of a class of plants, annual, biennial, and perennial, which increase more rapidly and obtain a greater development when transplanted to the Southern hemisphere, than they have hitherto done in the Northern, and that, in this respect, they contrast strikingly with the behavior of plants of the Southern hemisphere when transplanted to the Northern; and hitherto no considerations of climate, soil, or circumstance, have sufficed to explain this phenomenon.

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Temple Bar.

MARRYING A GHOST.

SOME fifty years ago, two young men of nearly the same age were seated in the coupé of a diligence that was rattling along the road from Abbeville to Paris. Though they were total strangers to each

other when they met, before the end of their journey they had become bosom friends.

The younger of the two travelers, whom we will name Villiers, was of an extremely open and communicative disposition, so that it was not long before his companion was in full possession, not only of the history of his past life, but of his intentions and aspirations for the future.

The immediate object of his present journey, he said, was to make the acquaintance of a young girl, whose parents had entered into an arrangement with his own, years ago, to give their daughter to him in marriage; when they should both have grown up.

"From all I hear," he added; "Annette Heppe is as lovely as she is amiable; and already I feel myself deeply enamored of her. But here have I been chattering for full an hour about my own uninteresting self, and boaring you, I dare say, with my affairs; so *en revanche*, tell me a little of yourself, pray. You are married, no doubt?"

"Neither married nor likely to be," replied Beaufort, laughing. "My history is mere prose compared with the romantic poetry of your life! In a word, I am just returned from England, and am going to Paris to meet my uncle, General de G—, who writes to inform me that he has been able to procure for me the post of Under-Prefect in one of the Departments. I am to meet him at the Hotel de Ville to-morrow evening at six precisely; for he is the most punctual man in the world."

In due course of time the diligence accomplished its weary, dusty journey; and the two young men by mutual agreement repaired to the same hotel.

"Supposing you go to the opera," said Beaufort to his friend after dinner; "I have several letters to write, which will occupy me some time; and when you return we can enjoy a cigar together before going to bed."

And so it was arranged. Villiers went to the Opera, and returned home about ten o'clock.

"I have just finished," cried Beaufort, as his friend entered the room; and now for our cigar! but tell me, how did you like the opera? Was Mdlle. C—

charming? But I forgot; you are bound not to look at opera dancers now, however pretty their ankles may be—eh? But what is the matter?" added Beaufort, noticing that his companion looked rather glum. "I hope I have not offended you?"

"Oh, not at all!" responded the other, smiling; "but I have got into a mess! It was late when I entered the opera house; I had not taken my seat long when I felt some one tap me rudely on the shoulder, and a gentleman in a rude voice informed me that I had taken his seat, and that I must move. Of course if he had spoken civilly I would have relinquished my seat at once; but I told him I had been shown there by the box-keeper, and there I should stay in spite of him. At this he got angry, and so did I, and so did the audience, for they began to hiss vigorously. Well, the end of all is that he demands satisfaction, and that we are to meet to-morrow morning in the Bois de Boulogne at six. It is very unfortunate, you see, but it can't be helped. See! here is his card. Now, my dear fellow, I know nobody in Paris, at least no one whom I could ask to be my second. Will you?—that is if I am not presuming too much on our short acquaintance."

"Of course I will, my dear Villiers," responded the other. "Yes! it is very *mal à propos*, because you see, if you fall, there is an end to the matrimonial scheme; and supposing that you either get wounded, or wound your adversary, the affair will get wind, and will not raise you in the estimation of your intended relatives. However, there's no help for it, so now let us get to bed. Sleep all you can, and I will see to call you in time."

"Thanks! thanks! but I am going to make another demand on your friendship," added Villiers. "In case I fall, will you deliver these letters to Monsieur Heppe, and break the news to him as favorably as you can? In one respect, you see, it will not be a very painful duty, because they know nothing of me—in fact, have never seen me; so that my loss will break no one's heart, not even dear little Annette's!"

"Certainly, I will perform your wishes to the letter; only I feel confident you will be able to act as your own ambasa-

dor," replied Beaufort, trying to cheer up his friend, who seemed to view matters rather despondingly.

Early the next morning—some minutes before the appointed time—Beaufort and Villiers were at the spot agreed on. They had not to wait long before the other party arrived also on the ground. Beaufort had not been without some hopes of being able to bring about an amicable adjustment of the quarrel, but all his endeavors to do so proved fruitless.

Nothing therefore was left but to place his man, and give him instructions to fire at the appointed signal.

Shaking each other by the hand, a mere mockery of friendliness, the two principals now turned back to back. When they had each stepped twelve paces they were to turn round and fire. Precisely at the same instant their weapons were discharged, but not with the same result. Villiers fell to the ground with a short, sharp cry of pain, shot through the heart, while his adversary received his bullet through the left arm.

There was no time to lose, so lifting up the dead body of his friend, and carefully depositing it in the carriage, Beaufort set off as hard as he could back to Paris. Arriving at the hotel, his first care was to give the landlord instructions to send information of the event to the police, and to make the necessary arrangements for the funeral, which was appointed for six o'clock the same evening. This being done, a more disagreeable commission remained behind. He had promised Villiers to break the news to Monsieur Heppe, and though he would gladly have intrusted the task to some one else, he felt that the promise made to the dead man was too sacred a matter to be treated lightly. It is of course always unpleasant to be the bearer of sad news; still in this case Beaufort felt that no grief of a heart-rending nature would be caused to any of the Heppe family when he should announce to them the sad intelligence of young Villiers' death.

Monsieur Heppe was a retired merchant. Having amassed a very considerable fortune, he had determined on passing the remainder of his days in peace and quietness. In former years, when he had first engaged in business, he had been under great obligations to young

Villiers' father, who had assisted him at a time when, but for his aid, he must have been utterly ruined.

Some few years previous to the incidents above related, old Villiers had payed his friend Heppe a visit, and it was on that occasion that he conceived the idea of promoting a matrimonial connection between the two families. Feeling himself to be under such great obligations to his kind patron, Monsieur Heppe readily entered into the project; only stipulating that not a word of it should be breathed to their respective children, till they had attained an age when they could judge for themselves in a matter of such importance; and further, that if on acquaintance the young people should not take to each other, no persuasion should be used by their parents on either side to bring about a union, which in such a case could be productive of nothing but misery.

Annette had therefore only been apprised a few days of the intended visit of young Villiers, and of the object of the visit. Though she felt she could safely intrust her happiness to her parents' choice, it would not be a matter of surprise to hear that she felt ill at ease at the unexpected announcement. For she thought "perhaps we shall not be suited to each other, and though I shall readily perceive this, it may not be so evident to my parents, who seem to have set their hearts on the match. I shall either then have to cause them pain by rejecting the offer, or else to sacrifice myself." And the roses began to fade from her cheeks, and a seriousness, almost approaching to melancholy, came over her.

This of course did not escape the watchful eyes of her parents.

"I do believe our darling does not like the idea," said Madame Heppe one evening to her husband as they were sitting alone; "she looks so pale and thoughtful! I wish from my heart the arrangement had never been made. However, if she does not like him, Monsieur Villiers shall very soon receive his congé."

Tut, tut! my dear! Of course, she is a little thoughtful. I suppose you were—eh, my love? But, at all events, do not let us prejudice ourselves against the young man. Indeed, from all I hear, he is possessed of really good qualities. Let

me see : he is to arrive to-morrow, so mind, wife, we give him a good reception."

Next day, precisely at the time appointed, a cabriolet drove up to the door. Monsieur Heppe, his wife, and daughter, were assembled in the salon in readiness to welcome their visitor.

"What an elegant young man!" exclaimed old Heppe, peeping out from behind one of the curtains, in order to have a good look at his expected son-in-law before he entered the house.

"And how good-looking!" chimed in Madame, who was similarly occupied, under cover of the other curtain.

Annette, who had taken up her post at a third window by herself, and had followed the example of her parents, did not give vent to her feelings as they had done; but, if the truth were known, she felt already that she had been somewhat hasty in her fears. Indeed, Beaufort was a remarkably handsome, gentlemanly-looking young man. With ladies he had ever been a universal favorite, for not only was he most attentive and courteous in his manner towards them, but there was that about him that betokened a thoroughly good-tempered, unselfish disposition—qualities that are always calculated to ensure their possessor a welcome into any circle he might choose to enter.

"Welcome, my dear young friend," said old M. Heppe, advancing to meet his guest at the hall door; welcome to our house. What! no luggage? Oh! I dare say it is to follow. But come in. My wife and daughter are all impatience to shake you by the hand."

"Could I speak a word with you in private?" whispered Beaufort, who deemed the present a fitting opportunity to communicate the intelligence of young Villiers' death.

"Presently, my dear friend, presently. We have plenty of time for that?" and almost before he knew where he was, Beaufort found himself responding to the hearty welcome that Madame Heppe gave him.

"And this is our daughter Annette," she added. "Come here, my child, and bid Monsieur Villiers welcome to Paris."

Little had Beaufort expected to see such a lovely girl as the one who now

stood before him, offering her welcome with an ease and gracefulness that many a noble's daughter might have envied. For a moment he stood like one entranced, forgetting everything—where he was and what he was about—so astounded was he at the surpassing loveliness of the fair girl before him.

"Supposing we all sit down, and have a little chat before dinner," presently said Madame Heppe, who noticed with secret pleasure the impression her daughter's appearance had evidently made upon the visitor.

At the sound of her voice Beaufort, with a start, awoke from his dream, and now for the first time it flashed across him that the good folks were taking him for Villiers. What should he do? Tell them at once of young Villiers's death? Yes! he could do it very well if alone with Monsieur; but, with that fair girl beside him, it would be cruel—such a shock to her nerves!

I do not believe that it had as yet entered his mind that if he did not pursue this course, the only other alternative left was to personate young Villiers as well as he could. At all events, whilst trying to decide upon the line of action he should take up, his host and hostess kept plying him with such heaps of questions (and Annette looking so fresh and charming the while) that, almost without knowing it, he found himself acting his late friend's part.

"How like he is to his father!" presently remarked Madame Heppe.

This remark decided him. "Well! I'm in for it now; if these good people will persist in taking me for their intended son-in-law (and, by Jove! I shouldn't have much objection), they must: that is all I have to say!"

"Pooh! my love, not a bit," replied M. Heppe; he takes after his mother; just as I remember her when she was about his age."

"Yes," stammered out Beaufort, thinking he must say something; "I've always been told I was very like my poor dear mother!"

"God bless us! Why, you don't mean to say your mother is dead?"

Beaufort quickly perceived his blunder, and answered very composedly:

"Oh yes! did you not know it? She has been dead twelve months!"

"Did you ever hear such a thing, wife?" said Monsieur Heppe, looking at his wife with an astounded air on his face.

"But, after all, it is just like your father! He never did like to speak of anything unpleasant. Well, well! Poor man! lost his wife! Yes, you are certainly like her. Stay! I have her likeness; and now I think of it, I have your portrait too. Run, Annette, and fetch it. You will find it in my study—the third drawer on the left."

"My portrait!" cried Beaufort, in real alarm, for he felt he must be detected now.

"Yes. Of course we were a little anxious to know what our—hem—what you were like, you know; and so I got a young friend of mine, an artist, who was going down into your part of the country, to try and manage to take a portrait of you without letting any one know. It is only a pencil-drawing, you know; but still it gives a very good idea of—Oh! here, Annette, bring it here, my child," as the young lady entered the room with the picture in her hand.

Heavily did Beaufort wish all artists in general, and that particular portrait painter especially, at the devil; but a momentary glance that he got of his supposed likeness set him instantly at ease, for he could see that it did not bear the slightest resemblance to young Villiers, though at the same time he could not but acknowledge that it was not a bit like himself.

"Yes; I say it is very like—very like, indeed; they are his eyes, nose, mouth!" exclaimed Madame Heppe, who at every word looked first at the drawing and then at Beaufort.

"But you must have worn your hair very differently to what you do now," remarked Monsieur Heppe, peering at Beaufort over his spectacles.

"Oh yes! I did wear it differently—the old-fashioned style," answered Beaufort.

"And what do you think of it Annette?" asked her father. "Do you think it a good likeness?"

But Annette made no reply, though her blushes seemed to answer for her quite plainly that there was no compari-

son at all between the two—at least, so Beaufort interpreted them.

"But you have some letters for me, eh?"

"Oh yes! a whole lot!" replied Beaufort, glad enough that the portrait difficulty was so easily got over; "and a packet for mademoiselle," he added, handing Annette a small box carefully wrapped up in a multiplicity of papers.

"Eh?—why, what is this?" exclaimed papa and mamma, as a pair of earrings, and a bracelet to match, appeared to view.

"It is a small present from my father," said Beaufort, quietly, who remembered perfectly that young Villiers had been very particular in his directions concerning the packet in question, as it contained a present of jewelry from his father to his intended daughter-in-law. Of course, Beaufort had to fasten the bracelet on Annette's plump little arm, which he was a very long time in doing, for, somehow or other, the clasp would not act properly; and he would have been very glad, doubtless, to have put the earrings in their proper place, too, only that Annette forestalled him.

"And now for the letters," said the old gentleman, after duly admiring the handsome present. "Let me see, that's from your father, and this from your uncle!"

"What is your uncle's name?" asked Madame Heppe. "I always forget it."

Beaufort sincerely wished her memory had been better on this occasion, but replied, "My uncle's name did you say? Why its—"

"Bertin," answered Monsieur Heppe. "Why, wife, what a head you've got."

"Yes, Bertolin," put in Beaufort, who had only imperfectly heard what Monsieur Heppe had said.

"Bertolin? Why on earth do you call him Bertolin, when he signs himself Bertin?" cried Monsieur Heppe, again peering at him over his spectacles.

"Now did I really say Bertolin? How very strange!" answered Beaufort, laughing.

"Well, they'll keep till to-morrow. And now, wife, while I go and see after the wine, do you tell them we are ready for dinner." And Madame, taking her husband's arm and hint, walked out of

the room, and Beaufort found himself alone with Annette.

Beaufort was not slow to avail himself of the opportunity of saying a few words to his companion, and so well did he employ his time that he succeeded beyond his expectations in driving away the bashfulness which had hitherto sealed Annette's lips. Of course he did not talk about the projected union, and Annette thought it very nice of him not to do so, but discoursed about matters which he thought would interest her. Presently he espied a piano.

"Ah! you sing! How charming! Would you oblige me with a little song, and I'll try my best to accompany you?"

Perhaps Annette might have felt rather shy at singing a solo, but it was quite a different thing when he was going to accompany her, and she sat down without the slightest hesitation to the piano. In the middle of the duet the old folks again entered the room to announce the dinner, and looked at each other with a self-satisfied air, which said quite plainly:

"You see, my love, there is no fear!"

At table Beaufort of course sat between the mother and daughter. The dinner was well cooked; the wines excellent; M. Heppe a good host; and Beaufort a very pleasant guest, so that altogether it was a very nice little dinner party indeed.

Amongst other topics of conversation Monsieur Heppe asked his guest whether he had any hopes of getting the appointment to which his father had alluded in a previous letter.

"Oh! I have it already. I am appointed Under-Prefect in one of the Departments," answered Beaufort, on the spur of the moment.

"What! What do you say? You are an Under-Prefect already? Why on earth did not your father say so in his letter, then? . . . but that is just like him, too! But how did you get the appointment, my dear friend?"

"My uncle got it for me!"

"Your uncle Bertin?"

"Yes, quite true, my uncle Bertin. In his younger days, you know, he served in the army with the present Minister of the Interior, and they became great friends, so—"

"What! your uncle, the carpet-maker, in the army? That's the first I ever heard of it!"

"Oh, yes!" replied Beaufort, quite composedly, perceiving he had made another error, "it was during the Revolution, you know, as a common soldier."

"Very strange, indeed; well it's news to me. But I suppose everybody was a soldier then. . . . But who would have thought of old Bertin, a man who could never add up a column of five figures in his life, having such influence! Well! here's to your very good health, Monsieur Under-Prefect, and may you soon be Prefect."

This intelligence added greatly to the merriment of the party, for it set the father's and mother's minds at ease on one score, as they had not liked the idea of their future son-in-law being quite without occupation. Neither did Annette seem altogether quite uninterested in the announcement, for her eyes again sparkled with their former brilliancy, and any one who had seen her might have said that she had certainly just heard something which had caused her a great deal of pleasure.

By this time it was getting late, for the hours had passed so agreeably that Beaufort was quite astonished on looking at the clock on the mantel-piece, to find that it was already half-past five.

At six o'clock he was to meet his uncle, General G——. He must, therefore, he felt, leave at once. But how could he manage it? What excuses could he make? Now whether he had drunk too much champagne, or whether his intoxication proceeded from a totally different source, it is very difficult to say; but being of an extremely impulsive disposition, a thought suddenly entered his head, which he determined at once to act upon.

"Where are you going to?" asked Monsieur Heppe in surprise, as Beaufort rose up from his seat to make his adieu, and expressed his sorrow at being obliged to return to Paris at once, as he had some important business to transact that evening.

"Why, we have asked several of our neighbors to meet you this evening at eight o'clock!"

"I am truly sorry," answered Beau-

fort, "but it is quite impossible. It is now half-past five, and at six—"

"Well! what is going to happen at six?" interrupted Monsieur Heppe, in a tone which betrayed a little vexation in it.

"I have some pressing business to transact, and my presence is indispensable!"

"Why, now, you really cannot have such pressing business the first day you ever came to Paris in your life."

"But I assure you, my dear sir, it is of that nature that any stranger to Paris might have to perform."

"Excuse me, then, if it is not asking too much, may I inquire what this important business is which is going to deprive us so unexpectedly of your company?"

"At six o'clock I am to be buried!"

A loud shout of laughter from Monsieur Heppe, in which both the ladies joined, followed this announcement.

"But you are not going to be buried before you are dead!" cried old Heppe, leaning back in his chair, while the tears literally rolled down his fat cheeks.

"Oh no!" answered Beaufort, looking as grave and demure as possible; "but I have already gone through that part of the business. I will tell you. I arrived in Paris yesterday evening. It was too late to come on here" (though I sincerely wish I had done so), and he glanced at Annette, "so I went to the opera-house, where I got embroiled in a quarrel with some gentleman. He challenged me, and this morning at six o'clock I was shot through the heart. I was carried back to the hotel. All the necessary arrangements have been made for my funeral, which is to take place at six o'clock this evening. So I really must bid you adieu!"

"Ha—ha—haha!" roared out old Heppe. "Capital joke, indeed!"

"But I am in earnest," replied Beaufort; "here is the medical certificate, attesting my death."

"Medical fiddlesticks! why, man, what do I want a certificate for, when you have just dined with me (and made a good dinner, too, I think), and have been singing duets with Annette there? Certificate, indeed! that's certificate enough for me!" and he laughed again till he turned quite black in the face. "Ah!

I see how it is, you want to run away for an hour or two, you joker. But mind, now, if you are not here by eight o'clock I shall send after you, whether you are buried or not."

Meanwhile Beaufort turned to the girl by his side, and, in a low tone, said: "Mademoiselle Heppe! to have made your acquaintance ought to be enough happiness for me. Believe me, that I shall ever reckon the last few hours among the happiest of my existence. Do not therefore doubt that, if it be possible, no long time will elapse before I see you again. Till then, your image will be indelibly impressed here." And, with these words, he placed his hand on his heart, and bowing once more, passed through the door, and hurried into the street.

It was some little time before Beaufort succeeded in arousing the coachman; who, tired of waiting for his fare, had gone fast asleep. At length, however, he roused him up to a state of consciousness, and bidding him drive as quickly as possible to the hotel, threw himself back on the seat, and employed the time in building castles in the air. "He was Prefect; Annette and he had just been married, and—" when the cabriolet pulled up at the hotel door, and interrupted him in the very middle of his interesting reverie.

On alighting from the carriage, Beaufort's first question was to inquire about the funeral, which he learned had taken place at the time appointed, and his second to ask whether General de G— had arrived.

Being answered in the affirmative, he therefore lost no time in repairing to his uncle's room.

"Glad to see you punctual, my dear boy; for we have no time to lose. A letter, just received, says you must go down to your post at once; so we must start this very night. How long before you are ready, eh?"

"In an hour," answered Beaufort, despondingly, on whom the announcement fell like a thunderbolt. However, there was no help for it. To offend his uncle, by proposing to delay his departure, he felt was out of the question. But it was most vexations. Well, he must write to Monsieur Heppe an explanatory letter

when he arrived at his destination, for there was no time to do it now.

In an hour's time they set off as fast as four horses could carry them, and late the following afternoon arrived at the town of——. To Beaufort's dismay and horror, however, when that same night he seated himself to indite the promised letter of explanation, he could not remember Monsieur Heppe's address; Villiers had written it on a card which he, like a fool, had handed to the man who drove him there. What was he to do? Heppe was about the commonest name in Paris; there would be sure to be half a dozen of that name in every street; and, whether his Monsieur Heppe was a merchant, banker, or broker, he had not the remotest idea. It would never do, therefore, to write a letter of that delicate nature (for he fully intended proposing himself as a substitute for young Villiers), and not know into whose hands it might fall. So, with a heavy heart he closed up his desk again, resolving to ask for a few days' leave, on the earliest opportunity, when he would immediately repair to the capital, where he confidently expected he should have no difficulty in finding his way to the house where the fair Annette lived.

Meanwhile, let us return to the Heppe family, who were anxiously awaiting the return of their visitor.

It was past eight, and already the room was full of company; but he whom they had been invited to meet had not yet arrived. Nine o'clock struck, ten, eleven, and yet he had not come. It was no use waiting any longer, so bidding adieu to their host and hostess, and adding many regrets at their disappointment in not having been able to make the acquaintance of Monsieur Villiers, they took their leave.

"Well! this is very strange treatment, my dear," remarked old Heppe to his wife, as soon as they were alone.

"So unaccountable too," chimed in the lady; "he seemed so well bred, and so gentlemanly, and so very attentive to our dear Annette, that I cannot understand it at all."

"Nor I either; but to-morrow, the first thing, I will go to his hotel and learn all about it, before he again honors us with a visit," said Monsieur Heppe, in a tone of indignation.

Next morning, after swallowing an early breakfast, the old gentleman set out on his errand, quite determined in his own mind, if the young man did not account for his absence the previous evening in a satisfactory manner, to inform him that he should decline the honor of his further acquaintance.

"I say, husband, an idea has just occurred to me," said Madame Heppe, as he was leaving the house; "you remember how he made us all laugh last night, when he told us he had been shot in a duel, and was going to be buried? Now I should not wonder if he really had got into some quarrel, and that he was to fight a duel this very morning, and that he adopted that method of preparing us for the worst. Make haste to town then, my love; you may be in time yet to stop it."

Monsieur Heppe needed no other persuasions to hasten his steps, and in a surprisingly short time had arrived at the door of the Hotel de Ville, breathless, and ready to drop with the exertion he had undergone.

"Is Monsieur Villiers here?" he inquired of a waiter, as soon as he could speak.

"No, monsieur, he is here no longer," was the reply; "he only lay here one night."

"Where has he gone to, then?"

"To Père Lachaise."

"What do you mean, fellow?"

"Why, that he was buried yesterday at six o'clock, monsieur."

"Buried!" shrieked Monsieur Heppe, in the greatest consternation; "are you mad, or drunk—or do you take me for a fool, you stupid? Buried! impossible, I tell you!"

"Nothing more possible, monsieur," answered the waiter, civilly; "seeing that he was shot through the heart."

"Fool! pig! beast!" ejaculated Monsieur Heppe, in a great passion.

"I tell you, monsieur, that the gentleman went out to fight a duel yesterday morning, and that he was brought home quite dead in a cabriolet, and was buried yesterday evening at six o'clock. But monsieur had better speak to the landlord, as he seems to doubt me."

But the landlord exactly confirmed the waiter's story; and seeing that Monsieur Heppe still appeared incredulous, invited

him up into the room recently occupied by the young man.

There, in a corner, lay his portmanteau, with his name in full on the top of it; and on the table the fragment of a letter, which Monsieur Heppe immediately recognized as being in the hand-writing of his old friend Villiers.

There was no longer any room for doubt. The young man must be dead! And yet, had he not dined in his house on the afternoon of the very day on which it was said he had been killed? And old Heppe became so puzzled, and perplexed, and nervous, that on his return home his wife scarcely recognized him, so long and grave had his usual cheerful-looking face become.

"It must have been a real ghost, then, that we had to dinner," he ejaculated, crossing himself devoutly, after he had recounted to his wife all that he had been able to learn from the landlord of the hotel.

"Gracious Lord! and perhaps he'll come again; let us go and speak to the priest about it," added Madame Heppe, now really frightened.

Annette, meanwhile, had retired to her own room. Of course, she was very much shocked at what she had heard, but still she did not participate in the alarm evinced by her parents. Villiers had made such a deep impression on her young heart; deeper, perhaps, because of the fears she had entertained that she should not like him. Little had she expected to find in her proposed suitor, a young man possessed of the most fascinating manners, evidently highly accomplished, and of a disposition particularly agreeable. And could he be dead? Had he then risen from the grave in order to keep his promise to her? She had heard of ghosts, but she had never believed in such things; at all events, if it had been a ghost, it must have been a sign that he did not think her altogether unworthy of him.

In due time a letter arrived from Monsieur Villiers, in which he deplored the untimely end of his son; and thus every doubt was removed from the minds of the old folks, who, it may be added, lived in constant dread of having another visit paid them by a denizen of the spirit world.

Gradually, however, they began to recover their wonted spirits, and as no ghost appeared, soon left off talking about the matter. Indeed, on one or two occasions, old Heppe got quite jocular on the subject. "After all, you know," he said one evening to his wife, "we really ought to feel highly honored. It is not every one who can boast of having entertained so distinguished a visitor; and I must say, wife, he seemed to do uncommon justice to your dinner. Generally, you know, ghosts come in the middle of the night, and vanish as suddenly as they appear; but ours actually drove up in a carriage and pair. But there is still one thing that is a mystery; you know he told us he had been appointed Under-Prefect, and I see by today's paper that a Monsieur Beaufort has been named to fill the post to which he alluded.

There was one person, however, in the neighborhood who felt no little joy at the turn things had taken. Monsieur Lamont, a wealthy tradesman had some weeks previously, in a private interview with Monsieur Heppe, asked permission to be allowed to pay his addresses to his daughter.

"It is impossible," was the answer; "my daughter's hand is already promised. But believe me, my dear Lamont, had such not been the case, I would willingly have given my consent, for I entertain the highest opinion possible of you."

Now that young Villiers was dead, Monsieur Lamont thought that there could not be the slightest objection to his again preferring his suit. Accordingly, about a couple of months after the above events had taken place, he paid old Heppe a visit, and reminded him of the words he had used on a former occasion.

"Certainly; and I'm sure I should be very happy to have you for a son-in-law; but Annette, I must tell you, is not the same girl she was. She is absent in manner, seems to brood over some hidden thought, and has quite lost her former cheerfulness. I think, if the subject were proposed to her now, she would answer with a decided refusal. I would, then, advise you to wait; and be sure, my dear friend, I will see to your interests."

Thanks, thanks! But how long do

you think I shall have to wait before you are able to give me an answer?"

"Oh, not long, perhaps—say in two months' time. Between now and then I will broach the subject to Annette, and will let you know the result."

And Monsieur Lamont went his way.

Annette, as her father half anticipated, did not seem at all pleased at the announcement. She felt that she could never love again as she had loved. No, she would never marry; she would live with her parents, and when they were no more, would retire into some religious house.

"Well, my love," said her father, "we will speak no more about it now. Take a month or two to think of it, and if in that time you are still of the same opinion, you shall not be importuned by Lamont's addresses, or any one's else."

"She'll come round in time," thought her father; "she likes Lamont, I know; and he is a worthy, good fellow, that he is."

The time passed rapidly away. One evening Monsieur Hepple, who had refrained from alluding to the subject any more, said to his daughter, as she bade him good night:

"To-morrow, my child, I shall ask you for your answer to the question I asked you two months ago. Good night, and whichever way you decide, be assured you will always be my own darling Annette."

"Thanks, dear father," whispered Annette, as she left the room.

"What should she do?" she thought, when she was once more alone; but he is, I believe, a very amiable, kind man, and my father seems to wish it. Oh, what shall I do? Oh, Villiers, dear Villiers, tell me!" and the poor girl cried herself to sleep.

But next morning she awoke much refreshed, for she had had a pleasant dream that night. Villiers, she thought, had stood by her bedside, looking just the same as when she had seen him on that eventful day.

"Be true to me, dear Annette," he had said. "Some day I will come and claim you."

So cheerful and so like herself did she appear at breakfast next morning, that her father imagined that she had at last got over her foolish scruples, and that

she had decided on no longer refusing an offer which in every way was so advantageous.

"At twelve, my love, I shall expect you in the drawing-room," said her father, affectionately kissing her on the forehead as he left the room.

But it is now time to return to our hero.

During all this time poor Beaufort had suffered severely. He could not ask for leave of absence, when he had only just entered on his duties. At length, when three months had elapsed, he ventured to apply for a few day's holiday, fully expecting a decided refusal. Contrary, however, to his expectations, and to his great joy, a letter couched in flattering terms, reached him from the Minister. Not only did he pass a high encomium on the manner in which he had discharged his arduous duties, but gave him permission to remain absent from his post a whole month.

That very day found Beaufort on his road to the metropolis, where he lost no time in finding out the General, to whom he now, for the first time, confided the events recorded above.

"Well, you are a pretty sort of a fellow," said the General, when his nephew had finished, "to go and frighten people in that way. You may depend upon it, Mademoiselle will not be over anxious to renew her acquaintance with a ghost."

"Oh, I don't think she believed it for a moment; it was really too absurd."

"Well, what do you want me to do, you dog? you always did come to your old uncle to get you out of your scrapes. But what sort of a young lady is Mademoiselle Annette? is she lady-like? is she—"

"My dear uncle, she is a perfect angel! I never in my whole life saw such—"

"There, there—that will do! I don't doubt your word for an instant. But I have a good mind to go and judge for myself—eh?"

"That is just what I was going to propose. You know, after the manner in which I treated them, it would be just as well if I had some one with me to explain all about it. But, you know, I must find out where she lives."

And Beaufort hastened away to the

Hotel de Ville, to make inquiries where the coachman, who had driven him to Monsieur Heppe's house, now was.

To his great disappointment he found that the coachman had gone away from the hotel about a month since; and no one could tell him where he was likely to be found.

In vain did Beaufort visit all the cabriolet stands in Paris; but he met with no success. It was getting late now, and as he did not like to keep his uncle waiting for dinner, he set off to his hotel with a heavy heart.

But he had not gone many steps when he espied a bright yellow cabriolet. Ah! he remembered the one he had driven in was a bright yellow one; but then he had run after so many bright yellow ones that day, that he thought it was to no purpose to give chase to this one. However, on coming nearer, he at once recognized the coachman.

"My friend," he cried, running up to him and stopping the carriage, to the great disgust of an elderly gentleman inside, who had hired it, "do you remember driving me, about four months ago, to Monsieur Heppe's house?"

"No, monsieur; but to which Monsieur Heppe? there are so many of that name."

"That is just what I want to know myself. But you drove me, I am certain. And don't you remember, I was there a long time; and when I came to find you, you had gone to sleep; and I gave you a present of five francs?"

"Ah! monsieur, now I recollect it all," answered the coachman, on whose mind the five francs had left a lasting impression; "to be sure I do."

Beaufort could have hugged him with delight; but the old gentleman inside was beginning to get very cross, so he deemed it best not to be too demonstrative in the open street.

"Here! here is another five-franc piece for you. Now come to-morrow to the Hotel —, at eleven, and drive me to Monsieur Heppe, and you shall have another five-franc piece." And Beaufort hastened home to his uncle with a light heart.

There was evidently something of importance going on at Monsieur Heppe's house next morning, for, by eleven

o'clock, Monsieur Lamont arrived, dressed out in the most approved style, while the old folks, too, had paid more than usual attention to their toilettes, and were awaiting the arrival of the above-named gentleman in the very room into which the supposed young Villiers had been ushered.

"I tell you, my dear, I am sure Annette has made up her mind to have him. Did you not see how cheerful she looked this morning?" said old Monsieur Heppe to his wife, as Lamont's carriage drove up to the door.

"I hope so; he will be an excellent match for her; but still I wish he had been real flesh and blood too," replied Madame, devoutly crossing herself, as she always did when the visit of the deceased Villiers was alluded to.

After the usual salutations had been exchanged, Madame Heppe left the room to find her daughter, and soon returned, leading her in. Annette had never looked so lovely as she did on this occasion, not even on that evening when Beaufort was so deeply smitten with her.

"My love," presently commenced her father, "you know that you were this day to decide upon a most important matter. Monsieur Lamont has asked for and obtained my and your mother's consent to pay his address to you, and it is now only necessary that you should tell us whether you will—"

But before Monsieur Heppe could finish the sentence the door flew open, and in rushed the old servant as pale as a sheet, and trembling in every limb, as he cried out:

"Oh, my God! he's here again—he's here again!"

"Who? you stupid—who? are you gone mad?"

"The ghost, master, the ghost! and he's got another ghost with him. Let me hide myself somewhere;" and the old man ran out of the room, and down into the cellar, whence he did not emerge till a late hour the same evening.

"I must ask pardon," said General de G—, in a courteous tone, "for intruding upon you unannounced, but your servant ran away, as if he had been possessed, directly he opened the door. Allow me to explain the object of my visit. My name is General de G—,

and my young friend here is my nephew, Monsieur Beaufort, Under-Prefect in the Department of—”

Old Heppe opened his eyes at these words till he could open them no wider.

“Why, it’s—it’s—” he stammered.

“Yes!” replied the General, smiling; “partly with, and partly against his will, my nephew entered your house under an assumed name, and was supposed by you to be none other than young Villiers, who was shot in a duel by Captain de S—. Circumstances occurred which rendered it impossible for him to write to you an explanation of his strange conduct; and when he had reached his post he could not remember where your address was. Yesterday, for the first time, he returned to Paris, and has lost no time in paying you a visit in order to offer you his humble apologies for any annoyance and vexation he may have caused you. And now, monsieur, I have to speak to you on another matter. My nephew, it seems, became deeply enamored of your daughter, whom to see once,” added the General, bowing courteously to the young lady, “is to admire for ever; and it is his wish to be allowed to continue an acquaintance which, begun by accident, so to speak, may, he fervently hopes, ripen to a closer connection between him and the young lady. In a word, he wishes to obtain your sanction to be permitted to pay his addresses to your lovely daughter.”

“But it is impossible, General,” replied Monsieur Heppe, who, if the truth were known, now sincerely regretted that he had ever encouraged his neighbor Lamont; “I have given my consent to this gentleman to try and gain Annette’s affections.”

Beaufort’s heart sunk within him at those words; but on raising his eyes, he found those of Annette fixed on him with such an earnest and significant look, that he felt assured that she loved him.

“Dear father,” she said, “I would like to say a word to Monsieur Lamont in private.”

And when they were alone, she told him that it had all along been her intention to reject the honor of his suit, even if the unexpected visit of General de G— and his nephew had not taken place.

Monsieur Lamont bore his refusal, it must be said, admirably; and as he left the room, assured her that though he could not but regret, for his own and son’s sake, the decision at which she had arrived, he should never cease to pray for her future happiness.

In a whirl of mingled joy and ecstasy Annette hastened down to her favorite arbor in the garden, where of late she had spent many and many a sad hour alone. She felt she must be alone; she must collect her thoughts before again meeting, face to face, the man whom she felt she loved so dearly.

But whether it was that Beaufort had seen her go down the garden, or whether he was in possession of some mysterious charm that revealed to him where the fair girl was, I cannot say. At all events she had not been long in her secret bower before she felt herself clasped in the embrace of her lover, who found little difficulty in wringing from her lips a confession that made the warm blood course through her veins, and filled him, too, with indescribable delight.

It need scarcely be added that Beaufort did not return to his duties alone. A week before his departure, their marriage was celebrated with becoming magnificence; and every one seemed happy and delighted at the turn events had taken, except the old servant, who could not yet feel sure whether his young mistress’s husband was really a ghost or not!

Fraser’s Magazine.

ARE THERE JEWS IN CORNWALL?

A RIDDLE AND ITS SOLUTION.

BY PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.

THERE is hardly a book on Cornish history or antiquities in which we are not seriously informed that at some time or other the Jews migrated to Cornwall, or worked as slaves in Cornish mines. Some writers state this simply as a fact requiring no further confirmation; others support it by that kind of evidence which Herodotus, no doubt, would have considered sufficient for establishing the former presence of Pelasgians in different parts of Greece, but which would hardly have

satisfied Niebuhr, still less Sir G. C. Lewis. Old smelting-houses, they tell us, are still called *Jews' houses* in Cornwall; and if, even after that, anybody could be so skeptical as to doubt that the Jews, after the destruction of Jerusalem, were sent to work as slaves in the Cornish mines, he is silenced at once by an appeal to the name of *Marazion*, the well known town opposite St. Michael's Mount, which means the "bitterness of Zion," and is also called *Market Jew*. Many a traveler has no doubt shaken his unbelieving head, and asked himself how it is that no real historian should ever have mentioned the migration of the Jews to the Far West, whether it took place under Nero or under one of the later Flavian emperors. Yet all the Cornish guides are positive on the subject, and the *prima facie* evidence is certainly so startling, that we can hardly wonder if certain anthropologists discovered even the sharply marked features of the Jewish race among the sturdy fishermen of Mount's Bay.

Before we examine the facts on which this Jewish theory is founded,—facts, as will be seen, chiefly derived from names of places, and other relics of language—it will be well to inquire a little into the character of the Cornish language, so that we may know what kind of evidence we can expect from such a witness.

The ancient language of Cornwall, as is well known, was a Celtic dialect, closely allied to the language of Brittany and Wales, and less nearly though by no means distantly related to the language of Ireland, Scotland, and the Isle of Man. Cornish began to die out in Cornwall about the time of the Reformation, being slowly but surely supplanted by English, till it was buried with Dolly Pentreath and similar worthies about the end of the last century. Now there is in most languages, but more particularly in those which are losing their consciousness or their vitality, what, by a name borrowed from geology, may be called a *metamorphic process*. It consists chiefly in this, that words, as they cease to be properly understood, are slightly changed, generally with the object of imparting to them once again a more intelligible meaning. The new meaning is mostly a mistaken one, yet it is not only readily accepted, but the

word in its new dress and with its new character is frequently made to support facts and fiction which could be supported by no other evidence. Who does not believe that *sweetheart* has something to do with *heart*? Yet it was originally formed like *drunk-ard*, *dull-ard* and *nigg-ard*; and poets, not grammarians, are responsible for the mischief it may have done under its plausible disguise. By the same process, *shamefast*, formed like *steadfast*, and still properly spelt by Chaucer and in the early editions of the Authorized Version of the Bible, has long become *shame-faced*, bringing before us the blushing roses of a lovely face. The *Vikings*, mere pirates from the *vills* or creeks of Scandinavia, have, by the same process, been raised to the dignity of kings; just as *court cards*—the king, and queen, and knave in their gorgeous gowns—were exalted into *court cards*.

Although this kind of metamorphosis takes place in every language, yet it is most frequent in countries where two languages come in contact with each other, and where, in the end, one is superseded by the other. The name of *Oxford* contains in its first syllable an old Celtic word, the well known term for water or river, which occurs as *ux* in *Uxbridge*, as *ex* in *Exmouth*, as *ax* in *Axmouth*, and in many more disguises down to the *whisk* of *whiskey*, the Scotch *Usquebaugh*.* In the name of the *Ise*, and of the suburb of *Osney*, the same Celtic word has been preserved. The Saxons kept the Celtic name of the river, and they called the place where one of the Roman roads crossed the river *Ox*, *Oxford*. The name, however, was soon mistaken and interpreted as purely Saxon; and if any one should doubt that Oxford was a kind of *Bosphorus*, and meant a ford for *oxen*, the ancient arms of the city were readily appealed to in order to cut short all doubts on the subject.

Similar accidents happened to Greek words, after they were adopted by the people of Italy, particularly by the Romans. The Latin *orichalcum*, for instance, is simply the Greek word *ἀραιχαλκός*, from *ἀρός*, mountain, and *χαλκός*, copper. Why it was called mountain-

* See Isaac Taylor's "Words and Places," p. 212. The *Ock* joins the *Thames* near Abingdon.

copper, no one seems to know. It was originally a kind of fabulous metal, brought to light from the brains of the poet rather than from the bowels of the earth. Though the poets, and even Plato, speak of it as, after gold, the most precious of metals, Aristotle sternly denies that there was any real metal corresponding to the extravagant description of the *ἀρείχαλκος*. Afterwards the same word was used in a more sober and technical sense, though it is not always easy to say when it means copper, or bronze, (i.e. copper and tin), or brass (i.e. copper and zinc). The Latin poets not only adopted the Greek word in the fabulous sense in which they found it used in Homer, but forgetting that the first portion of the name was derived from the Greek *ἄρος*, hill, they pronounced and even spelt it as if derived from the Latin *aurum*, gold, and thus found a new confirmation of its equality with gold, which would have surprised the original framers of that curious compound.*

In a county like Cornwall, where the ancient Celtic dialect continued to be spoken, though disturbed and overlaid from time to time by Latin, Saxon, and Norman,—where Celts had to adopt certain Saxon and Norman, and Saxons and Normans certain Celtic words,—we have a right to expect an ample field for observing this metamorphic process, and for tracing its influence in the transformation of names, and in the formation of legends, traditions, nay even, as we shall see, in the production of generally accepted historical facts. To call this process *metamorphic*, using that name in the sense given to it by geologists, may, at first sight, seem pedantic and far-fetched. But if we see how a new language forms what may be called a new stratum covering the old language; how the life or heat of the old language, though apparently extinct, breaks forth again through the superincumbent crust, destroys its regular features and assimilates its stratified layers with its own igneous or volcanic nature,—our comparison, though somewhat elaborate, will be justified to a

great extent, and we shall only have to ask our geological readers to make allowance for this, that in languages the foreign element has always to be considered as the superincumbent stratum, Cornish forming the crust to English or English to Cornish, according as the speaker uses the one or the other as his native or as his acquired speech.

Our first witness in support of this metamorphic process is Mr. Scawen, who lived about two hundred years ago, a true Cornishman, though writing in English, or in what he is pleased so to call. In blaming the Cornish gentry and nobility for having attempted to give to their ancient and honorable names a kind of Norman varnish, and for having adopted new-fangled coats of arms, Mr. Scawen remarks on the several mistakes, intentional or unintentional, that occurred in this foolish process. "The grounds of two several mistakes," he writes, "are very obvious: 1st, upon the *Tre* or *Ter*; 2d, upon the *Ross* or *Rose*. *Tre* or *Ter* in Cornish, commonly signifies a town, or rather place, and it has always an adjunct with it. *Tri* is the number 3. Those men willingly mistake one for another. And so in French heraldry terms, they used to fancy and contrive those with any such three things as may be like, or cohere with, or may be adapted to any thing or things in their surnames, whether very handsome or not is not much stood upon. Another usual mistake is upon *Ross*, which, as they seem to fancy, should be a *Rose*, but *Ross* in Cornish is a vale or valley. Now for this their French-Latin tutors, when they go into the field of Mars, put them in their coat-armor prettily to smell out a *Rose* or flower (a fading honor instead of a durable one); so any three such things, agreeable perhaps a little to their names, are taken up and retained from abroad, when their own at home have a much better scent and more lasting."

Some amusing instances of what may be called Saxon puns on Cornish words, have been communicated to me by a Cornish friend of mine, Mr. Bellows. "The old Cornish name for Falmouth," he writes, "was *Penny come quick*, and they tell a most improbable story to account for it. I believe the whole compound is the Cornish *Pen y cum gwic*,

* See the learned essay of M. Rossignol, "De l'Orichalque: Histoire du Cuivre et de ses Alliages," in his work, "Les Métaux dans l'Antiquité," Paris: 1863.

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‘Head of the creek valley.’ In like manner they have turned *Bryn uhella* (highest hill) into *Brown Willy* and *Cum ta goed* (woodhouse valley) into *Come to good.*” To this might be added the common etymologies of *Helstone* and *Camelford.* The former name has nothing to do with the Saxon *helstone*, a covering stone, or with the infernal regions, but meant “place on the river;” the latter, in spite of the camel in the arms of the town, meant the ford of the river Camel. A frequent mistake arises from the misapprehension of the Celtic *dun*, hill, which enters in the composition of many local names, and was changed by the Saxons into *town* or *tun.* Thus *Melidunum* is now *Moulton*, *Seccan-dun* is *Seckington*, and *Beamduin* is *Bampton.*

This transformation of Celtic into Saxon or Norman terms is not confined, however, to the names of families, towns, and villages, and we shall see how the fables to which it has given rise have not only disfigured the records of some of the most ancient families in Cornwall, but have thrown a haze over the annals of the whole county.

Returning to the Jews in their Cornish exile, we find, no doubt, as mentioned before, that even in the Ordnance maps the little town opposite St. Michael’s Mount is called *Marazion* and *Market Jew*, *Marazion* sounds decidedly like Hebrew, and might signify *Márah*, “bitterness, grief,” *Zion*, “of Zion.” M. Esquirois, a bliever in Cornish Jews, thinks that *Mara* might be a corruption of the Latin *Amara*, bitter; but he forgets that this etymology would really defeat its very object, and destroy the Hebrew origin of the name. The next question therefore is, what is the real origin of the name *Marazion*, and of its alias, *Market Jew?* It cannot be too often repeated that inquiries into the origin of local names are, in the first place, historical, and only in the second place, philological. To attempt an explanation of any name, without having first traced it back to the earliest form in which we can find it, is to set at defiance the plainest rules of the science of language as well as of the science of history. Even if the interpretation of a local name

should be right, it would be of no scientific value without the preliminary inquiry into its history, which frequently consists in a succession of the most startling changes and corruptions. Those who are at all familiar with the history of Cornish names of places, will not be surprised to find the same name written in four or five, nay, in ten different ways. The fact is that those who pronounced the names were frequently ignorant of their real import, and those who had to write them down could hardly catch their correct pronunciation. Thus we find that Camden calls *Marazion Merkiu*, Carew *Marcaieu*. Leland in his “Itinerary” (about 1538) uses the names *Markesin*, *Markine* (vol. iii. fol. 4) and in another place (vol. vii. fol. 119) he applies, it would seem, to the same town the name of *Marasdeythyon*. William of Worcester (about 1478) writes promiscuously *Markysyoo* (p. 103), *Marchew* and *Margew* (p. 133), *Marchas, owe* and *Markysyow* (p. 98). In a charter of Queen Elizabeth, dated 1595, the name is written *Marghasiewe*; in another of the year 1313, *Markesion*; in another of 1309, *Markasyon*; in another of Richard, Earl of Cornwall (*Rex Romanorum*; 1257), *Marchadyon*. Besides these, Dr. Oliver has found in different title-deeds the following varieties of the same name:—*Marghasion*, *Markesiow*, *Marghasiew*, *Maryazion*, and *Marazion*. The only explanation of the name which we meet with in early writers, such as Leland, Camden, and Carew, is that it meant “Thursday Market.” Leland explains *Marasdeythyon* by *forum Jovis*. Camden explains *Merkiu* in the same manner, and Carew takes *Marcaieu* as originally *Marhas dieu*, i.e. “Thursdaies market, for then it useth this traffike.”

This interpretation of *Marhasdiew* as Thursday Market, appears at first very plausible, and it has at all events far better claims on our acceptance than the modern Hebrew etymology of “Bitterness of Zion.” But, strange to say, although from a charter of Robert, Earl of Cornwall, it appears that the monks of the Mount had the privilege of holding a market on Thursday (*die quintæ feria*), there is no evidence, and no probability that a town so close by as *Marazion* ever held a market on the same day.

* Isaac Taylor, *Words and Places*,” p. 402.

Thursday in Cornish was called *deyow*, not *diew*. The only additional evidence we get is this, that in the taxation of Bishop Walter Bronescombe, made Aug. 27, 1261, and quoted in Bishop Stapleton's register of 1313, the place is called *Markesyon de parvo mercato*; and that in a charter of Richard, King of the Romans and Earl of Cornwall, permission was granted to the Prior of St. Michael's Mount that three markets, which formerly had been held in *Marghasbigan*, on ground not belonging to him, should in future be held on his own ground in *Marchadion*. *Markesyon de parvo mercato*; is evidently the same place as *Marghasbigan*, for *Marghas-bigan* means in Cornish the same as *Mercatus parvus*, viz. "Little Market." The charter of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, is more perplexing, and it would seem to yield no sense, unless we again take *Marchadion* as a mere variety of *Marghasbigan*, and suppose that the privilege granted to the prior of St. Michael's Mount consisted in transferring the fair from land in Marazion not belonging to him, to land in Marazion belonging to him. Anyhow it is clear that in Marazion we have some kind of name for market.

The old Cornish word for market is *marchas*, a corruption of the Latin *mercatus*. Originally the Cornish word must have been *marchad*, and this form is preserved in Brittany, while in Cornish the *ch* gradually sank to *h*, and the final *d* to *s*. This change of *d* into *s* is of frequent occurrence in modern as compared with ancient Cornish, and the history of our word will enable us, to a certain extent, to fix the time when that change took place. In the charter of Richard, Earl of Cornwall (about 1257), we find *Marchadion* in a charter of 1309, *Markasyon*. The change of *d* into *s* had taken place during these fifty years. But what is the termination *yon*? Considering that Marazion is called the Little Market, I should like to see in *yon* the Cornish diminutive suffix, corresponding to the Welsh *yn*. But if this should be objected to, on the ground that no such diminutives occur in the literary monuments of the Cornish language, another explanation is open, which was first suggested to me by Mr. Bellows:—*Marchadion* may be taken as a perfectly regular plural in Cornish, and

we should then have to suppose that, instead of being called the Market, or the Little Market, the place was called, from its three statute markets, "The Markets." And this would help us to explain, not only the gradual growth of the name Marazion, but likewise, I think, the gradual formation of "Market Jew." Another termination of the plural in Cornish is *ieu*, which, added to *Marchad*, would give us *Marchadieu*.*

Now, it is perfectly true that no real Cornishman would ever have taken *Marchadieu* for Market Jew, or Jews' Market. The name for Jew in Cornish is quite different. It is *Edhow*, *Yedhow*, *Yudhow*, corrupted likewise into *Ezow*; plural, *Yedhewon*, &c. But to a Saxon ear the Cornish name *Marchadieu* might well convey the idea of Market Jew, and thus, by a metamorphic process, a name meaning in Cornish the Markets would give rise, in a perfectly natural manner, not only to the two names, Marazion and Market Jew, but likewise to the historical legends of Jews settled in the county of Cornwall.

But there still remain the *Jews' houses*, the name given, it is said, to the old deserted smelting-houses in Cornwall, and in Cornwall only. Though, in the absence of any historical evidence as to the employment of this term *Jew house* in former ages, it will be more difficult to arrive at its original form and meaning, yet an explanation offers itself which, by a procedure very similar to that which was applied to *Marazion* and *Market Jew*, may account for the origin of this name likewise.

The Cornish name for house was originally *ty*. In modern Cornish, however, to quote from Lhuyd's Grammar, *t* has been changed to *tsh*, as *ti*, thou, *tshei*; *ty*, a house, *tehey*; which *tsh* is also sometimes changed to *deh*, as "*ol mein y dzhyi*," all in the house. Out of this *dzhyi* we may easily understand how a Saxon mouth and a Saxon ear might have elicited a sound somewhat like the English *Jew*.

But we do not get at *Jew house* by so easy a road, if indeed we get at it at all.

* On the termination of the plural in Cornish, see Mr. Whitley Stokes' excellent remarks in his edition of "The Passion," p. 79; and Norris, "Cornish Drama," vol. ii., p. 229.

We are told that a smelting-house was called a White-house, in Cornish *Chi-widden*, *widden* standing for *gwydn*, which is a corruption of the old Cornish *gwyn*, white. This name of Chiwidden is a famous name in Cornish hagiography. He was the companion of St. Perran, or St. Piran, the most popular saint among the mining population of Cornwall.

Mr. Hunt, who in his interesting work, "The popular Romances of the West of England," has assigned a separate chapter to Cornish saints, tells us how St. Piran, while living in Ireland, fed ten Irish kings and their armies, for ten days together with three cows. Notwithstanding this and other miracles, some of these kings condemned him to be cast off a precipice into the sea, with a millstone round his neck. St. Piran, however, floated on safely to Cornwall, and he landed, on the 5th of March, on the sands which still bear his name, *Perran-sabuloe*, or *Perran on the Sands*.

The lives of saints form one of the most curious subjects for the historian, and still more, for the student of language; and the day, no doubt, will come when it will be possible to take those wonderful conglomerates of fact and fiction to pieces, and, as in one of those huge masses of graywacke or rubble-stone, to assign each grain and fragment to the stratum from which it was taken, before they were all rolled together and cemented by the ebb and flow of popular tradition. With regard to the lives of Irish and Scotch and British saints, it ought to be stated for the credit of the pious authors of the "Acta Sanctorum," that even they admit their tertiary origin. "During the 12th century," they say, "when many of the ancient monasteries in Ireland were handed over to monks from England, and many new houses were built for them, these monks began to compile the acts of the saints with greater industry than judgment. They collected all they could find among the uncertain traditions of the natives and in obscure Irish writings, following the example of Jocelin, whose work on the acts of St. Patrick had been received everywhere with wonderful applause. But many of them have miserably failed, so that the foolish have laughed at them, and the wise been filled with indigna-

tion." (Bollandi Acta, 5th of March, p. 390, B.) In the same work (p. 392, A), it is pointed out that the Irish monks, whenever they heard of any saints in other parts of England, whose names and lives reminded them of Irish saints, at once concluded that they were of Irish origin; and that the people in some parts of England, as they possessed no written acts of their popular saints, were glad to identify their own with the famous saints of the Irish Church. This has evidently happened in the case of St. Piran. St. Piran, in one of his characters, is certainly a truly Cornish saint; but when the monks in Cornwall heard the wonderful legends of the Irish saint, St. Kiran, they seem to have grafted their own St. Piran on the Irish St. Kiran. The difference in the names must have seemed less to them than to us; for words which in Cornish are pronounced with *p*, are pronounced, as a rule, in Irish with *k*. Thus, head in Cornish is *pen*, in Irish *ceann*; son is *map*, in Irish *mac*. The town built at the eastern extremity of the wall of Severus, was called *Penguaul*, i. e. *pen*, *caput*, *guaul*, walls; the English called it *Penel-tun*; while in Scotch it was pronounced *Cenail*.* That St. Kiran had originally nothing to do with St. Piran can still be proved, for the earlier Lives of St. Kiran, though full of fabulous stories, represent him as dying in Ireland. His saint's day was the 5th of March, that of St. Piran the 2d of May. The later Lives, however, though they say nothing as yet of the millstone, represent St. Kiran, when a very old man, as suddenly leaving his country in order that he might die in Cornwall. We are told that suddenly, when already near his death, he called together his little flock, and said to them: "My dear brothers and sons, according to a divine disposition I must leave Ireland and go to Cornwall, and wait for the end of my life there. I cannot resist the will of God." He then sailed to Cornwall, and built himself a house, where he performed many miracles. He was buried in Cornwall on the sandy sea, fifteen miles from Petrokstowe, and twenty-five miles from Mousehole.† In this manner the

* H. B. C. Brandes, "Kelten und Germanen," p. 52.

† Capgrave, "Legenda Angliae," fol. 269.

Irish and the Cornish saints, who originally had nothing in common but their names, became amalgamated,* and the saint's day of St. Piran was moved from the 2d of May to the 5th of March. Yet although thus welded into one, nothing could well be imagined more different than the characters of the Irish and of the Cornish saint. The Irish saint lived a truly ascetic life; he preached, wrought miracles, and died. The Cornish saint was a jolly miner, not always very steady on his legs.† Let us hear what the Cornish have to tell of him. His name occurs in several names of places, such as Perranzabuloe, Perran Uthno, in Perran the Little, and Perran Arworthall. His name, pronounced Perran, or Piran, has been further corrupted into Pieras and Picrous, unless this is again another saint. Anyhow both St. Perran and St. Pieras live in the memory of the Cornish miner as the discoverers of tin; and the tanners' great holiday, the Thursday before Christmas, is still called Pierou's day.‡ The legend relates that St. Piran, when still in Cornwall, employed a heavy black stone as a part of his fire-place. The fire was more intense than usual, and a stream of beautiful white metal flowed out of the fire. Great was the joy of the saint, and he communicated his discovery to St. Chiwidden. They examined this stone together, and Chiwidden, who was learned in the learning of the East, soon devised a process for producing this metal in large quantities. The two saints called the Cornishmen together. They told them of their treasures, and they taught them how to dig the ore from the earth, and how, by the agency of fire, to obtain the metal.

* "Within the land of Menke or Meneland is a paroch chirche of S. Keveryn, otherwise Piranus."—Leland. "Piran and Keveryn were different persons." See Gough's edition of "Camden," vol. i. p. 14.

† Carew, "Survey" (ed. 1602), p. 58. "From which civility, in the fruitful age of Canonization, they stepped a degree farther to holiness, and helped to stuffe the Church Kalender with divers saints, either made or borne Cornish. Such was Kehy, son to Solomon prince of Cor.; such Perran, who (if my author the Legend ly not) after that (like another Johannes de temporibus) he had lived two hundred yeres with perfect health, took his last rest in a Cornish parish, which therethrough he endowed with his name."

‡ Hunt's "Popular Romances," vol. ii. p. 19.

Great was the joy in Cornwall, and many days of feasting followed the announcement. Mead and metheglin, with other drinks, flowed in abundance; and vile rumor says the saints and their people were rendered equally unstable thereby. "Drunk as a Perraner," has certainly passed into a proverb from that day.

It is quite clear from these accounts that the legendary discoverer of tin in Cornwall was originally a totally different character from the Irish saint, St. Kiran. If one might indulge in a conjecture, I should say that there probably was in the Celtic language, a root *kar*, which in the Cymric branch would assume the form *par*. Now *cair* in Gaelic means to dig, to raise; and from it a substantive might be derived, meaning digger or miner. In Ireland, *Kiran* seems to have been simply a proper name, like Smith or Baker, for there is nothing in the legends of St. Kiran that points to mining or smelting. In Cornwall, on the contrary, St. Piran, before he was engrafted on St. Kiran, was probably nothing but a personification or apotheosis of the Miner, as much as Dorus was the personification of the Dorians, and Brutus the first king of Britain.

The rule, "noscitur a sociis," may be applied to St. Piran. His friend and associate, St. Chiwidden, or St. Whitehouse, is evidently a personification of the white-house, *i. e.* the smelting-house, without which St. Piran, the miner, would have been a very useless saint. If Chywidden, *i. e.* the smelting-house, became the St. Chywidden, why should we look in the Cornish St. Piran for anything beyond Piran, *i. e.* the miner?

However, what is of importance to us for our present object is not St. Piran, but St. Chywidden, the white-house or smelting-house. The question is, how can we, starting from Chywidden, arrive at Jew-house? I am afraid we cannot do so without a jump or two; all we can do is to show that they are jumps which language herself is fond of taking, and which therefor we must not shirk, if we wish to ride straight after her.

Well, then, the first jump which language frequently takes is this, that instead of using a noun with a qualifying adjective, such as white-house, the noun by itself is used without any such qualifi-

cation. This can, of course, be done with very prominent words only, words which are used so often, and which express ideas so constantly present to the mind of the speaker, that no mistake is likely to arise. In English, "the House" is used for the House of Commons; in later Latin "domus" was used for the House of God. In Greek $\lambdaίθος$ stone, in the feminine, is used for the magnet, originally *Μαγνήτης λίθος* while the masculine $\lambdaίθος$ means a stone in general. In Cornwall, *ore* by itself means copper ore only, while tin ore is called black tin. In time, therefore, when the whole attention of Cornwall was absorbed by mining and smelting, and when smelting-houses were most likely the only large buildings that seemed to deserve the name of houses, there is nothing extraordinary in *tshey* or *dshyi*, even without *widden*, white, having become the recognized name for smelting-houses.

But now comes a second jump, and again one that can be proved to have been a very favorite one with many languages. When people speaking different languages live together in the same country, they frequently, in adopting a foreign term, add to it, by way of interpretation, the word that corresponds to it in their own language. Thus *Portsmouth* is a name half Latin and half English. *Portus* was the Roman name given to the harbor. This was adopted by the Saxons, but interpreted at the same time by a Saxon word, *viz. mouth*, which really means harbor. This interpretation was hardly intentional, but arose naturally. *Port* first became a kind of proper name, and then *mouth* was added, so that "the mouth of Port," *i.e.* of the place called *Portus* by the Romans, became at last *Portsmouth*. But this does not satisfy the early historians, and, as happens so frequently when there is anything corrupt in language, a legend springs up almost spontaneously to remove all doubts and difficulties. Thus we read in the venerable Saxon Chronicle under the year 501, "that Port came to Britian with his two sons, Bieda and Maegla, with two ships, and their place was called *Portsmouth*; and they slew a British man, a very noble man."* Such

is the growth of legends, ay, and in many cases, the growth of history.

Formed on the same principle as *Portsmouth* we find such words as *Hayle-river*, the Cornish *hal* by itself meaning salt marsh, moor, or estuary; *Treville*, or *Trou-ville*, where the Celtic *tre*, town, is explained by the French *ville*; the *Cotswold* Hills, where the Celtic word *cot*, wood, is explained by the Saxon *wold* or *weald*, a wood. In *Dun-bar-ton*, the Celtic word *dun*, hill, is explained by the Saxon *bar*, for *byrig*, burg, *ton* being added to form the name of the town that rose up under the protection of the hill-castle. In *Penhow* the same process has been suspected; *how*, the German *Höhe*,* expressing nearly the same idea as *pen*, head. In Constantine, in Cornwall, one of the large stones with rock basins is called the *Mén-rock*, † rock being simply the interpretation of the Cornish *mén*.

If then we suppose that in exactly the same manner the people of Cornwall spoke of *Tshey-houses* or *Dshyi-houses*, is it so very extraordinary that this hybrid word should at last have been interpreted as *Jew-houses*? I do not say that the history of the word can be traced through all its phases with the same certainty as that of *Marazion*; all I maintain is that, in explaining its history, no step has been admitted that cannot be proved by sufficient evidence to be in strict keeping with the well known movements, or, if it is respectful to say so, the well known antics of language.

Thus vanish the Jews from Cornwall; but there still remain the *Saracens*. One is surprised to meet with Saracens in the West of England, still more, to hear of their having worked in the tin-mines, like the Jews, though no explanation is given why this detested name should have been applied to the Jews in Cornwall, and no where else. This view is held, for instance, by Carew, who writes:—"The Cornish maintain these works to have been very ancient, and first wrought by the Jews with pick-axes of hoim, box,

* This *how*, according to Prof. Earle, appears again in the *Hoas*, a high down at Plymouth, near the citadel; in *Hooton* (Cheshire), *Howgate*, in *Howe of Fife*, and other local names. See also Halliwell, s. v. *Hoes* and *Hogh*; Kemble's *Codex Diplomaticus*, Nos. 563, 663, 784.

† *Huat*, vol. i. p. 187.

* Saxon Chronicle, ed. Earle, p. 14, and his note, Preface, p. ix.

hartshorn; they prove this by the names of those places yet enduring, to wit, *Attall-Sazarin*; in English, the Jews' Offcast."

Camden (p. 69) says: "We are taught from Diodorus and Æthicus, that the ancient Britons had worked hard at the mines, but the Saxons and Normans seem to have neglected them for a long time, or to have employed the labor of Arabs or Saracens, for the inhabitants call deserted shafts, *Attall-Sarasin*, i. e. the leavings of the Saracens."

Thus then we have not only the Saracens in Cornwall admitted as simply a matter of history, but their presence actually used in order to prove that the Saxons and Normans neglected to work the mines in the West of England.

A still more circumstantial account is given by Hals, as quoted by Gilbert in his Parochial history of Cornwall. Here we are told that King Henry III., by proclamation, let out all Jews in his dominions at a certain rent to such as would poll and rifle them, and amongst others, to his brother Richard, King of the Romans, who, after he had plundered their estates, committed their bodies as his slaves, to labor in the tin-mines of Cornwall; the memory of whose workings is still preserved in the names of several tin-works, called *Tbule Sarasin*, and corruptly *Attall Saracen* i. e. the refuse or outcast of Saracens; that is to say, of those Jews descended from Sarah and Abraham. Other works were called *Whale Etherson* (alias *Etheron*, the Jews' Works, or Unbelievers' Works, in Cornish.

Here we see how history is made; and if our inquiries led to no other result, they would still be useful as a warning against putting any implicit faith in the statements of writers who are separated by several centuries from the events they are relating. Here we have men like Carew and Camden, both highly cultivated, learned, and conscientious, and yet neither of them hesitating, in a work of an historical character, to assert as a fact, what, after making every allowance, can only be called a very bold guess. Have we any reason to suppose that Herodotus and Thucydides, when speaking of the original abodes of the various races of Greece, of their migra-

tions, their wars and final settlements, had better evidence before them, or were more cautious in using their evidence, than Camden and Carew? And is it likely that modern scholars, however learned and however careful, can ever arrive at really satisfactory results by sifting and arranging and re-arranging the ethnological statements of the ancients, as to the original abodes or the later migrations of Pelasgians, and Tyrrhenians, Thracians, Macedonians, and Illyrians, or even of Dorians, Æolians, and Ionians? What is Carew's evidence in support of his statement that the Jews first worked the tin-mines of Cornwall? Simply the sayings of the people in Cornwall, who support their sayings by the name given to deserted mines, *Attall Sarasin*. Now admitting that *Attall Sarasin* or *Attall Sarasin* meant the refuse of the Saracens, how is it possible, in cold blood, to identify the Saracens with Jews, and where is there a tittle of evidence to prove that the Jews were the first to work these mines, —mines, be it remembered, which, according to the same Carew, were certainly worked before the beginning of our era?

But leaving the Jews of the time of Nero, let us examine the more definite and more moderate statements of Hall and Gilbert. According to them, the deserted shafts are called by a Cornish name, meaning the refuse of the Saracens, because, as late as the thirteenth century, the Jews were sent to work in these mines. It is difficult, no doubt, to prove a negative, and to show that no Jews ever worked in the mines of Cornwall. All that can be done, in a case like this, is to show that no one has produced an atom of evidence in support of Mr. Gilbert's opinion. The Jews were certainly ill-treated, plundered, tortured, and exiled during the reign of the Plantagenet kings; but that they were sent to the Cornish mines, no contemporary writer has ever ventured to assert. The passage in Matthew Paris, to which Mr. Gilbert most likely alludes, says the very contrary of what he draws from it. Matthew Paris says that Henry III. extorted money from the Jews, and that when they petitioned for a safe conduct, in order to leave England altogether, he

sold them to his brother Richard, "ut quos Rex excoraveret, Comes evisceraret."^{*} But this selling of the Jews meant no more than that, in return for money advanced him by his brother, the Earl of Cornwall, the king pawned to him, for a number of years, the taxes, legitimate or illegitimate, which could be extorted from the Jews. That this was the real meaning of the bargain between the king and his brother, the Earl of Cornwall, can be proved by the document printed in Rymer's *Fœdera*, vol. i. p. 543, "De Judæis Comiti Cornubia assignatis, pro solutione pecunias, sibi a Rege debita."[†] Anyhow, there is not a single word about the Jews having been sent to Cornwall, or having had to work in the mines. On the contrary, Mathew Paris says, *Comes pepercit iis, "the Earl spared them."*

After thus looking in vain for any truly historical evidence in support of Jewish settlements in Cornwall, I suppose they may in future be safely treated as a "verbal myth," of which there are more indeed, in different chapters of history, both ancient and modern, than is commonly supposed. As in Cornwall the name of a market has given rise to the fable of Jewish settlements, the name of another market in Finland led to the belief that there were Turks settled in that northern country. *Abo*, the ancient capital of Finland, was called *Turku*, which is the Swedish word *torg*, market. Adam, of Bremen, enumerating the various tribes adjoining the Baltic, mentions *Turci* among the rest, and these *Turci* were by others mistaken for Turks.[‡] Even after such myths have been laid open to the very roots, there is a strong tendency not to drop them altogether. Thus Mr. H. Merivale is far too good an historian to admit the presence of Jews in Cornwall as far back as the destruction of Jerusalem.^{||} He knows there is no evidence for it, and he would not repeat a mere fable, however plausible.

* Mathew Paris, *Opera*, ed. Wats., p. 902.

† See *Rymeri Fœdera*, A.D. 1255, tom. i. p. 543.

‡ See Adam Bremensis' *De Situ Danie*, ed. Lindenbruch, p. 136; Buckle's *History of Civilization*, vol. i. p. 275.

|| Carew, *Survey* (ed. 1602), p. 8; "and perhaps under one of those Flavians, the Jewish workmen made here their first arrival."

Yet Marazion and the Jews' houses evidently linger in his memory, and he throws out a hint that they may find an historical explanation in the fact that under the Plantagenet kings the Jews commonly farmed or wrought the mines. Is there any contemporary evidence even for this? I do not think so. Dr. Borlase, indeed, in his *Natural History of Cornwall* (p. 190), says, "In the time of King John, I find the product of tin in this county very inconsiderable, the right of working for tin being as yet wholly in the king, the property of tinners precarious and unsettled, and what tin was raised was engrossed and managed by the Jews, to the great regret of the barons and their vassals." It is a pity that Dr. Borlase should not have given his authority, but there is little doubt that he simply quoted from Carew. Carew tells us how the Cornish gentlemen borrowed money from the merchants of London, giving them tin as security (p. 14); and though he does not call the merchants Jews, yet he speaks of them as usurers, and of their "cut throat and abominable dealing." He continues afterwards, speaking of the same usurers (p. 16), "After such time as the Jews by their extreme dealing had worne themselves, first out of the love of the English inhabitants, and afterwards out of the land itself, and so left the mines unwrought, it hapned, that certaine gentlemen, being lords of seven tithings in Blackmoore, whose grounds were best stored with this minerall, grewe desirous to renew this benefit," &c. To judge from several indications, this is really the passage which Dr. Borlase had before him when writing of the Jews as engrossing and managing the tin that was raised, and in that case neither is Carew a contemporary witness, nor would it follow from what he says, that one single Jew ever set foot on Cornish soil, or that any Jew ever tasted the actual bitterness of working in the mines.

Having thus disposed of the Jews, we now turn to the Saracens in Cornwall. We shall not enter upon the curious and complicated history of that name. It is enough to refer to a short note in Gibbon,^{*} in order to show that Saracen was

* Gibbon, cap. i. The name which, used by

London Quarterly.

ARCHIVES DE LA BASTILLE.*

"One day Voiture met in the street of St. Thomas du Louvre, a couple of bear-wards, with their muzzled beasts. What did he do but bring the whole following into the Hotel Rambouillet, and make the animals walk up stairs right into the room where the lady of the house was reading with her back to the screen. She heard a noise, turned round, and saw two big brown monsters standing up close behind her." "There," says M. Clément, "is a true picture of those good old-world manners which it took all the efforts of Richelieu and his successors down to Colbert to civilize." Alas for old French politeness, and for the courtesy based on the so-called maxims of chivalry. French politeness is found on investigation to be an outgrowth of absolute monarchy, springing up (so to speak) from the grave of that feudalism which in common language we so erroneously identify with chivalry. The fact is, chivalry is antecedent, as well as diametrically opposite, to feudalism. The system which strove to put the law of honor in the place of the law of brute force, to support the weak against the strong, to teach self-restraint and real nobleness, has nothing in common with that worst of despots, the despotism of a crowd of petty tyrants, which resulted from the invasion of the German tribes. We err in imagining, because our own country, where divers races are happily kneaded together, has long set the world a pattern of freedom, that German and freeman are interchangeable terms. The state of Germany up to the time of the French Revolution, the feudalism still existing there, and the singular inaptitude for self-government

Ptolemy and Pliny in a more confined, by Ammianus and Procopius in a larger sense, has been derived, ridiculously, from Sarah, the wife of Abraham, obscurely from the village of Saraka, more plausibly from the Arabic words, which signify a *thievish* character, or *Oriental* situation. Yet the last and most popular of these etymologies is refuted by Ptolemy, who expressly remarks the western and southern position of the Saracens, then an obscure tribe on the borders of Egypt. The appellation cannot therefore allude to any *national* character; and, since it was imported by strangers, it must be found, not in the Arabic, but in a foreign language.

* "It may be given as a rule, without exception, that words ending with *t* or *d* in Welsh or Briton, do, if they exist in Cornish, turn *t* or *d* to *s*."—Norris, vol. ii. p. 237.

† "The frequent use of *th* instead of *s* shows that (in Cornish) the sound was not so definite as in English."—Ibid. vol. ii. p. 224.

1. *Archives de la Bastille. Documents Inédits*, Recueillis et Publié par FRANCOIS RAVAISSON, Conservateur-adjoint à la Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal. Règne de Louis XIV. (1659-1661). Paris: Durand et Pedone-Lauriel. 1866.
2. *La Police sous Louis XIV*. Par PIERRE CLÉMENT, Didier, de l'Institut. Paris: 1866.
3. *France under Richelieu and Colbert*. By J. H. BRIDGES, M.B., late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1866.

which the Germanic race has always shown, might have taught us differently. The error goes a long way back. The other day the *Spectator*, speaking of king Arthur, descended on "the strange way in which Teutons have taken a Celtic hero and made him the central figure in the chivalry which they (the Teutons) invented." That is how we all talk, forgetting that chivalry is of the Celts! that, long before there was anything like knighthood in "Teutonic" Europe, Brittany was the land of knights errant, and Ireland had its glorious "knights of the red branch." We shall very probably find that the ogres against whom knights everywhere made war were great feudal lords, given to eat up the possessions of their neighbors. There never was the least approach to chivalry in Saxon England, though feudalism had, under slightly different forms, saturated the whole system of Anglo Saxon tenures. And when feudalism became all through Europe the order of the day, knighthood necessarily underwent an entire change. Old names were indeed kept up, but the spirit was gone. It was no longer a system for upholding the right against overwhelming violence, for "redressing human wrongs;" it was the burlesque of true knighthood, kept up for the pleasure and profit of the privileged class. All who were not noble were *canaille*, for whom the nobles had no care nor concern, and who repaid their ill-treatment by jacqueries. Even to one another knights and nobles were not always courteous and kind. Richard I., the *preux chevalier* of his day, hanged all the garrison of the castle of Chaluz, reserving only Bertrand de Gourdon, who had shot him, for a still harsher fate. Edward III. having grudgingly let off the six burghers, and turned out all the inhabitants of Calais, actually imprisoned the garrison which had made such an heroic defence.

There is nothing over which time has thrown a more deceptive "glamour" than the chivalry of feudal times. Cruel, as well as depraved and grossly vicious, we shall find that society to have been, the moment we look beneath the external splendor which has so long dazzled us. In Germany, knighthood, even in the latter sense of the word, never found a congenial home. France was the coun-

try of its full development; the reason being that France was acted on by non German elements—Provence at one end and Brittany at the other. And, even in France, first Teuton feudalism and then the savagery of the religious wars had so thoroughly rubbed off the polish of pseudo-chivalry, that Voiture's conduct is a fair sample of the way noblemen and gentlemen behaved in those days. Hear what Mademoiselle de Montpensier tells us about the great Condé, how, during the street-fighting at the Porte St. Antoine, he rushed into the presence of "la grande Mademoiselle," dusty and blood-stained as he was, his hair rough, his sword without a scabbard. This was as late as 1652. M. Ravaission, too, as well as M. Clément has his budget of stories illustrating the wildness and coarse licence so general during the earlier half of the seventeenth century. We know of no time like it except that just before '98, when Irish squires lived in a strange fools' paradise; and when drinking, dueling, and running off with heiresses were the order of the day. This last was quite a "vice of the age" among Frondiers, as well as among the Irish squires. A nobleman could always get his friends and relations to help him; they made up a troop, and rode to the lady's castle. If her servants resisted, they were killed then and there, and the lady, carried to some neighboring house, was married at once in spite of all her protests. Nor was the man who had figured in an abduction looked upon by people in fashion as in any degree compromised. Worse, indeed, by far, than Irish society of the last century, was French society as Louis XIV. found it. For, beside the reckless violence which was common to both, there existed in France a gross licentiousness—"a tradition, (says M. Ravaission) from the evil days of the Valois"—which polluted the springs of domestic life, and also an Italian maliciousness which showed itself in the poisonings so frequent, as to have given a character to "the times of Brinvilliers." Hired braves, swash bucklers, like those who were the originals of Shakespeare's "ruffians," abounded. So did cheats at cards. Men like De Grammont cheated, and actually boasted that they took that way of "setting their luck right;" yet nobody

thought of excluding them from society for so doing. It was a bad time, and sharp remedies were needed if society was to be saved from falling to pieces. The Bastille was (says the modern French school) the grand agent in the hands of Louis XV. and his ministers, for effecting a reform which was necessary, unless France was to drop back socially to the unprogressive grossness of that loose gang of German states, to which the Fronde party would fain have assimilated her politically. There were other civilizing influences at work; the queen mother, accustomed to the elaborate courtesy of her Spanish countrymen, did a good deal to form the manners of those about her; and the "Précieuses," laugh at them as we may, made decent conversation possible; the king himself set an example of refinement, the value of which may be estimated by comparing him to many of his great nobles. But chastisement was needed as well as example, and the Bastille gave, when the police of the country had been well centralized, just what was needed for crushing extraordinary offenders. That is M. Ravaissón's view. He is so determined to show that the Bastille does not deserve the ill-name which it has got, that we might almost fancy that he has been taking a lesson of Mr. Froude, and, improving on his example, has set to work to justify the instruments of oppression, exactly as his instructor is fond of justifying the oppressors themselves. Nothing can mark more strongly the radical difference between the way in which most Frenchmen and most Englishmen look at things, than the passage in which the Bastille is glorified, because it is "something in reserve, whereby precautionary measures may be taken as quietly as possible; *l'œuvre caché du pouvoir*, in fact, by which the internal administration of the country is conducted." Fancy any one claiming such titles for our Tower of London. We are almost ashamed of the way in which Elizabeth used, or abused, it; and yet no one had more excuse than she had for "taking her precautions" quickly yet summarily. From this deep-seated unlikeness between the nations it comes to pass that while our working against feudalism has been gradual, from the severe measures of Henry VII. on

through the days of the Long Parliament, and downwards till the time of the Reform Bill, France has moved in a spasmodic way, getting on by fits and starts, and making (amongst others) one grand protest against feudalism in Louis XIV.'s day, a protest the reaction against which brought about the Revolution. These sudden and violent protests can only be carried out by these exceptional agencies—"terribles moyens de salut public." M. Ravaissón calls them—which our law-loving nature has always led us to distrust, whatever temporary good they might seem to promise. With Frenchmen the case is otherwise; and M. Ravaissón reminds us how Colbert's lieutenant of police, whose creation he calls a master-stroke of policy, has survived all the revolutions. He might have added that, though the Bastille was swept away, the "cachet"—solitary confinement for political offenses—proposed by the liberty-loving chiefs of the Convention, was something far more terrible than the system of *lettres de cachet* and that during the present régime the Mazas prison and Cayenne have answered very well as that "*œuvre caché*," without which it seems, "*le pouvoir*" cannot get on in France.

Premising so much about the object of M. Ravaissón's book, which we might almost call "A Plea for the Bastille," let us briefly state how the book came to be written, and what the author tells us about the great fortress-prison whose name has become a sort of socio-political bugbear. There have been books about the Bastille before, based also on authentic documents; for, when the place was taken in 1789, all the papers were thrown into the courtyards, and left for several days exposed to chance pillagers. Speculators in autographs hung about, pocketing anything that seemed valuable; soldiers and national guards put heaps of records under their camp kettles; and, no doubt, a good deal of valuable matter had been lost before; on the 16th of July, Dessaulx and three other commissioners were appointed by the committee of the Hotel de Ville to carry what papers remained to the "provisional dépôt of archives," in the Abbey of St. Germain in the Fields. Those who remember Carlyle's graphic narrative will readily understand that the crowd—"a living

deluge plunging headlong in, almost suicidally into the ditch by the hundred or the thousand ; plunging through court and corridor, billowing incontrollable ; firing from windows on itself, in hot frenzy of triumph, of grief, and vengeance for its slain,"*—would have little care about old records ; the wonder is that so many were saved after all. Besides those which were taken to St. Germain, private adventurers got hold of enough to furnish the basis of *La Bastille Dévoilée* and *Mémoires de la Bastille*. Other documents were carried out of the country. M. Ravaission cites several existing in the British Museum, and says that a large number are in St. Petersburg library. Fortunately, the papers which were left fell into the hands of an intelligent curator. Ameilhon, librarian at the Hotel de Ville, had them taken there, and put out an advertisement begging all citizens who had any papers in their possession to bring them to him. "Such was the honesty of the times (we are told), that this was enough to make a good many people give up what they had rescued, as they fancied, from the rubbish heap." By and bye, a commission was appointed to publish a set of documents, which the public had begun to expect would throw great light on the misdeeds of the old government. But the eagerness of the people outran the commission. Inquiries were made ; charges were brought ; several of the commissioners, too, lost their heads ; and at last, Ameilhon, whose escape is all the more remarkable because he had been a priest, was the only one left. The churches were then used as libraries ; but afterwards, when the Concordat restored them to the clergy, they had to be emptied rather suddenly ; and the way in which this was managed gives us a wonderful picture of the times : "Every official body, the senate, the bench, the corps législatif, all had libraries founded for them—nay, each of the official houses of the ministers of all grades had its library, formed on rather a novel plan : the Minister of the Interior gave an order for so many books for such and such a house. Down came the steward, picked out what he liked, and just gave a receipt for what

he took." The Bastille papers, among many others, were carried to the library of the Arsenal, where they were classified, and afterwards thrown into a lumber-room and forgotten. There, in 1840, M. Ravaission found them ; and from that time to this he has been employing himself in arranging and deciphering them. He has been so successful as to be able to promise us all the papers of any interest which are still extant. The work has cost him more than twenty years of hard labor ; and, to judge by the present volume, which, in more than 400 closely printed pages, only gives the records of three years, it will be a long time before the whole series is in the hands of the public. Such a series of records has a value, in reference to the history of a country, which it is impossible to overestimate ; and these documents have at once the authority of State papers, and the liveliness of contemporary memoirs. To the current complaint that historians, like Mr. Froude, are doing just the reverse of what their predecessors did—laying too much stress on archives, and neglecting whatever cannot be shown, labelled and docketed, in some record-office or other—we may reply that French history at least runs no risk of becoming one-sided in this way. With St. Simon, and a crowd of less voluminous memoir-writers, the fear always has been lest strict historical detail should be sacrificed among our neighbors to conversational prettiness—lest we should hear too much of what men thought about events, too little about the events themselves. These "archives," however, combine facts and opinions in a very remarkable degree. They tell us about the way in which nobles still exercised on their own estates the brutal rights of *seigneurie* ; of the plans by which parents in the seventeenth century sought to reform their "fast" sons ; of the devices by which government got rid of its too powerful ministers. There is variety enough in the portion now published, and the next instalment, including the great poisoning case, promises to be still more interesting. "I came upon these documents quite accidentally (says M. Ravaission) ; they had been piled up pell-mell in a dark *entresol*, which was so filled that it was almost impossible to get into it. There

* Carlyle, *French Revolution*, vol. I. p. 7.

they remained some thirty years, so entirely forgotten that when old amateurs came to inquire for them, the answer was, 'No one knows anything about such papers.' An assistant-librarian (he thus modestly describes his own share in the matter), who had some time on his hands, thought he would look into the dusty *entre-sol*. Great was his surprise to find what he felt sure was the long-lost treasure. He mentioned the matter to the authorities, and at last was employed to put the papers in order." The result is the work of which the first portion is before us—an important contribution, it cannot fail to be, to that history of Europe from original documents which France has the honor of having first made popular, but which is now the only sort of history which even the least profound readers care to accept.

Of the Bastille, before it came into use as a State prison, there are comparatively few notices. Built by Charles V., as a defence against the English, on the site of an old fort which guarded the river where it enters Paris, it continued to be for a long time merely the St. Antoine Gate in the wall with which the wise king had surrounded his capital. Bastille, bastillon, bastion, are all kindred words, of course connected with bastir; this is simply "the Bastille," just as our London fortress is "the Tower." From the two towers of the original construction the number was raised to eight, joined together by a wall ten feet thick, and defended by a ditch twenty feet deep. When the fear of foreign occupation had passed away, the Bastille was found very useful to overawe the turbulent Parisians. The court preferred Vincennes to St. Germain, because the city fortress formed an outwork to the royal castle, and the king could signal from his window at Vincennes to the governor in command of the Bastille. Whoever was master there, was master of Paris. In the strange and seemingly purposeless change of parties during the Fronde, we have Turenne, in July, 1652, on the king's side, defeating Condé in the suburb of St. Antoine, and chasing him into the narrow streets, when suddenly Mademoiselle de Montpensier contrives to get into the Bastille, and turns the cannon of the fortress on the royalists. The result is that

Turenne has to retreat to St. Denis. When, however, the Parisians, with characteristic levity, recalled their king, and Condé found his influence completely undermined by the Cardinal de Retz, the commander of the Bastille, a Frondeur, son of the famous councillor Bressel, sold his post to the victors, but insisted on a sham siege to hide his treachery. Even then the besiegers dared not attack it; nay, at the last, in 1789, defenceless as it was, it would not have been carried by a *coup de main* but for the self-willed folly of M. de Launay, the governor. The Parisian rioters thereby got credit which they certainly did not deserve; for its old inviolability had prevented the court from doing anything towards putting the place in a condition to stand a siege.

This Bastille was in the days of Louis XIV. quite a little world in itself. It had its shops, the high rent of which brought in a pretty revenue to the governor; it had its surgeon-barber, its physician, and its apothecary. Life there was by no means the hopeless blank which we have been taught to believe it. Prisoners lived well, had always several courses, and two bottles of wine (burgundy or champagne) at dinner, and a third for use during the day. They could not drink it all, and so, by degrees, some of the old stagers got quite a choice cellar in their rooms. The governor made it a point to send round extra wine on feast days, so that it was their own fault if the prisoners did not get drunk pretty often, after the fashion of the times. We can understand that some governors were less liberal than others, and there were periods of scarcity—for instance, 1709 and 1710—when nothing but rye bread was to be had even at Versailles. Whenever the prisoners thought themselves hardly treated, they appealed; and the governor was frequently called upon to justify himself. Poor man, his place generally cost him 40,000 francs, and the salary was small; so he had to make what he could out of the sum allowed for board, and yet to keep his prisoners in good health and good humor. Of course there were, as we shall see, poor prisoners who found it very hard to keep themselves clothed and warmed, and to provide a little fur-

niture for their rooms; but the general idea which M. Ravaission gives us of the place is that of a college or comfortable club, the members of which had to put up with just one little inconvenience—they were cut off from direct intercourse with the outer world. En revanche, they were allowed to keep pets, to have aviaries, even to keep and use carrier pigeons. If they found the feeding too good, they might arrange with the governor to take only a part, and to have the rest given them in money when they were let out, a plan by which some came out better off than they had ever been in their lives before. “Punishment diet” consisted of soup, meat, bread, and half-a-bottle of wine; no one was ever put on bread and water without a direct order from the Court. Unlike the prisoners whose hard case Mr. Pope Hennessy was deplored last Session, the inmates of the Bastille had servants to clean out their rooms; and, instead of being under perpetual espionage, they knew well when the visits of the officers were to take place, and for the rest of the day even those in solitary confinement were left to themselves. As for the ordinary prisoners, they had the free run of the courts, and played billiards, nine-pins, and so forth as merrily as debtors in the old Fleet. Books, too, there were plenty of; scandalous novels as well as religious treatises; every kind, in fact, except political works and the writings of “the new philosophers.” And so, with chess, and card-playing, and chatting with their officers and with one another, these men must have found life endurable enough. They were not a quarter so badly off as prisoners of war, while it is ridiculous to compare them with those confined in the ordinary prisons in days before Howard had taught men common humanity to the captive. If those, *au secret*, wanted to communicate with one another, they found plenty of means of doing so; either they cut a thin slice out of the books lent them, fastening up the leather again, or they wrote in microscopic characters on their pewter plates, trusting to the chance that, as there was only one service for all the community, the writing would sooner or later come into the hands of a brother prisoner. This last device was discovered; and the governor

was obliged (having no Wedgwood to help him) to provide a separate dinner-service for every tower. How they hid papers, ropes, &c., under the flooring of their rooms, some of us remember from that “escape of De Latude” which used to astonish us in our boyish readings. No official ever seems to have looked for anything even in the most likely places. When a prisoner was very refractory he was banished to the top story of the tower—a low vaulted room very hot in summer and cold in winter; if this treatment failed, he was put in the dungeon—a very unpleasant place, for it was likely to be flooded whenever the Seine rose and filled the moat. Yet he was never left there long, and he was always allowed to have his bed, and was provided with a candle at night.

It is absurd, says M. Ravaission, to talk of people being lost sight of in the Bastille. The place was under the superintendence of the Chief Minister; he received every day a list of the prisoners, stating who had sent them. With men like Colbert, Seignelay, and the Pontchartrains as superintendents, we cannot imagine that secretaries of state could put in whom they pleased and do what they pleased with them afterwards. As for the *lettres de cachet*, every precaution was taken to make errors and abuses impossible. Each letter was signed by the king and countersigned by a minister, and the governor (who had previously received notice that the prisoner would be brought) had to sign a receipt at the bottom of the paper.

We do not know how M. Ravaission will reconcile these assertions, based, doubtless, on documentary evidence, with the plan on which *lettres de cachet* are popularly supposed to have been given in the days of Louis XV. Possibly our ideas on this subject may be as wild as those of the populace in 1789, who thought that the bones which they turned up all over the castle garden were those of murdered prisoners; the fact being that they were the remains of “heretics” who, dying without the sacraments of the Church, were buried anywhere and anyhow. Be this as it may, the prisoners seem to have been exceedingly well dealt with in the matter of examination. This appears from several of the

cases given in M. Ravaission's collection. The proverbial harshness and brow-beating of French judges is entirely wanting in these interrogatories. "Sometimes," we are told, "the punishment seems too severe for the crimes specified. But we should be very wrong if we imagined this to be due to reckless tyranny. Those whom we look on as victims were often persons guilty of atrocities which, for their own sake and the sake of the public, it was considered desirable to conceal." Of course a prisoner was occasionally put to death; and, in an age when torture was universal, we may well expect it to have been in use at the Bastille—"only," says M. Ravaission, "on those already condemned to death." The two kinds of torture in use were "the water," when the prisoner, stretched on a trestle, was forced to swallow horn after horn of water, the weight on the stomach soon causing terrible suffering; and "the boot," with its wedges, the use of which on the poor Covenanters has stamped the memory of our own James II. with execration. Death was inflicted by hanging, beheading, or burning—nominally alive, though the judges generally added a *retentum*, *i. e.*, an order for the prisoner to be strangled beforehand. "This was generally done," adds our author, "by the executioner while he was putting his faggots in order, for fear the spectators might be enraged if they knew they had been baulked of a part of the show." For ladies and gentlemen of fashion used to make a point of going down to the Place de Grève when any one was going to be killed. Executions were more popular than plays; managers avoided bringing out a new piece on the day when the rival show was to come off. It is at any rate consoling to feel that, if English manners, then and afterwards, were really too coarse, and Tyburn, was a regular place of resort, things were no better in France. Mr. Phillimore, in his history of George III., wrote as if we alone were brutal and vulgar in our ways during the eighteenth century. His book did good, for it roused some of us from that self-satisfied state in which Englishmen can see no faults in themselves, no good in any other people. But an historian, claiming to be impartial, should certainly have pointed out that many of our short-

comings are chargeable on the time and not on our national character. Cruel punishments (as M. Ravaission remarks) belonged necessarily to an age in which the process of law was uncertain and arbitrary, and the power in the hands of half-a-dozen rival sets of judges. We had, up to yesterday, our abuses in the way of "pie powder" courts, and other special jurisdictions. In France, before Colbert put everything into the hands of his lieutenant of police, things were much worse. Paris was under the jurisdiction of the King's Court, the Châtelet, the Parliament, the ecclesiastical courts, and the many seigniorial courts corresponding with its old feudal divisions. If the street in which a crime was committed came under the class of "main streets," the King's Court had to take cognizance of it; if it was a bye street, the lord of the manor had to deal with it, unless it had happened near some palace or some religious house, the neighborhood of which was a "peculiar." In this way a man often lay in prison for years while the judges were settling who should try him. With the judges it was not a question of dignity only; their income depended on the number of cases which came before them. Everybody had bought his place—the custom was defended on the ground of its insuring respectability among the officials—a man, it was said, would not be likely to risk being turned out of an office for which he had paid heavily by gross misconduct. But having bought their judgeships, these petty judges were naturally anxious to reimburse themselves; and M. Ravaission's picture of "the swarm of hungry magistrates eagerly competing with one another" almost reconciles us to the despotism which crushed them out. Under such a state of things it is not to be wondered at that hard punishments should have been accepted as a matter of course. Where a man was kept in prison, after acquittal, till he had paid the *épices* to the judges, as well as the costs, and the dues for the bed, board, and imprisonment, he would think it nothing unusual to be subjected to a little torture now and then into the bargain. Well, all these little jurisdictions were done away with when the Lieutenant-General of Police was created. M. d'Aubray, father of La Brinvilliers,

the old *lieutenant criminel*, died, and Louis bought up his son's claim, remodelling the whole police arrangements of the kingdom; and fortunately finding in Nicolas de la Reynie an honest and intelligent man, of whom St. Simon says, "he managed to win the esteem of everybody in a place where he was above all men exposed to public hatred." Under La Reynie and his successor, D'Argenson, the police became veritably a "police correctionnelle." We have seen how much it was needed, and we may judge by the difference between the meaner law-fearing sinners of the Regency, and the "fanfarons de vice," as Louis XIV. called them, of the earlier part of his reign, how much good his strictness had done. Things fell off again during the troubles which clouded the end of his long life, but the ground won was never wholly lost. Society, even if it was equally vicious, was certainly far less coarse than it had been. As to Louis XIV.'s political severity, it is explained by the troubles of his youth. The Fronde was a much more serious affair than we fancy. The nobles who had joined it made light of it afterwards, so as to draw down as little odium on themselves as possible; the Government preferred keeping silence, for fear others might imitate the men whom it had been so difficult to subdue. Louis' feeling is well expressed in his reply to the minister who, amid the reverses of the war of succession, was alarmed lest the enemy should march on Paris: "I don't lose heart so easily," said the king; "remember, I've seen the Spaniards in Paris itself."

And now for a few specimens of M. Ravaisson's archives. The first on his list does not quite correspond with what he told us about the comfort and enjoyment of the prisoners. The Count de Pagan, seemingly an Italian, imprisoned for having boasted he could kill the king by magic, writes most piteously to Colbert to beg for liberty. He is perishing of cold and nakedness; whole weeks he has to stay in bed for want of clothes; his upholsterer strips his room of its little furniture; if he is let out he could gain his own living. Colbert orders him to be clothed; and, a year after, receives his thanks with an intimation that the clothes are worn out, and that the poor

man, eighty years old, and thirteen years in confinement, is in as bad a plight as ever. His greatest grief is that he cannot go to mass—

"For more than two months I have been deprived of this consolation, for I have been obliged to sham illness and lie in bed, because I find myself *infantem et nudum sicut natura creavit*. . . . As for my poor dear liberty, I command it and leave it wholly to your lordship's Christian and compassionate goodness, to the end that it may please you to restore it to me through my lord the King, in accordance with the prayer which the very Eminent Cardinal Mazarin (the heavens be his bed) made to him on the subject. His Majesty did grant it me, and his Eminence notified the fact to M. de Besmaus, but on condition that I should be taken under guard to the frontiers like a rascal and a criminal. In order not to stain the honor of my house I thought I was bound to implore his Eminence that this sentence might be altered; and he promised me to get the order made less harsh, when death suddenly overtook him; and I have been since left friendless, a stranger, weighed down with infirmities, and penniless to boot."

Poor Count de Pagan; there is no order extant for his release. Let us hope that before he died he had at least a better understanding with his upholsterer. Surely the case seems to go hard against M. Ravaisson's theory: here is a man to whom life is made an intolerable burden; and he is one whom (as far as we can judge) it could not have been dangerous to set at liberty; altogether a typical case of the Bastille prisoner according to received notions. We are bound to say it is almost the only instance of the kind in the book. In striking contrast with it is that which stands next but one. Du Vouldy de Passy, the younger, is a young man of family who, against the wish of his relations, has married Claude de Paulmier. His mother has him taken up and put into Fort l'Evêque, the old episcopal prison, alleging that he was already engaged to Mademoiselle Dujour, by whom he had had children. Claude, evidently a determined woman, gets the *lieutenant criminel* to let him out on bail, she being the surety. But he is seized again and put into the Bastille, his wife being sent to the Conciergerie. There she is examined with the view of proving that before marriage she had lived an irregular life; of course she indignantly

says no, and demands damages for the calumny. No witnesses are called, and how the case ends it is impossible to tell, the only ascertained fact being that the husband was imprisoned in February and let out in July.

This M. Ravaission will hardly think a case in which the Bastille was socially or morally useful. With the best intentions it seems to have failed, too, in the case of young Varin, son of the celebrated engraver. This hopeful youth had had some money left him in his own right by his mother; on the strength of which he seems to have taken every opportunity of thwarting his father. Not being studiously disposed, he was placed at the Royal Academy, a sort of old French Sandhurst, whence he was turned out, along with his half-brother, for bringing in girls disguised as students. Then he is sent as an *attaché* into Italy, where in eight months he runs through 9,000 livres and gets sent home in disgrace. His father wants to buy him a place about Court, but his bad character makes this impossible. So the army is next tried; and he is five or six months at Sedan, where he spends a great deal of money and gets into trouble about some bill transactions. Then comes the last resource; he is to be "smuggled into the Church." They send him to several colleges—from one he runs off in three days, "not liking to sit down in class with children of twelve years old;" from another he steals out at night to a neighboring cabaret, leaving his *soutane* at a friend's house close by, and so scandalizes the good monks that they oblige his father to withdraw him. Monks' schools, "where they want you to kiss the ground and kneel for long hours together, and to do all the other ridiculous nonsense which they teach the poor lads who are being trained up for priests to go through," do not seem to suit young Varin. He has three months' Bastille. Whether it so far cured him that his father was able to "get him into the Church" after all, would be a curious question for those who feel how much the deplorable state of the Gallican church had to do with the violence of the French Revolution. Next comes the case of a bookseller, seized as he is coming back from Holland, where most

French books with any independence of thought were beginning to be published: he is accused of distributing Jansenist tracts. The governor, who examines him, assures Chancellor Seignelay that he is innocent; but significantly adds, "the influence of his enemies is stronger than his innocence."

This was in 1661. Two years before this the Marquis l'Hospital has ten days' imprisonment for the sole purpose of keeping him out of the way of justice. This feudal tyrant owed his immunity to his being the cousin of the Marshal de l'Hospital. Down on his estates he played the oppressor so outrageously that a parish priest mentioned him in his sermon. Whereupon my lord took a couple of his pages, waylaid the priest, who was walking home along the high road with one of his parishioners, killed the poor man who was escorting him, and gave his reverence wounds enough to have killed half a dozen men. The poor priest falls on his knees and begins recommending his soul to God. "Oh, you'll pray, will you (says the ruffian)? I'll show you how your prayers are answered," and he breaks his victim's jaw with the butt end of a musket. Finally he rides him down, and gives him, as a *coup de grâce*, a thrust through the ribs with his sword. Wonderful to tell, the priest recovers, brings his action, and gets the support of his order all through France. The Marquis is tried before several parliaments, and, by all, is condemned to death. But the Marshal, who had won favor as one of the murderers of Concino Concini, was powerful enough to get the sentence remitted. The Parliament of Paris, however, made such a stand against the injustice, that the Marquis was put into the Bastille in order that he might be out of the jurisdiction of the ordinary courts of law. While there he begs for and obtains "letters of abolition," a form of royal pardon which the king at his coronation had sworn never to exercise "in cases of duel, rape, or crimes against the clergy." It is satisfactory to find that, even in 1659, public opinion was strong enough to prevent the king from letting the pardoned Marquis go immediately at large. His "order of release" is dated 9th July; but he is simply transferred from the Bastille to Fort l'Evêque, out

of which he and his pages escape one dark night in October—the Marquis breaking his leg in getting down—and are driven off by friends waiting outside—

“Dans une chaise de sûreté,
En quelque lieu de qualité,”

as the old rhyming *Gazette* of the time tells us.

Characteristic is the case of Forcoal, clerk of the council and king's secretary. His father had farmed the *épices* (judges' extra fees) for the Chambre des Comptes. He died owing them 72,000 livres. Of course the proper way would have been to sue his assigns before the Parliament, but the Chamber preferred taking the law into its own hands, and put Forcoal into their “coal-hole,” “a low room (says Privy Councillor Poncelet) where his health must soon suffer.” The king interferes. The Chambre de l'Edit, another of these little courts, composed of equal numbers of Romanist and Protestant judges, transfers him to the Conciergerie (the Forcoals were Protestants); the scene is a curious one, in which the Sieur Carnavalet, lieutenant of the guard, truncheon in hand, comes in before the Chamber, and, after two low bows, demands the body of Forcoal. Finally the man has three months' Bastille, to keep him out of the way while he is arranging his affairs.

Now, will M. Ravaission seriously assert that in any of these cases the good done is at all sufficient to make up for the lawlessness of the procedure, and the danger of putting such a power in the hands of the Government? The case of poor Mademoiselle de Vezilli, who, maddened by the loss of her lawsuits and by the ill-treatment she received from her brothers, waits for the judges as they come out of court, and flies at the President de Meame, tearing his beard and scratching his face, and crying out, “You unjust judge,” makes more in our author's favor. It was well that the poor creature should be shut up out of harm's way. At this Conciergerie she had refused to eat, and remained obstinately silent during divers examinations, saying she would plead before no one, save the king. She is probably taken good care of in the Bastille, for Louis writes from Fontainebleau ordering a waiting-maid to be

found for her during her illness. But, if this is a fair case for royal interference, why should a government which had so much to do in and out of France take cognizance of every case of slander? Why imprison, for instance, one Lesmotal, for asserting that he had, down in Brittany, married the Marchioness of Kerman, who had since come before the world as wife of the Marquis of Montgaillard? The fact is, Louis XIV.'s despotism aimed at too much. Strictly paternal as far as the nobility was concerned—for the “canaille” was left pretty much to itself, provided it paid its dues—it erred, as according to English notions Continental governments so very generally err, by making no distinction between really important things and absolute trifles. One can fancy that Mazarin and Loménie and Le Tellier might have found fitter work in 1659 than getting evidence about a pretended marriage, and imprisoning poor fellows who “wrote news letters” to gain a livelihood. Wicquefort, son of an Amsterdam merchant, and resident envoy of the Elector of Brandenburg, is naturally enough impounded by Mazarin, when it is found that he has been telling his master all about the goings on of Louis XIV. and the Cardinal's niece, Mancini. But Mazarin bears no malice; and Wicquefort, sent across the frontier after a three days' imprisonment, still holds a French pension, and lives to disgrace himself by selling Dutch state-secrets to the English ambassador. Miscellaneous, indeed, is the group of prisoners to whom M. Ravaission introduces us. Forgers; “fast” younger brothers kept out of mischief till their friends can get them sent to sea; an ambassador who has talked a little too freely to the Portuguese, and who must be put in honorable confinement to satisfy the Spaniards, for whose sake also a captain of marines gets two months for an epigram on the ambassador Don Luis de Haro; Irishmen recruiting for the Portuguese army; rebels against the salt tax; aggrieved relations who seize the property of a priest who has willed it all to the Church; a Chevalier de Clermont, knight of Malta and captain of a galley, who helps his scapegrace friend, the disinherited Marquis Arpajon, to take and plunder one of his father's castles—such

are a few of those who form the population of the eight towers. Then we have Niceron, a grocer, who had dared to protest against the monopoly of whale oil by a company in which Mazarin held shares; and then, again, a Jansenist publisher, and his wife, neither of whom is kept long in prison, for Mazarin, avaricious though he was, was certainly no bigot. It is worth while to translate a few of his remarks on the case: "We must notice this affair for fear of giving De Retz a handle against us; but don't let any Jesuit think that he can do as he likes because Port Royal is being called to account. His Majesty is perfectly impartial, and wishes to be equally fair to everybody. The Chancellor had better see the superiors of the three Jesuit houses in Paris, and tell them, from the King, to take care that none of their people preach or write anything which may embitter men's minds, and may disturb the calm which his Majesty wishes to see prevail among all his subjects. Above all, let them abstain from making remarks, either general or particular, on the clergy of Paris." What a pity Mazarin was not alive when his evil genius prompted Louis XIV. to revoke this edict of Nantes.

Another characteristic case is an abduction. François Benedict Rouxel de Méday, Chevalier de Grancey, ship's captain, lieutenant-general of marines, governor of Argentan, thinks Catherine de Nonant will make him a nice wife. He catches her and her mother near Alençon, carries them to his father's castle, and calls an assembly of neighboring nobles to settle whether she is to be his or not. The assembly is dispersed by the Duke de Longueville. Madame de Nonant goes to law; and as, in spite of the efforts of his uncle, the Bishop of Seez, M. de Grancey's case begins to have an ugly look, he puts himself in the Bastille (remaining there some ten days) in order to be pardoned by "lettres d'abolition" when the King next comes into Paris. Were these all the cases which he records, we should certainly say that M. Ravaission had not the slightest right to call the Bastille a valuable agent in the hands of the then Government. But the larger part of the book is taken up with State trials, the prisoners being in every

case except one too insignificant to be known to ordinary readers. The one exception is Fouquet, who was seized in 1661 for malversation. He was an able finance minister, but his greed was insatiable. He spent eighteen million francs on his château of Vaux-Praslin, near Melun, and he gave such a more than regal house-warming entertainment there that Louis from that moment determined to arrest him; and, fearing to take such a step in Paris, went down into Brittany for the purpose. A commission is appointed to try him, which gives sentence three years after its first sitting. Colbert and Le Tellier exert themselves to have the ex-minister capitally convicted. The commission only sentences him to banishment, which Louis cruelly changes for life imprisonment in the castle of Pignerol, where he lingers nineteen years. The universal joy at Fouquet's disgrace is the best justification of the step; and, we suppose, the case of this powerful offender, whom it was so desirable to get rid of quietly, would be M. Ravaission's chief instance of the political value of the Bastille.

Most of the other political prisoners are persons mixed up with Condé or Cardinal de Retz in their treasonable parleys with the Spaniards. This was the real danger of the time; there was disaffection enough among the nobility to have set up a new League had there been a Guise to head it instead of the frivolous grumblers who at times seemed scarcely to know whether they were for or against the Court. Melancholy points come out occasionally in reference to the habits of these prisoners. Abbé Dorat, a creature of De Retz, spends his time in the Bastille in card-playing. "When he loses (writes Mazarin to Colbert) he swears and blasphemers God and Christ and the blessed Virgin, using about her all the vilest terms that can be used of the most abandoned women." Dorat seems to have found congenial society in prison. La Vallard and Barin, imprisoned for insolence at Court, and for having robbed a convoy of money, hearing that peace was made, swore and said, "that if they had Christ there they would stab him for suffering such an infamous peace to be concluded." These men will not go to mass; indeed, Barin has several

times make a mock procession with a broome for cross, and a bucket for holy-water vessel, and has sung the *De Profundis* over a boon companion who pretended to be dead. "In fact (adds the Cardinal) most of the sixty prisoners now in the Bastille live like devils amid oaths and blasphemies of all kinds." Surely such a miserable state of things hardly carries out M. Ravaission's opinion that the Bastille was a useful State engine. To us it seems to have been a sort of "domestic institution," the "corner" into which the paternal despot put his naughty boys. Very remarkable is the mild way in which almost every one is treated; we can, out of all our author's cases, only recall one who is put to death, and this is a Norman noble, De Bonnesson, imprisoned, with several others for plotting to help Condé.

By and bye, we fancy, this mildness was exchanged for severity, just as instead of a man being simply banished for performing a travesty of the baptismal service over a pig (p. 173), he would probably a century later have been broken on the wheel for such impiety. Anyhow, we do not think M. Ravaission has made out his case as yet. He may do so in the volumes which are to follow this: but at present we can only look on his attempt to raise the Bastille in public estimation as one of the wildest paradoxes of this paradox-loving age. For all that, we think his estimate of Louis le Grand a very fair one. "Louis (said Mazarin) has in him the makings of four kings and of one honest man into the bargain." He would have been a great king anywhere; specially is he so in France, than which no nation has suffered more from miserable *fanéans*, to whom a king who worked daily eight hours in his study was a wonderful contrast. Just as the weakness following the Wars of the Roses gave absolute power to Henry VII., so the decimation of the nobles by Richelieu, and the strange way in which the magistracy sank during the Fronde, left Louis in a condition to say, "L'état c'est moi." He was a useful despot, and M. Ravaission is justified in saying of him that "en cherchant à moraliser un pays, il avait policé toute l'Europe." It has not been sufficiently noticed how his ordonnances are the basis of the

present French Code, which so many of us speak of as if it came brand-new from the brain of Napoleon. "Louis' grand fault," says M. Ravaission, "was that he fancied that he might now and then transgress the good laws which he himself had laid down."

We have said most about M. Ravaission's book, because, though it will undoubtedly take high rank as a book of reference in all historical libraries, it is not a work which the general reader is likely to buy. Mr. Bridges' lectures, on the contrary, ought to be in everybody's hands. They contain a clear view of the formation of the French monarchy, pointing out the grand distinction that, whereas with us the boroughs went with the aristocracy, in France they sided with the king. They give a life-like portrait, sketched with a loving hand, of Richelieu, whom Mr. Bridges successfully defends against the charges so constantly repeated against him. They enable us to tread our way through the tangle of the Fronde, that temporary league between the aristocracy and the middle class; and they show us how great a man Colbert was, and how far in advance of the other statesmen of his day. Much as we differ from Mr. Bridges in some of his conclusions, we are glad that he brings out clearly the indefensible character of our "commercial wars," which, beginning with the buccaneering of Queen Elizabeth, went on to the French Revolution, and have unhappily since been too often repeated in the far East. Herein we have, sad to say, set an example which other nations have been only too ready to follow. The French outrage in Corea is the latest instance of this aggressive policy. Mr. Bridges silences, too, the silly talk dealt in by those who have kicked away the ladder of protection now that it can no longer serve their turn, to the effect that "State help never having founded any permanent industry." The silk manufacture in France, solely due to Colbert, is an instance to the contrary. Further, we are grateful to him for pointing out that the French peasant, amid all his poverty, ground down as he was by taxation, never became the political nonentity, the mere animated machine, which the English laborer is. As for M. Clément's book,

it should be read by all who want to know something more than mere historic details of the reign of the grand Monarque. It is a good companion to the memoirs which make the French history of this period such a fascinating study. The police became under Louis XIV. quite a State business. Society was still restless, working with half-checked excitement; the old order was gone for ever, and an intermediate time of licence had left men unwilling to submit to rules. Everything had to be reorganized. M. Clément looks on the struggle between Colbert and Fouquet as the last battle between feudalism with its absurd pretensions and the new *regime*. One-half of the taxes got into the treasury; one of Fouquet's clerks was proved to have saved more than four million francs in less than two years. No one can find fault with Louis XIV. for strengthening his hands against rebellious and traitorous nobles, and plundering finance ministers, by the use of the Bastille. The sad time in his reign is when the feudal reaction sets in, accompanied with the religious bigotry of the Maintenon party. This was a time, too, of disaster abroad, and of famine and misery at home. How did the Bastille work then? M. Ravaïsson will enable us to judge in some of his future volumes; but, meanwhile, we must remark that the cloud which hangs over the closing years of Louis XIV.'s reign shows plainly enough how unsatisfactory a thing despotism is, even when it has such a "useful State engine" as the Bastille to second it.

THE BENGAL FAMINE OF 1866.*

During the first week of June the people began anxiously to look out for the rains. Before the second week expired the suspense had become insupportable, for the next ten days would decide whether the stricken districts were to reap a harvest in September, or whether they would have to suffer on till the end of the year. Morning after morning the sun blazed forth from the unclouded east;

the earth became as one great brick field; the blood of goats streamed in vain from the altars, and rumors of more terrible sacrifices spread in undertones from ear to ear. The western highlanders still maintain, that if the gods take any delight in sacrifice, the oblation of a man's life is the one most likely to procure their favor. A tribe, consisting of industrious and inoffensive subjects of the Crown, when questioned as to its practice, would only answer, "How can we poor creatures afford such offerings? Where is a man to be bought cheap in these days?" It was now whispered that dark deeds had been done in the forest, and that the Great Mountain, the national god of the highlanders, would in due time send rain. Nor had the altars of the highly civilized Hindus escaped the taint of human blood. During the progress of the famine suspicions attached to more than one shrine, and the Press narrated how, in an important provincial capital within a short journey of the metropolis, the police had burst into a temple, only in time to find a ghastly head and a pool of blood in front of the idol.* Many devout Hindus, indeed, believed that all such sacrifices would prove ineffectual. The signs of the times answered to those which their prophetic books foretold would precede the destruction of the world, and the appointed order of things was not to be so stayed. A venerable gentleman, who, after a life of faithful service to our Government, had attained the position of senior native magistrate in the district of Beerbhoom, labored to convince the writer of the soundness of these views. He was a Brahman of the highest class, and came to the task armed with the learning of his order. Texts from the canonical books were brought forward to prove that the epidemic which had raged during several years in Lower Bengal, that the cyclone and tidal wave, which, in the autumn of 1864, had swept over the sea-board villages, and that the present famine formed a series of divine warnings that the end of the Kalpa was at hand. Nor did the events of the natural world speak alone. Society had reached the stage which had been foretold as the final one in the existing order

* No instance of cannibalism, however, or of any approach to cannibalism, was brought to light.

*Continued from p. 759 of the last volume.

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of things. He cited the Book of the Future (*Purana Bhavishyata*), to show that at the end of the world hereditary distinctions would cease, and that there would be but one caste and one nation. He pointed to the rapidity with which the institutions of caste had during the past few years been breaking up ; to the Brahmo-Samaj, a new Hindu sect, which from a small beginning in Calcutta has radiated into the most distant parts of India, and now possesses a congregation in every country town,—a sect whose fundamental tenets are, that there is no god but the One God, and that all men are equal. The sacred writings had clearly foretold the signs ; the signs were now accomplished ; and it only remained submissively to await the yet more terrible convulsions amid which the day and night of Brahma, which form our era, would expire.

The anxiety of the English officials took a more practical form. In some years the rains approach so regularly, that their line of march can be pretty accurately guessed. Irrigation companies have to prepare for their coming, and generally arrange to telegraph their appearance at various points on their route. In one district last summer a weir was in process of construction ; the engineer received constant intelligence as to where the rains had last been heard of, and the spirits of the little English community rose or fell according to the character of the morning's telegram. At last the decisive message came. First one district, then another, had had a thunderstorm ; not the brief passionate hurricanes of the hot weather, but a storm of the deliberate sort, which slowly gathers during several hours, and, after the first flood, gradually subsides into a day's steady rain. Before the end of the third week every village knew that the rains had set in ; tears of joy, instead of offerings of blood, poured before the gods, and even students of the Hindu apocalypse admitted that Bengal would in all probability reap a harvest within three months, and that the end of the Kalpa might be postponed for another year.

The demand for agricultural labor instantly trebled. Thousands of small cultivators, who had migrated to the towns in search of employment, now hastened

back to their villages. In a fortnight the green blade came up ; in a few days more it gathered strength, and the work of transplanting began. Of the toil of this process no one who has not witnessed it can form a just idea. Saving a few patches of sugar-cane, which is a still more laborious crop, Lower Bengal is one vast rice-field from July to September, and every blade of rice, except the long-stemmed sort that grows in deep swamps, has to be transplanted. The laborers stand up to their knees in tepid puddle, and the intense rays of the sun render long hours of work impossible. In the Scottish Lothians, five permanent hinds and a steward, can manage a farm of three hundred acres ; in the lower valley of the Ganges, one man cannot cultivate more than six acres, and the average is five. The rice-crop and *petite culture* of Bengal therefore require ten times more ploughmen than cultivation on a large scale in this country. Even a small extension of agriculture gives work to a multitude of new laborers, and in 1866 the area of cultivation in Lower Bengal made unprecedented strides.

The division between labor and capital has taken place not less thoroughly in India than in England, although in a more cryptic form. An entire village often does not contain a single hired workman, but the whole of the villagers are nevertheless the servants of a single capitalist in as strict a sense as the inhabitants of the little colony which grows up around a cotton factory in Lancashire are the servants of the mill-owner. The village money-lender forms the basis of the rural industry of Bengal. The day-laborer agrees to do a piece of work for a certain sum. His wages do not come in till he completes his contract, and meanwhile the money-lender, who usually combines corn-dealing with banking, furnishes him with supplies. The artisan works on his own account, but as he has no capital either to buy his raw materials with, or to maintain himself during the process of manufacture, the money-lender's assistance must be obtained. The substantial peasant farms his ancestral acres, but the money-lender advances the seed for the ground, and a daily subsistence for the husbandman, to be repaid at harvest. In a word, the money-

lender supplies the capital, and the villagers supply the labor requisite for industrial enterprise. The petty rural bankers are a shrewd class of men. They foresaw that the scanty harvest of 1865 would render cultivation very profitable in 1866, and made their advances on an unusually liberal scale. Land that had lain so long fallow, that the little ridges between the fields were obliterated, was ploughed up, and four millions of eager husbandmen pushed cultivation up dry elevations, and deep into jungles, which had in more prosperous years lain waste. For this year even a meagre crop would be a profitable one. A low class of land, therefore, that in ordinary seasons did not pay the cost and risks of tillage, might be highly remunerative. Never had the September crop been so widely sown, and the least observant traveler could not help being struck with the boundless expanse of green that everywhere spread before him.

Wherever the Anglo-Saxon goes, he carries with him his respect for precedent. Throughout the scarcity it was deemed of the highest importance to know what measures had been adopted in previous dearths, and the Indian journals from time to time displayed considerable research in their comparisons between the present dearth and the famine of 1769. It did not appear that prices materially differed during the two calamities. Throughout the sea-board districts grain sold, during several months in 1866, at threepence a pound, and this seems to have been the maximum price reached in 1769-70. In several isolated places during both famines food was not to be procured at any prices. In both cases the rural population had flocked towards the great towns, and in 1866, as in 1769, many aged and diseased persons had sunk from exhaustion on the roads.

Here, however, the analogy ceased. Some of the measures for meeting the famine of 1866 had proved inefficient, but in 1769 no measures whatever had been taken. In 1769 the torrent of migration towards the cities had gone on unchecked. Hundreds of thousands had died upon the streets, and thousands had torn one another to pieces in the scramble for food at rich men's doors. In 1866 a series of relief-depots had been organ-

ized to act as breakwaters along the routes leading to the capital. Within a hundred miles of Calcutta, on the great north road, three immense hospices had been set up; one at Kaneegunge, one at Burdwan, and one at Hooghly. In order the more effectually to counteract the displacement of the population, a system was also organized for sending back paupers from Calcutta to their homes, charging their subsistence in the meanwhile partly to the relief committee of their district, partly to the central committee in the capital. But the most conspicuous difference was to be found in the state of agriculture. The famine of 1769 left one-third of the province waste. The uncultivated land speedily relapsed into jungle, the jungle soon teemed with tigers, and the human population, gradually driven in from the outlying parts, gathered together towards the centres of the districts. Every volume of the ancient manuscript records bears witness to the battle that raged between man and the wild beasts. In districts where not even a tiger can now be found, a still more formidable enemy, the wild elephant, roamed in herds from village to village, throwing down the houses, lifting off the roofs of granaries, trampling the crops, and crushing everything that opposed him. Even the charcoal-burners, who for generations had faced the tiger, fled before the rush of the wild elephant, and their forest hamlets appear in the revenue returns subsequent to 1770 as deserted. One magistrate on an official tour casually noticed that forty parishes (*purgunnahs*) had been depopulated by these animals; and a collector plainly told Sir John Shore that, unless their depredations were promptly checked, it would be impossible to collect the land-tax. The lieutenants in charge of the north road drew a certain allowance per mile for keeping it free from tigers, and throughout the districts in the vicinity of the metropolis, the sums disbursed to huntsmen for bringing in the heads of wild beasts formed an important item in the accounts of the local treasures.

In 1866, on the other hand, the first effect of the famine was greatly to extend cultivation. Square miles of arid country, which up to the spring of that year had borne nothing but sal-scrub, were

waving with rice-crops in August, and the prosperity of the husbandmen in the midst of the general distress afforded a plausible argument to the advocate of *petite culture*; for in order that the land might be cultivated, the cultivators had to be fed. The blessed difference between the present and former famines is, that a class of rural capitalists existed to feed them. In 1769 the husbandmen had died of starvation, and his land had gone out of tillage for want of seed; in 1866 money-lenders were anxious to advance food, landlords were willing to remit rents, on consideration of obtaining a share of the crop at harvest time.

Both calamities altered for a time the relation of agricultural labor to capital. The cultivator became a subject of competition. The famine of 1769 left more land than the remnant of the population could till. Landlords began to entice away tenants from their neighbors' estates. The husbandman could get land at a lower rent from the adjoining proprietors than from the proprietor on whose estate he lived. A numerous class of non-resident tenants developed, each collector espoused the cause of the land-holders within his own jurisdiction, and the mutual jealousies which resulted interrupted the execution of writs even during the firm administration of Lord Cornwallis. In the famine of 1866, the village capitalists thought it their interest to extend the area of tillage; the number of husbandmen did not increase with the increased demand for them, and agricultural labor found itself in a position to make its bargain with capital on improved terms.

In truth, the money-lenders had no choice but to support the husbandmen. The failure of the crops of 1865 had rendered it impossible for the cultivator to repay the advances of that year; the few sheaves that he reaped were hypothecated to the landholder for the rent; and the capitalist had the alternative of deserting the husbandman and writing off the advances of 1865 as bad debts, or of continuing to support him for another year, and taking the chance of having the whole repaid, with interest, out of the harvest of 1866.

After July prices gradually declined, but the distress rapidly increased. The

September harvest had become a matter of certainty; speculators knew it was useless to hold back on the contingency of higher prices in 1867, and poured their stores into the market. Yet the pauper population grew at a rate that baffled the calculations of the relief committees. Each of these bodies had submitted an estimate of the sum it would require from the public purse. The amount had been placed at its disposal, but many committees now found it necessary to apply for additional grants; and in one case the discrepancy between the estimated and the actual requirements proved so great, that a commissioner was specially deputed to inquire into the causes of the miscalculation. These causes are now clear. The rains had put a stop to most kinds of rural industry. Tank-digging became impossible, when the tanks were filled with ten feet of water. It was useless to work on embankments when the rain washed the earth down faster than it could be heaped up; and out of the question to attempt to clear lands on which a new crop of jungle would grow rank in a week. The impetus that the rains at first gave to husbandry had for a time more than compensated for the cessation of the other undertakings. But before the end of July the ploughing and transplanting had been finished, and the multitude of additional laborers to whom these processes had given employment were again adrift.

Pestilence also began to tell heavily upon the underfed population. The fevers which make their appearance annually at the end of the rains this year assumed a particularly virulent type. The laborer frequently ekes out his wages by boiling up a wild herb with his rice; but during the famine, while wandering about in search of work, he had eaten the herb raw, along with the parched grain which forms the viaticum of the poor Bengali. In July dysentery broke out and prepared the way for a yet more terrible disease. Cholera always lurks in the densely crowded lanes of a native town. At an early period in the course of the famine, the attention of the authorities was called to the necessity of strict sanitary precautions, precautions which, a few years ago, would have required the sanction of a special law, but for which

the municipal institutions that Sir Cecil Beadon has sown broad-cast over Bengal now afford ample machinery. The measures adopted proved successful. The large cities where the disease had been most dreaded, suffered least ; many of them, indeed, escaped altogether, while some of the rural towns in the neighborhood were decimated. Hundreds of families who might have supported themselves at home, fled from their villages and encamped under trees outside the relief-depots. Throughout the country, schools shut up, and the panic-stricken masters fled ; but not a single instance appears of a school within a municipality closing on account of the disease. In one large town that had not the advantage of municipal institutions, all business, public and private, ceased, the doors of the courts remained shut, and the surrounding villages were filled with refugees from the plague-stricken city.

Before the beginning of August the whole talent and energy of the governing body had gravitated towards the work of dealing with the famine. A magistrate of distinguished reputation was deputed, with several assistants, to the perilous operation of importing grain, during the south-west monsoon, into the sea-board districts, and many a robust young English constitution gave way amid the swamps of Lower Bengal and the solitary jungles of Orissa. The Revenue Board directed the whole relief operations from Calcutta, and found its authority taxed to the utmost in controlling the private inclinations of its local officers. Where no poor-laws exist charity is always a matter of sentiment. No one can help feeling strongly during a famine ; but those who feel most strongly will consider the utmost efforts of the Government niggardly, for no human efforts can altogether avert the inevitable suffering, while men of more moderate humanity will dwell upon the dangers of overdoing State relief. No local committee precisely coincided with the views of another, and indeed each committee consisted of two parties,—one tending to err on the side of benevolence, the other on the side of economy. Whether Government should or should not import rice, continued a matter of dispute till the end of the famine. Many argued

that the State could not bring in grain without striking at the root of private trade, and incurring the risk of a panic among the corn-dealers. To reduce the market rates, by cheap sales, in favor of those who would die if left to those rates, was a duty ; but to do so at the cost of the regular trader would be an injustice. In the end it would be better for Government to buy its rice at whatever rate happened to prevail in the local market, and to leave the internal transit of grain to the laws of supply and demand. The other side replied, that the very fact of a relief-depot having been opened had destroyed the natural operation of these laws, and that the only way by which Government could restore the equilibrium was by importing its own grain. State charity brought crowds of paupers from the surrounding country, and if the new-comers were fed out of the local stock of grain, prices would rise to an alarming height. Besides, the circumstance that a much wider difference existed between the local rates and the prices in the cities than the cost of transit explained, showed that the capital or the enterprise of the small country towns were unequal to the task of importing food. Government, by entering the local market as a large purchaser for its relief-depots, would increase this inequality, and produce an artificial scarcity. On the whole, the arguments for importation prevailed, and the committees bought their supplies in the cheapest markets.

At first the relieving-officers strictly discriminated between necessitous persons and impostors ; but before the end of July it became unsafe to refuse food to any applicant. Cholera made small distinction between the able-bodied and infirm pauper, so long as his stomach was empty. Most of the committees distributed boiled rice, but in a few localities it appeared better to give the uncooked grain. Each plan lay open to serious objections. The first failed to reach the most respectable classes who required charity ; the second proved ineffectual to relieve the multitude. The Sanscrit canon ordains observances with regard to meats and drinks, more numerous and more minute than all the precepts to be found in the last Four Books of Moses. If a Hindu eats rice which

has been cooked by a man belonging to a caste inferior to his own, or which, after cooking, has passed through such a man's hands, he becomes unclean, and can regain his position only by costly offerings. Some Brahmans, indeed, claim descent from ancestors of such quality that no breach of the ceremonial code can touch their inherent purity, and Anglo-Indians were recently amused by the vagaries of a young Bengali nobleman, who ate forbidden meats every evening and purified himself by the mere fiat of his will next morning. But to a respectable Hindu of the middle class, loss of caste has all the terrors that the Interdict had to the Parisian of the reign of Philip Augustus. Even in the jails of Bengal the authorities find it necessary to respect this prejudice, and each caste of felons has a cook for itself. Fortunately, the famine penetrated only a small way upwards among the respectable classes, but those that it did reach suffered much more intensely than the low-born laborer. The well-to-do artisan patiently bore the extremity of hunger rather than permit the boiled rice from the depot to pass his lips. His younger children, who had not been inducted into the caste, might frequent the enclosures, but his wife and grown-up sons were forced rigidly to abstain. Many of the adults got over the difficulty by flying to the cities and merging their individuality among the multitude of paupers; indeed it was no secret that even the Brahmans under such circumstances threw off all restraint; but to the very last, village opinion and ancient prejudice proved too strong for those that remained at home. The writer urged a family in the last stage of voluntary starvation to take advantage of the State charity. "What!" replied one of them who could not stand erect from weakness, "shall I eat the impure food in the presence of my wife and of my father?"

On the other hand, if unboiled rice had been distributed, a large proportion of the recipients would have devoured it raw. Most of them were too poor to buy fuel, and some had passed the boundary which divides extreme hunger from mania. Uncooked rice, particularly in stomachs irritated by long-continued fasting, brings on a fatal disease, and it seemed

better that the respectable few should endure their voluntary sufferings than that the multitude should die. A middle course existed, indeed, but it does not appear to have been anywhere adopted. The paupers had been classified with respect to their ability to work, they might also have been classified on a basis of caste. The majority consisted of day-laborers, who thankfully accepted food without asking through whose hands it had passed; for the minority, belonging to a more scrupulous rank of life, Brahman cooks might have been provided from the jails.

We have described the measures by which the classes whose earnings proved insufficient to procure their daily food were enabled to live through the famine; it remains to mention a few of the most conspicuous effects of the scarcity on the people at large. The population became visibly weaker. An extensive indigo-planter complained that although he gave his vat-men rations in addition to their daily wages, they were unable to beat the stalks with the necessary force, and left much of the dye unextracted. The trade in all manner of luxuries ceased, and the artisans whose business it is to produce them found themselves worse off than the unskilled laborer. Silk-weaving communities are numerous throughout the famine-stricken districts, and their beautiful fabrics were altogether unsaleable. A few of them obtained employment, through the relief committees, from benevolent firms in Calcutta, but many fled to the towns, and the money-lenders refused advances upon the implements of manufacture to those who remained; for if a weaver should eventually migrate, there was no one to take his place, and his loom became valueless. The most painful feature in the famine was the patient despair of these poor artisans.

Crime greatly increased. Throughout the famine every jail was filled to overflowing; huts had been erected first inside, then outside the walls, but these soon became unable to hold the multitude of prisoners, and a sort of convict camp had to be resorted to. Notwithstanding the increased number of guards, serious outbreaks took place, and the apprehension of a rush against the gates

grew so general that in several jails posts were driven into the ground in front of the outer doors. These precautions would have proved less successful than they did but for the Whipping Act. Certain offences may be punished either with imprisonment or flogging, and magistrates took advantage of the alternative to lessen as far as possible the pressure on the jails. Indeed, some Courts appear to have strained the meaning of the law. Rice stealing formed the most numerous class of offences, and theft is one of the crimes for which whipping may be awarded. But the Indian penal Code makes a distinction if several persons join together in order to steal, and robbery by a gang of five or more individuals is the most serious offence against property known to the law. Persons found guilty of this crime ordinarily receive a sentence of transportation; last year many of them escaped with a flogging. In several districts the criminal business became so heavy that additional judges had to be appointed, and the Sessions Courts held jail-deliveries for the first time during the great autumn festival of the Hindus.

Before the end of July the famine had developed a slave trade. Parents had ceased to be able to support their children, and they preferred selling them to seeing them starve. Such transactions have always been common in India during seasons of distress; indeed, John Shore, afterwards Lord Teignmouth, wrote to his wife, in a year when prices did not reach one-half the rates of 1866, that he was purchasing black babies every morning for a few shillings apiece. The buyers generally adopt the children, and with these transactions the law does not interfere; but there is always a proportion of them reserved for a worse fate. One of the many blessings which the transfer to the Crown has wrought for India is the abolition of Slavery. The last enactment of the Company on the subject distinctly recognizes the existence of slaves, and only forbids the Courts to give effect to contracts for their barter; the code that formed the first great legislative work of the Queen's Government in Bengal pronounced slavery of whatever form illegal. Notwithstanding the severe penalties attached to slave-

dealing, however, the nefarious trade revived during the scarcity of 1866. Infamous women went about buying up beautiful girls; in the capital and its suburbs, under the very eye of Government, eleven persons were said to be in prison at one time awaiting trial for the offence, and suspicions of conniving at, if not of actually patronizing the traffic, were mixed up with the name of a noble Mussulman family.

The number of unfortunates who died from hunger will never be accurately known. India wholly lacks the statistical machinery which has been so fruitful of salutary reforms in our own country. Even the official census is the result of an elaborate system of guessing, and many of its returns are ludicrously incorrect. No register is kept of births or deaths; and of the estimates promulgated with regard to the loss of life during the recent famine, one half are the mere conjectures of officials, the other half are the mere conjectures of journalists. The highest computation we have seen returns the deaths at one million, but it makes no attempt to discriminate between those who died from the effects of the famine and those whose death was the natural result of disease. If it include both, we are inclined, from personal observation, to consider it too low. The ordinary mortality of the twenty-seven million inhabitants of the famine stricken districts, amounts, at the death-rate prevalent in Lower Bengal, to seven hundred and fifty thousand, and the additional deaths brought about, directly and indirectly, by a year of famine, certainly exceeds the remaining two hundred and fifty thousand. If the estimate means that one million persons perished from the effects of the famine alone, it is too high. The town in Western Bengal where the mortality reached its climax was Raneegunge. It is situated close to the north road, and received the whole drift of the northern and western parts of Bengal proper and the adjacent hill-country. A depot had been established forty miles to the west, to stem the rush of the highland population, but cholera visited it so severely that the starving crowds endeavored rather to push on for Raneegunge. Raneegunge, too, was unfortunate in being the receptacle for

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all who broke down upon their pilgrimage from the upper provinces to Jagannath, or on the road from the west country to Calcutta. Many of the travelers perished by the wayside, and a still larger number reached Raneegunge in a stage of exhaustion at which relief comes too late. Some of them could not swallow, and died with the rice in their mouths; others could not retain food; and of many the digestive functions had ceased to act, and a hearty meal only hastened death. The magistrate in charge, a gentleman to whose untiring humanity the poor wayfarers from the northwestern districts owe much, stated that during a short time eighteen paupers perished every night in and around Raneegunge, and during several months, the average was probably not less than ten. The writer twice visited the town, and had an opportunity of classifying the victims. Sixty per cent. were lepers, and persons who had been suffering under scrofulous or chronic diseases not superinduced by hunger; of the remainder, the immediate cause of death was in general fever or an acute bowel-complaint. Very few seemed to have suffered the last pangs of starvation; and it is not too much to say, that of the unhappy sufferers, even in Raneegunge, one half would have died had there been no famine. Indeed, the general effect of the scarcity was rather to accelerate the death of diseased, and, in a political point of view, useless members of the community, than to increase the rate of mortality among the able-bodied laboring classes. Judging from personal observations made during three tours, at the beginning, about the middle, and towards the end of the famine, and from the uncertain official returns now before us, we would estimate that to the ordinary death-rate must be added five hundred thousand deaths caused or accelerated by the famine. Of these, three hundred thousand may be considered to have been accelerated, and two hundred thousand wholly caused, by want of food. Assuming the population of Lower Bengal to be thirty-five millions, and the death-rate to be two and a half per cent., the loss of life caused directly or indirectly by the famine amounts to one-seventieth of the whole inhabitants, and the effect upon the death-rate for the

year has been to raise it from eight hundred and seventy-five thousand to thirteen hundred and seventy-five thousand, or rather more than one half. The lowest computation of the deaths in 1769-70 shows a loss, not of one-seventieth, as in 1866, but of one fifth or one sixth part of the population.

That the famine did not reach above a low stratum of society, the progress of education in 1866 abundantly proves. One of the districts which suffered severely was Burdwan. The Maharajah, a lineal descendant of the prince of whom we have spoken in a former page, fed in the chief town alone from eight to nine thousand people every day, and a large proportion of the paupers were so emaciated that he found it necessary to provide hospitals, doctors, and medical comforts in order to keep them alive. The number of pupils in the four principal schools had increased from 878 in September 1865 to 994 in September 1866, showing an increase of 18 per cent. during the famine months. The quality of the education sought had increased in a still higher ratio. Boys had left the Maharajah's vernacular or lower class school to the number of 27, and gone to his Highness's upper class or English school, which exhibits 811 on the rolls in September 1866, against 683 in September 1865. The increase in higher-class education, therefore, had amounted to nearly 19 per cent. during the scarcity. In smaller towns, public instruction prospered in an equal degree. Mymaree, a village sixteen miles to the south-east of Burdwan, had suffered so severely that many of its inhabitants deserted their homes, and the district relief committee found it necessary to organize a rice-depot on the spot. Yet the pupils in the Mymaree English school had increased from 81 in September 1865 to 102 in September 1866, or more than 25 per cent., and the lower class vernacular school had increased by more than 12 per cent.

If the famine anywhere affected education, it would certainly have done so in Raneegunge and Bishenpore. The condition of the first town has already been described. In the midst of the general misery, the attendance on the Government school rose from 114 to 129, or

nearly 14 per cent., and the manager thought the time had come to raise the class of the education afforded. The case of Bishenpore was still more striking. This town, once the capital of Western Bengal, and the seat of a flourishing manufacture, had been converted into a pauper city. Its many-colored silks lay mildewed in the weavers' houses, the artisans had fled to Calcutta, and instead of the ceaseless rattle of the shuttle, stillness reigned in the streets. Those who remained were prevented by their caste from accepting relief at the depot, and shoals of diseased and dying creatures daily poured in from the adjacent hills and jungles. "Cholera has broken out here," wrote the relieving-officer in August, "and bids fair to exterminate the whole of Bishenpore." As the traveler entered the town, he passed through a belt of ground whitened with skulls. Macaulay relates, that after the carnage of Aghrim, the dogs acquired such a taste for human flesh that they fell upon living men. The same thing took place in Bishenpore during the famine, and the houseless paupers slept close to one another in groups for the purpose of mutual protection. Until 1866, Bishenpore possessed only one school. So backward was education, that even to this single institution Government had not ventured to apply the grant-in-aid system, but defrayed the whole charge itself. In 1866 two new schools were set up in and near Bishenpore by private individuals, the one an English, the other a vernacular institution, and were conducted successfully through the dearth. The English school-house had formerly been a temple, but now the idols were tumbled out into the yard, and the chambers filled with students of Euclid and Smith's History of Rome. Notwithstanding the numbers who flocked to the new institutions, the old Government school held its own. Forty-six boys were present in September 1866, against twenty-eight on the last open day of the previous September.

The truth is, that the few cases in which a respectable man was compelled to withdraw his children from school, were more than compensated by additions from families who had not hitherto sought education. For a famine, like a

war, is prolific of new men, and the first thing that a successful speculator in Bengal does is to send his children to school. The writer paid repeated visits to the relief depots in seven districts, and endeavored to make himself acquainted with the previous circumstances of the paupers. It was impossible to speak to every one in the throng, but as nearly as he could estimate, he came personally in contact with 5000 persons. Each of them had his tale of reverses, a tale which never suffered for want of a little coloring, but we did not meet with a single man who professed to have been in the position of a well-to-do shop-keeper, or of a substantial peasant, holding five acres, nor with a single woman who represented herself as the widow of such a man. Many of them said they had had land, but in very few instances had the quantity exceeded two acres, and nine-tenths of them were professional beggars, leprosy and maimed persons, cripples, day-laborers who eked out their wages by means of public charity, the wives and children of artisans who had deserted their homes, aliens from the starved hill-districts, pilgrims who had fallen sick on the high-road, and strays and waifs of various races who, through indolence or misfortune, had drifted into the rice-depots. It was essentially a proletarian famine.

An abundant harvest in September put an end to all apprehensions of another year of distress, and the work of sending back the laboring classes to their former homes and wonted avocations began. This, in order to be done safely, had to be done slowly, and even at the present day the pauper population presents grave difficulties.

The lesson of the scarcity of 1866 is, that a famine, like a pestilence, in order to be dealt with successfully, must be dealt with before its actual presence becomes felt. No specific has been discovered for cholera, but cholera has ceased to make the terrible ravages which it did on its first two raids through the country. We owe our comparative exemption from the epidemic less to medical skill during its visits than to the sanitary precautions which have been taken before it makes its appearance. Nor has

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any specific yet been discovered for a famine. State charity cannot, even in this country, reach a certain class of the poor, and not a year passes without some sad tale of death from starvation. But state charity in Bengal has to encounter two enemies unknown in England. Time and space are continually frustrating the efforts of the Government, and during the past year, while rice was offered to every one who would take it, half a million of people perished because they could not reach the depots in time. Food could be distributed from the Scilly Islands to the Orkneys in less time than it could be distributed through a single one of the five-and-thirty districts of Lower Bengal. The only remedy for a famine is the progress of civilization. As capital increases, as roads and railways penetrate the country, as irrigation works extend, famines will become more and more a thing of the past in India. The classes who suffered in 1866 were those whose earnings just sufficed in ordinary seasons to feed them on the cheapest kind of food. As wages rise, the style of living will rise with them, and the day-laborers of India, like the corresponding rank in England, will have some margin to fall back upon in times of scarcity. Orrissa, the part of the province on which the famine bore heaviest, is the part which is most isolated, and the only one in which the absence of a permanent arrangement for the land-revenue has kept the proprietors poor, and rendered agricultural improvements impossible. Orrissa, however, will shortly be placed on the same footing in this respect as the other districts; and the undertakings which render man independent of nature are making daily strides throughout Bengal. Before the next general failure of the crops, importation from Burmah and improved means of internal distribution will have made famine, in the terrible sense of the word, an impossibility, and a future generation will cite the five hundred thousand victims of 1866 as a proof of the low state of civilization which must then have prevailed.

WHATEVER may be the ultimate judgment formed of Comte's Philosophy, no one can doubt that it is destined to engage the best attention of several generations of thinkers. On this point at least friends and foes are pretty certain to be agreed. It is a vast structure right in the path of human progress, and whether it shall prove, as its friends assert, a magnificent causeway along which future generations of mankind may safely travel to yet unknown regions of truth and beauty; or, as its foes think, a huge obstruction which must laboriously be removed out of the way; both equally must admit that, in either case, it will occupy the energies of the best minds for a good while to come. Whatever is to be done with it, it can no longer be ignored. It is not only here in our midst, but, from the nature of the case, it is everywhere; along every line in which human thought can move, speculators, if they advance far enough, are sure to meet with it, and must either come to terms with it or overthrow it. For it is not a theory or generalization in some outlying province of investigation, but a philosophy which embraces all provinces. Now philosophies may be superseded. They are seldom or never refuted; in other words, they may be overturned by adherents from within; they do not capitulate to adversaries from without. A philosopher should look upon his ardent disciples, if they are able as well as ardent, as probably his worst foes. Who most successfully opposed Plato? Aristotle, "the mind of his school." Who gave the severest blow to Cartesianism? Spinoza, the most illustrious of Cartesians. Who brought Kant into disrepute? His disciple Fichte. When, at long intervals in the history of the world, minds of sufficient force and compass arise which are capable of taking stock of the philosophic ideas of their epoch, of projecting a vast synthesis which approximately covers the whole visible area of human

* *France under Richelieu and Colbert.* By J. H. Bridges, M. B. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

thought, the intellectual dynasty thus established has generally an easy victory over the partial antiquated systems which it supplants. It is when its authority is wide and supreme, when it undertakes to legislate *en maître* for the infinitely complex phenomena which go to form human nature, that its danger and insecurity really begin. Then it is that in some far distant and hitherto submissive satrapy a little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, sooner or later, is sure to gather, to grow larger and blacker with bodeful constancy, till it has at last overshadowed the heavens. And when the storm is over the old empire has passed away. So it will be, as we are led to think, with the philosophy of Comte. The world will have to submit to it before it can discard it; to pass through it before it can effectively reject it.

It is well known that in none of his speculations did Comte show the splendour of his genius so magnificently as in his conceptions of history. What Lavoisier was to chemistry, what Newton was to astronomy, that Comte was to the philosophy of history. Whatever modifications or additions may in the course of time be made with regard to his views, from them will always be traced the first luminous ray which lighted up the darkness and confusion of the past. The philosophy of history, as the term was understood in the last generation, had fallen into deserved disrepute by reason of its pretentious shallowness, and hopeless instability of conception and principle. It generally amounted to little more than going through the records of the past with a perpetual sneer on the lips, and a ceaseless self congratulation on the wisdom of "our enlightened age," as compared with the besotted ignorance of our wretched ancestors. This sort of thing passed away when the philosophy of the eighteenth century itself became discredited, and then the dramatic and pictorial historians—the Thierry's and Macauleys—came upon the scene. These quite rightly laid it down that it was desirable to understand the past before reasoning about it; that we had better see it clearly before explaining it philosophically; that the great points were accuracy of detail and truth of coloring, and that if these were duly attended to,

the philosophy of the subject might with some safety be left to take care of itself. That the dramatic historians did great service in their day, cannot be doubted. Their mistake lay in supposing that theory could be so early discarded that they themselves, among others, were not replete with theory, such as it was. The two illustrious writers just named showed this in the most striking light. One wrote a history full of ethnological theory, the other wrote one full of politico-Whig theory, and both are slowly passing away, in consequence, to the limbo of brilliant but untruthful pictures. Besides, it was felt that the dramatic historians were overdoing, and giving a little too much of a good thing. Life was too short to read the libraries of antique gossip, scandal, and intrigue which they offered for our perusal. And this local and historical coloring, and this masquerade of history, what did it all lead to? It was doubtless pleasant enough, in the hands of a clever writer, to have vivid scenes reproduced for one in which men in short cloaks, slouched hats, doublet and hose, were the picturesque actors; but it was clear that if these more or less elaborate studies in costume were all that history had to give us, many of the worst reproaches cast at it by its professed enemies were not unfounded. And amid all this sentimental partiality for the mere pageantry of the past, it would still recur to many minds to ask what was the meaning of it all? Whence arose the principles of change in the ever varied and marvellous scene disclosed to us looking down the vista of centuries? There we could see, not only men, but opinions and systems contending and prevailing. Why? The change was incessant; growth here, decay there. To what end? Over all these questions, over all this confusion and uncertainty, Comte's luminous conception of the three periods arose like the sun in his splendor, and the whole aspect of history is changed. The past lies behind us as a visibly connected organic whole, a vast drama of endless variety and numberless scenes, under all of which lies an essential unity of action and development. One of the most striking and important of these scenes Dr. Bridges has made the subject of the remarkable volume now before us—name-

ly, the political and philosophic part played by France in the seventeenth century.

The two great figures which occupy by far the greater portion of the author's picture are, as the title implies, Richelieu and Colbert. But, although the work is a model of fulness and compactness, and the policy of these statesmen is illustrated with a rare grasp both of detail and general principle, Dr. Bridges has no scruple in casting free glances, not only over contemporary history in other countries, but backwards and forwards also up to the Roman Empire in one direction, and down to the French Revolution in the other—tossing groups of nations and periods about in a way which will be utterly bewildering to the whole race of Dryasdusts, but which we hold to be perfectly legitimate, and full of sobriety as well as truth. He throughout proceeds upon two assumptions. The first, that European history between the fifth and the eighteenth centuries is essentially one history, which will not bear division, either chronological or geographical, if we would study it with profit. The second is that, between the limits just mentioned, a religion and a polity, both with accidental modifications common to all Western and Southern Europe, arose, culminated, and gradually fell; and the combined result of Christianity, Roman traditions and barbarian invasions, which we know by the names of Feudalism and Catholicism, had a period of growth and noble expansion, say up to the twelfth or thirteenth century, and that since that period they have had a lingering but inevitable decay; that this decay, equally with the previous growth, lay in the nature of things, and, while it might be varied, and here and there postponed, was not finally to be avoided. Thus the history of Europe, contemplated by the light of these two principles, especially of the last, in spite of its multi-form complexity and change, is at once shot through with a thread of unity and intelligible sequence. A clear idea is afforded, not only of the starting-point left behind, but of the goal as well to which human affairs are, and have been, constantly tending. We learn to perceive that the changes and revolutions in Church and State have not been solely or chiefly the work of malignant rebels

bent on destroying public order for their own selfish purposes, but the result of immense forces having their seat in the profoundest depths of human nature itself. We thus get a criterion by which the actions of men and the working of institutions may be judged with some degree of equity and reason. The sectarians who have hitherto for the most part monopolized history deal out their praise and blame either at random, as the fit takes them, or else on the easy assumption that their own party or clique, whatever it may be, was always in the right, and its adversaries always wrong. And thus the great men of the past are alternately fiends or angels, according to the politics or church of the writer who paints them. History so written becomes a mere vehicle for vituperation and party spleen. But what is it we mean when we assert, for instance, that Philip II., on the one hand, was a reactionary king, and Henry IV. was a progressive one on the other? It is clearly not a mere expression of personal predilection, but manifestly a fact, about which the partisans of neither can have any doubt. It is a fact that Philip did his utmost to stop the course which human affairs had taken in his time, and have continued to take ever since. It is a fact, on the contrary, that Henry did precisely the reverse, and presciently prepared to welcome and assist the advent of the new order of things which he saw the future had surely in store. And so, without a tinge of partisanship, we may estimate the value and characters of the two men. The one was for the modern era, the other against it; the one worked, as Mr. Carlyle would say, in accordance with veracity and fact, as the issue sufficiently proves; the other devoted himself to a phantom of the past, which he vainly, fatuously, and cruelly strove to realize in the present. May we not, after such a probation, call the one great and the other little; the one good and admirable, the other hateful and contemptible? In a word, have not we here got a very fair working criterion by which to estimate the characters of history?

Dr. Bridges has contented himself with indicating, in bare yet bold outline, the progress of the great social forces which, starting from the thirteenth century,

gradually undermined both Feudalism and Catholicism. Up to the date just named, both Feudalism and Catholicism had grown and expanded with unabated vigor and life. The spiritual supremacy of the Popes waxed ever stronger and stronger. Good men and clear-headed men alike felt that the Papal power was salutary, elevating—was friendly to their best and deepest interests—to be supported, and even fought for, if need were. Then slowly came a great change. In the Universities of England, France, and Italy, men of leisure and meditation were reflecting and comparing. The Church frowned. She was ceasing to be a mother, and preparing for her future character of harsh step-dame. Whereupon men thought and compared only the more. The Church, it now appeared, was willing to be your friend only on conditions—harsh, tyrannical conditions; among others, that you ceased thinking, that you ceased caring for truth, unless it were her truth. She was your friend, not solely or chiefly because you were pure, devout, and aspiring; unless, besides all this, you were prepared to take her word and authority for everything, and suppress and eradicate your love of truth as an evil passion, as a lust of the flesh which would imperil your soul. That love of truth was clearly likely to imperil her supremacy became more and more evident; that it was devilish and damnable, less and less so. Side by side with this spiritual revolution an analogous one was taking place in the secular world of feudalism. Feudalism, of which so much evil is often inconsiderately spoken, was once a very noble and beautiful thing, infinitely superior to the hard, glittering, social systems of Greece and Rome. The ideal of the knightly character—an ideal more than once approximately reached, as in the exquisitely lovely nature of St. Louis of France, or in the less known instance of Count Theobald of Champagne, the friend of St. Bernard—was an ideal far beyond the conception of the haughty oligarchs and aristocrats of the ancient world, and to this day retains a perfume of grace and comeliness. But feudalism also was degenerating—was not only degenerating, but was being gradually superseded.

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The growth and wealth of the communes or free towns in France, but more especially in rich and thriving Flanders, was showing men that there was something better for them in the world to do than slaving and fighting for a feudal suzerain. At the battle of Courtrai, the sturdy burghers of Bruges and Ghent made it clear to the prancing nobles of France that townsmen and artisans could not only work better, but also fight better, than their aristocratic oppressors. And this silent but ceaseless revolution in things secular and spiritual has been going on without interruption. The fragments of Catholicism, the fragments of feudalism which still exist here and there, are seen, by all who have eyes, to be gradually melting away with the progress of science and of industry. Whatever may be in store for us in the illimitable future, the abolition of aristocratic privilege and dogmatic orthodoxy is clearly the immediate goal to which we are tending.

But assuming now as sufficiently proved that the advent of the modern era—the principles of '89, as Dr. Bridges, following French writers, is pleased to call it—was certain and inevitable, it is still manifest that the outward form and circumstance of that advent was to some extent a matter of choice and forethought, a matter in which large and noble statesmanship might take a single part. The principles of '89 were sooner or later certain to triumph, they were in the past as the oak is in the acorn; if the world went on, they were inevitable. But the mode of their triumph was evitable, was controllable. At the opening of the seventeenth century this point was undecided, lay in the remote future. Would the incipient decay of Catholicism and feudalism then in progress be wisely assisted, wisely directed, by statesmanship competent to the task, or would it be vainly yet disastrously delayed and impeded? Would the successive steps leading to the destined end be taken slowly and deliberately one by one, or would they all be deferred to be taken at one terrific leap? Would the change be gradual, peaceable? would the excision of the old be slow yet constant, each month and year bringing its small instalment of substituted new, or would it all

be reserved for one universal crash amid the shaking of nations? In a word, was the Revolution to come as we know it, or in a more mild and benignant form? These questions summon Richelieu, Mazarin, Colbert, and Louis XIV., the four chief characters in Dr. Bridges's book, on the historic scene. And if we apply the principles above enunciated to the public policy of these prominent actors in European history, we arrive at this result—namely, that Richelieu was a true precursor of the Revolution, of the peaceful Revolution, of the Revolution as we do not know it, in that he aimed at and did much to advance (1) religious toleration; (2) abolition of aristocratic power and privilege; (3) peaceful industry; (4) the unity and consolidation of France as a nation. That Mazarin continued his foreign, and Colbert his domestic, policy, while Louis XIV., in the larger portion of his reign, succeeded in undoing the work of all three, and thus stands before history as the remote but indubitable author of the Revolution as we do know it—the Revolution of September massacres, noyades, and guillotine.

Into the very able and luminous dissertations in which Dr. Bridges propounds and illustrates his views, we have no intention to enter. It is too terse for compression, too round and harmonious to be exhibited by extract. We will content ourselves with remarking that he appears, in our humble opinion, to be very largely endowed with the best and rarest qualities of a great historian. The exceptional elevation of his point of view; the sweep and comprehensiveness of his historical survey; the breadth and calmness, not only of his style and language, but of his entire conception and treatment; and, with one or two exceptions to be presently noticed, the magnanimous candor and impartiality of his judgments, cannot fail to win for him a high place in the opinion of those who love and reverence genuine history. He unites two very uncommon and opposite gifts—namely, great command of cold philosophical deduction and unimpassioned application of principles, with a keen interest in human character and emotion, and a most sensitive spontaneous sympathy with the good and the heroic wherever displayed. The reminis-

cence of a great name or of a noble action at once flushes his style with a deep glow of fervor and admiration; grandeur and devotion of mind kindle instantly in him a responsive and appreciative enthusiasm. He has a *genius* for history.

And now we feel it incumbent on us to confess that there are certain portions of Dr. Bridge's work which are pretty certain to excite opposition, not only from the uncandid adversaries of his master's philosophy, but also from many who are anxious to do that philosophy, and Dr. Bridges also, all the justice they can. We take exception, in the first place, to his inordinate estimate of the greatness and originality of Richelieu's genius. In his third lecture he says:—"Richelieu's grasp of the situation was indeed far larger, if not more noble, than that of the Swedish hero. Gustavus was inspired, as Cromwell after him, by something of the enthusiasm of the Protestant crusader. Richelieu, Cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church, was devoted to the interest of neither sect. His policy was simply occidental. I use the word in its double sense of contrast. His policy was occidental, as opposed on the one hand to a policy purely national, and as opposed also to a policy exclusively Catholic or Protestant." In this remark a cosmopolitan turn of mind is ascribed to Richelieu, which he was very far from possessing. No French statesman ever lived who cared more for French glory, French interests, French prestige and importance. He said that the reverses of France "killed" him, while her successes gave him life. Provided an officer or subordinate of his were a "bon Français," a phrase the Cardinal often used, he cared but little what else he was. That his national pride and ambition were very far-sighted, and had nothing vulgar or Napoleonic about them, we readily acknowledge. But this, we take it, is not what Dr. Bridges means by occidental statesmanship. Again, his Protestant alliances, and the European equilibrium which he labored to bring about, are adduced as proofs of a wonderful sagacity and political foresight. That Richelieu was sagacious no one will question, but where is the marvel that a great secular statesman should be chiefly actuated by secular motives in the choice

of his alliances? Richelieu had powerful adversaries in Spain and Austria, and felt that without Protestant aid he had but an indifferent prospect of getting the better of them. He accordingly co-operated with Gustavus and other Protestants. Dr. Bridges thinks this conduct shows a singular emancipation from the prevalent religious narrowness of the age. But even such a poor creature as Francis I., a century previously, had been equal to a similar reach of liberal statesmanship. He promised to assist the Protestant princes who formed the league of Smalkalde, that he would do his best to "les secourir à son pouvoir sans rien épargner." And further, as regards the balance of power, which Richelieu beyond all question did much to promote, it is clear that the treaties and alliances which were so often made and broken between Charles V., Francis I., and Henry VIII., proceeded upon a crude and rudimentary conception of such an equilibrium which could not fail to be expanded and completed as time wore on. The whole pith of the matter amounts to nothing more profound than this, that it is salutary and politic for the smaller and weaker members of the European system to unite against any one over-grown Power which might be ready to play the tyrant over the rest. It proceeds on a supposition, in fact, which is not altogether ignored or neglected in the relations and the play-grounds of ingenuous youth.

But this point of difference with Dr. Bridges is quite of trivial importance compared with those which follow. We refer to his treatment and estimate of Constitutional government, and the view he takes of the historical position justly occupied by Protestantism in the development of modern Europe. Against the former Dr. Bridges brings no regular charge, he does not state at any length the objections to which he considers it open; but he emits a succession of sneers surprising to no one who is acquainted with his master's writings, but which we venture to think out of harmony with the tone of candor and dignity which distinguishes the rest of his book:

"The practical government of France [he says] has been a strong centralized monarchy

administered by middle-class officials. The practical Government of England has been an equally strong local aristocracy, administered by aristocratic officials. Popular consent to taxation during the last three centuries has been the rule in neither, as in England assuredly it is not the rule now. And whether the Government be a united monarchy or a commercio-feudal aristocracy, whether the millions be governed by the thousands or be governed by one, would seem to be to the millions, however it may seem to the thousands, a matter of but secondary importance."

It is painful to find a writer of such rare elevation and moderation as Dr. Bridges condescending to so captious and prejudiced a style as this. That many points in French life and national organization contrasts favorably with their analogues in England, no well-informed person will hesitate for a moment to admit. But that, of all things, French bureaucracy and fiscal arrangements should be selected as topics on which to establish a comparison very slightly, if at all, to our advantage, is what could hardly have been expected. Does Dr. Bridges really think that the chief difference between English and French officials is, that in the one country they are taken from the middle-class—in the other, from the upper class? Does he really think an army of functionaries—reckoned by some to number upwards of 800,000 paid agents of the government—does not constitute a heavy incubus on the country which supports it? That country is France. Does Dr. Bridges really think that, whatever may have been our financial improvidence and shortcoming, we have had no more effective control over our Budgets than the French have had over theirs? Does he think that we should endure a growing deficit in time of peace with the equanimity which they at this moment display? Again, our author tells us that Richelieu did not summon the States-General, and hints pretty broadly that, like a sensible man, he did not trouble himself to adopt any "form whatever of elective representation." It is easier to say that Richelieu did not do so than to show that it would not have been fortunate for him and for France had he been able or willing to adopt some form or other of elective representation." On this point not only the facts, but the whole moral,

of Dr. Bridge's book may be adduced against him. What is his main thesis? Why this, that a peaceful revolution, a peaceful introduction into the modern era was possible for France had the wise policy of Richelieu, Mazarin, and Colbert been persisted in. But it appears that Louis XIV. was "fatally inferior" to Richelieu, and that everything went wrong in consequence. Fatal inferiority in your despot, when you most of all need superiority, is just one of those fatal weaknesses to which absolute monarchy is peculiarly liable. But it is odd to see a thinker like Dr. Bridges sighing over "might have beens." However, it is competent to us to point to what has been and is, and to remark that, with all her aristocracy and landlordism, England just precisely succeeded in doing what France failed to do—to introduce the modern era peacefully, without the universal holocaust of her traditions and political continuity to which the country of Richelieu was ultimately driven.

With regard to Protestantism and its historical position, we venture to think that Dr. Bridges is still more unjust. Both he and Comte seem to be deserted of their usual candor and impartiality when they speak of the Reformation and its results. Comte was fond of congratulating himself and France on her "having escaped the delusive and treacherous stage of Protestantism." Into the general question we cannot enter on this occasion. The pith of Dr. Bridge's reasoning is that Protestantism stood in the way, not only of Richelieu and his schemes of centralization, but also interfered with the political and spiritual emancipation of the French nation. The refractory and unpatriotic nobles were its great patrons, and it could only have prevailed in France at the cost of "a new impulse which would be given to feudalism." Now even Mr. Buckle, whom Dr. Bridges rather tamely follows, in much that he says of the Reform movement, might have taught him better than this. It lies on the face of the history of those times that the nobles were deserting the Protestant cause with undisguised alacrity throughout the first period of Louis XIII.'s reign. The numerous conversions to the dominant religion

sufficiently prove this. The great Assembly which gathered at Rochelle, and which eventually gave Richelieu a useful pretext for demolishing that stronghold of Calvinism, was openly denounced and neglected by the aristocratic members of the party. And when later, in 1632, Henry of Montmorency raised his revolt in Languedoc, he found favor and support among Roman Catholic bishops, none among the Protestant clergy and laymen. Mazarin, who was in a good position to know, declared that he had no fault to find with the *petit troupeau*, the little flock of Protestants. It is clear that, to whatever dangers of a feudal reaction France might have been exposed in the beginning of the seventeenth century, Protestantism contributed but little to them. Again, if it be true, as asserted by Dr. Bridges, that by the triumph of Protestantism in France "the progress of French thought would have been hampered, and the great philosophic movement of the last century, culminating in the French Revolution, would have been seriously retarded"—if the reformed faith was really such an impediment in the pathway of all progress, political and intellectual—how comes it to have been so wise in Richelieu to lend it the helping hand he so often did? Dr. Bridges holds it as one of its titles to admiration that politically he held the balance so evenly between the two faiths. But this was in effect to "hamper the progress of French thought," to "retard the great philosophic movement of the last century." One thing is clear, that if the reactionary powers of Spain and Austria wanted opposing—and no one is more convinced than Dr. Bridges that they did—then the historical value of Protestantism is amply vindicated, for without it most certainly they could not have been opposed.

Chambers's Journal.

If we examine the time-books of our trunk railways, we shall find in some of them a distinct statement that Greenwich time is kept "on this railway and all its branches;" in others, in which no simi-

lar notice occurs, the same rule is by universal consent followed: indeed, if uniform time were not thus kept, it would be an extremely difficult task to regulate safely the great number of trains which daily travel with varying speed over many of our principal lines, some of which must wait at definite points, while others, which run quicker, pass. With uniform time, indeed, the safe working of our crowded lines is a problem sufficiently difficult, and we can hardly conceive how much these difficulties would be increased were we to revert to the system of our forefathers, in which each place kept its own local time. Bradshaw is already confusion to many, but Bradshaw with local time would be inexplicable to all.

But the reader may ask, what is "Greenwich time?" and what "local time?" and why does Greenwich time possess such peculiar value over that of any other place as to cause it to be, so to say, at a premium? And what is "mean time?" These matters we will endeavor simply to explain.

The sun, as everybody knows, determines what we call day and night, on account of the alternate light and darkness; the daily return of the sun is therefore used as our ordinary measure of time. Two kinds of solar time are of necessity employed—*true solar time* and *mean solar time*. But why two kinds of solar time? Because true solar time cannot be conveniently used in practice, as we will explain. We must premise that true solar time at any place is such as is furnished by a sun-dial; or more accurately, at noon, by noting when the shadow of a perpendicular line or rod falls due south (the true north and south line being supposed to be known), that instant being noon—true solar time. Now, let a clock at any place be set with the sun on, say April 15. Suppose the clock to go uniformly and accurately for a year, then about the same day of the year following, the clock and sun will again be together. But will they have been together throughout the intervening year? Only on three occasions—about June 14, August 31, and December 24. At all other times, the sun will have been either somewhat before or somewhat behind the clock, the greatest deviations being fourteen and a half minutes in February, and a little more

than sixteen minutes in November; the sun being after the clock at the former time, and before it at the latter time. The difference is caused by inequality in the motion of the sun.* That old Sol is unsteady in his course may be new to some persons; but so it is; and as it would be extremely inconvenient to make our clocks keep with the sun throughout the year, and as the inequalities are comparatively small, we, in practice, neglect them altogether; and thus comes *mean solar time*, or *mean time*, that used in the daily business of life, as distinguished from *true solar time*, which agrees with *mean* or *clock time* only on four days of the year, at the times previously mentioned. The difference between the two for each day is generally given in all almanacs of repute, in a column usually headed "Clock before the Sun," or "Clock after the Sun" as the case may be. Ingenious men have in ages past constructed clocks, styled "equation clocks," to keep time with the sun; but they can be considered as little more than curiosities, and not likely ever to come into general use, could they be made ever so perfect.

We have now to consider the distinction between *Greenwich time* and *local time*. The sun, as any one can see, travels through the sky from east to west. Evidently, therefore, to all places situated on a supposed north and south line, it will be noon, or one o'clock, or two o'clock, &c., at the same instant. Thus, when it is noon at Greenwich, it is also noon at all places directly north or directly south of Greenwich; and similarly for other hours; or, in other words, the local time at all such places will be the same as Greenwich time. And manifestly, as the sun comes from the east, it will be noon at all places east of our imaginary north and south line, before it is noon at Greenwich; correspondingly, at all places to the west of the same line it will be noon

* Strictly speaking, we should say motion of the earth, but it is convenient to speak of it as motion of the sun just in the same way as when traveling on a railway, we say (erroneously), how quickly this or that object flies past, when it is ourselves that is in motion. We may take the advantage of a note further to explain that the inequality spoken of due to two causes: one is the varying motion of the earth in its orbit round the sun; the other, the inclination of the axis on which the earth turns to the same orbit.

after it is noon at Greenwich; that is to say, local time precedes Greenwich time for all places to the east, and follows Greenwich time for all places to the west. The greater the distance of the place from Greenwich east or west, the greater will be the interval by which the local time will precede or follow that of Greenwich. Places due north or south of each other have the same local time; thus, Liverpool local time is the same as Newport (Mon.) local time, both following Greenwich by twelve minutes. The distinction between local time and Greenwich time enables us to explain also the term *longitude*. The difference of longitude between any two places is merely the difference of their local times, and the longitude of any place is thus its difference in time from some point fixed on as standard. The selection of a place of reference is altogether arbitrary, and in each capital city is usually adopted. The English count from Greenwich, the French use Paris, and similarly in other countries. Thus we see that Greenwich having long been the point from which longitudes were counted by the English, Greenwich time naturally came to be that universally adopted when the necessity for uniform time arose.

Before the introduction of railways, every town and village in the kingdom kept its own local time. Any person traveling in those days eastward or westward through the country, and carrying a good watch, would find it gradually vary more and more from the time shown by the clocks in the districts through which he passed; and this geographical difference, combined with the real errors of the clocks, which were often extravagant, caused a state of things such as we could not tolerate now. On the establishment of railways, any attempt to work them by local time could only lead to useless complication, for in running from London to Bristol there would be a difference of ten minutes. Greenwich time was therefore employed, and gradually towns in the vicinity of railways also adopted Greenwich time, although at some places the "innovation" was opposed for a considerable period. At last, however, the use of Greenwich time came to be universal. In Ireland, Dublin time is employed. This makes a discordance between English and Irish time (English

being earlier than Irish by twenty-five minutes). Travelers coming from Ireland should bear this in mind: in going to Ireland the difference is of less consequence, as the only inconvenience would be, that in carrying English time we should be always too soon. In the same way in crossing the Channel, French time (that is, Paris time) is nine minutes later than English time. The boundary of a country, and especially of an island, forms a convenient margin at which to take a new standard, as uniform time could not be used with advantage over a very large tract of country, at least not if a country extended a considerable distance eastward and westward, because in distant parts the relation between hour by the clock and hour by the day would be partially destroyed. A small inequality does really exist in England on account of using Greenwich time, but it is trifling, and no practical inconvenience ensues.

Having explained the distinction between *true solar time* and *mean solar time* or *mean time*, at any one place, and also the distinction between *Greenwich mean time* or *Greenwich time* and *local time*, we will now consider how, principally, the clocks on railways are kept right. Let us mention here that *Greenwich mean solar time*, *Greenwich mean time*, *Greenwich time*, and (in England) *railway time*, are synonymous terms. Now, time is most accurately and regularly obtained in fixed astronomical observatories. The standard points of reference to an astronomer are the fixed stars, as the positions of the principal stars are well known. The time of being due south, or, as it is called, the "time of southing," of any one of them, being observed by the "transit instrument" the difference between the observed time and the time given in the *Nautical Almanac* is the error of the astronomer's clock. The clock used for such observations is a sidereal clock, one that keeps time with the stars, the length of the star or sidereal day being different from (and shorter than) that of the solar day.* Theer-

* On account of the advance daily made by the earth in its orbit round the sun, and the great distance of the nearest of the stars as compared with the distance of the sun, it takes a longer time for any point on the earth's surface to turn (by the motion of the earth on its axis) from the sun again to the sun, than it does to turn from any given star again to the same star.

ror of the sidereal clock being thus found, it is mere matter of calculation (by the same indispensable aid, the ever necessary *Nautical Almanac*) to ascertain the error of the mean-time clock. The astronomer being compelled to obtain correct time at every opportunity, for his own use, in order to be able to record with accuracy the instant at which any phenomenon that he may observe takes place, nothing is more natural than that he should willingly dispense to the public, for their benefit, that which he must, so to say, keep on hand. By connecting any such observatory to the electric telegraph system, this can be done to any extent. The observatories which have given greatest facilities in this way are, so far as we know, those of Greenwich and Liverpool in England, and Edinburgh and Glasgow in Scotland.

The distribution of time from Greenwich is very extensive. There is in the observatory at that place a clock which is kept showing exact Greenwich time, and this clock once each hour automatically indicates the time by telegraph to various points in London. One place at which time is thus received is the principal office of the Electric and International Telegraph Company; and in their office is a time-distributing apparatus, or "chronopher," the function of which is to distribute in many directions the signals received from Greenwich. A grand distribution is made at 10 a. m. every day. The instrument so alters the connections of a great number of provincial wires used in the ordinary telegraphic work, that the Greenwich signal at that hour causes signals instantaneously to pass out on all these wires, indicating the time simultaneously at places north, south, east and west, to the extreme ends of the kingdom. All this is done certainly and promptly, entirely by automatic means. In this way, clocks on railways and in distant parts of the country become regulated, the town and village clocks being in their turn rectified by the neighboring railway clocks.

The part played by the observatories of Liverpool, Edinburgh, and Glasgow in the work of time-distribution, differs from that in operation at Greenwich, the signals furnished by the observatories at those places being used principally for

the control of clocks in the neighboring districts. Greenwich time is of course used. We may just say that, suppose at Edinburgh, Edinburgh time has been found by astronomical observation, the known difference between Edinburgh and Greenwich time is then allowed for, and the Greenwich time so found is that given to the public. Now, before making special reference to what is doing in the way of controlling clocks in the places mentioned, we will speak further of the plan itself, as it is one likely to be of very considerable use, and well deserves to be generally known. Some years ago, when galvanism first began to be of practical use to mankind, ingenious mechanicians invented systems for working clocks by use of this power alone, doing away with the customary weight or spring. We may instance the clocks of Bain and Wheatstone as among the earliest contrivances of this kind. Such clocks required only a simple train of wheels; they did not want winding up, and would go as long as the galvanic battery endured. It began to be supposed that a great advance had been made. In course of time, however, it was by universal consent allowed, that to depend entirely upon galvanic power was an unnecessary refinement at the best, if not indeed a mistake; the disadvantages (which need not be entered into here) outweighed the advantages, and galvanic clocks came into bad repute. The most valuable horological use of the power had not then been discovered—that of using it as an auxiliary only. But plans for its employment in this way began to be proposed, the most notably successful being one patented by a Mr. R. L. Jones about ten years ago. It consists as follows: Taking an ordinary wind-up clock, with seconds pendulum, the bob of the pendulum is removed, and a galvanic coil substituted. The coil is similar to a bobbin or reel of cotton, supposing the cotton to represent copper-wire, insulated, so that the successive turns of the wire shall not touch each other: the coil is fixed with the hollow horizontal. Now, if we set the clock going, it will still accumulate error as before. But let it be placed in telegraphic connection with some distant clock from which a galvanic current is received at each second

of time, so that the current received shall circulate through the wire of the coil. While the current is passing, and no longer, the coil possesses magnetic properties, and such action is produced between it and a permanent steel magnet fixed to the clock-case, and on to which the hollow of the coil swings at each vibration, that whether the clock be inclined to loose or gain on the standard clock, it will, by the magnetic action, be either accelerated or retarded as necessary, and maintained in perfect harmony with the standard clock, which has, so to say, merely to *guide* it, just as a man may steer, though he does not propel, a large ship. The first public application of the plan was made in the year 1857 to the clock of the townhall, Liverpool, which was adapted for control, and connected with a clock in the Liverpool Observatory. It had previously caused great inconvenience by its irregular performance; but since the commencement of the new system, the Liverpool merchants have had the satisfaction of possessing a clock, the first blow of the hammer of which, at each hour, is true to a second of time. The system has been extended in Liverpool, and since adopted both in Edinburgh and Glasgow. At the latter place, it has been taken up in a remarkable manner. Not only are three large public clocks (including the clock of St. George's Church) controlled from a standard clock in the Glasgow Observatory, but also numerous smaller clocks, showing time to seconds, and situated in different parts of the city; and the system is to be extended, or perhaps now is extended, to the Clyde, for the benefit of the shipping.

At Edinburgh, the plan is used for a novel purpose. Some years ago, the citizens of Edinburgh determined to establish a gun which should be fired every day at the instant of one o'clock Greenwich time. Now, close to the gun (which is at the Castle), there is placed a clock, which discharges the gun by releasing, at the proper instant, a weight, which acts upon the friction-fuse of the gun. This clock must evidently be kept right, and this is done by the plan of which we have spoken. The clock is controlled by another placed within the Edinburgh Observatory, and the daily

firing takes place with the greatest certainty and accuracy. The citizens of Edinburgh may congratulate themselves on having led the way in the establishment of so useful a public monitor, for, as connected with the subject, we may further mention that time-guns have since been set up at Newcastle and Shields. These guns are fired by galvanic current from the observatory at Greenwich: the fuse here employed is a chemical fuse; that is to say, it is one *ignited* by the galvanic current, and it acts rapidly and well. The reports of the time-guns may be heard at a considerable distance. To take time from them with accuracy, however, it is necessary to allow four and a half seconds for each mile the observer is distant from the gun, on account of the time taken by sound to travel the intervening space. And similary for any *sound* signal. If the *flash* of the gun can be seen, no allowance is necessary, as light travels through any such distance in an infinitesimally small fraction of a second. Perhaps the following anecdote concerning the Newcastle gun may be new to some readers. One day, a coal-miner from some distant part of Durham, who had never heard of such things as time-guns, was passing across Newcastle Bridge, when he was startled by the sudden roar of the gun just above him. Amazed, he asked a passenger "what that was," who replied that it was "one o'clock." "One o'clock!" exclaimed the miner; "I'm very glad I was not here at twelve."

It is impossible to overrate the advantage of a reliable knowledge of exact time in all great centres of industry; and yet, although time passes daily through London to many parts of the country, the people of London have (with one exception) few clocks on which they can implicitly rely. The exception—and a notable one—is the Great Clock in the New Palace at Westminster; for although so costly a production, it turns out, as respects performance, to be perhaps the finest clock of the kind in the world. In the controlled clocks of which we have spoken, nothing depends on the goodness or badness of the clocks themselves, as they are kept accurately to time by the guiding power of the respective observatory clocks. But the West-

minster clock is not controled by any other, and has thus to depend on its own merits. Telegraphic communication with Greenwich exists for the purpose of enabling the clock to report automatically its state every day to the Astronomer-royal; the Greenwich record, therefore, demonstrates the goodness of the machine. It is not allowed to deviate more than two seconds from true time, and we are told in one of the Astronomer-royal's Reports, that "the rate of the clock may be considered certain to much less than one second per week." When we consider what is the duration of a second of time, and that such a large machine* is able to perform for a week within that limit, we may well marvel at the result, proving as it does the advance made in horological art. The people of London admit the goodness of the standard; and at the clubs, &c. Westminster time is now, by universal consent, adopted as the representative of Greenwich. But this is not sufficient for all London; and it is to be regretted that what has been done in some of our northern cities does not incite the citizens of London to follow so good an example, one, indeed, which might be also imitated with advantage in many of our large towns.

To railways, and their attendant telegraphs, is the improvement so far made in the system of time-keeping in the kingdom due. Wheresoever they penetrate, correct time should be easily attainable; and in our days, when we live so fast, and can scarcely stem the current of our daily work, an exact knowledge and an economical use of so important an element is not to be disputed. We trust, therefore, that our endeavor to show, in a familiar way, what has so far been accomplished, will be acceptable to our readers, if only as illustrating the benefit arising from cooperation. The astronomer, possessing a knowledge of that which is so useful to mankind, has not the means of promulgating that know-

ledge. The electrician, on the other hand, cannot vie with the astronomer in his vocation, but possesses facilities for disseminating that knowledge to the world; and by mutual good-will mainly do the systems which we have described exist. May such combinations ever continue to flourish and extend!

Macmillan's Magazine.

SOME NOTES UPON THE CHARACTERS
IN SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY OF
MACBETH.

BY FANNY KEMBLE.

MACBETH is pre-eminently the Drama of Conscience. It is the most wonderful history of temptation, in its various agency upon the human soul, that is to be found in the universal range of imaginative literature. Viewed in this aspect, the solemn march of the tragedy becomes awful, and its development a personal appeal, of the profoundest nature, to every one who considers it with that serious attention that its excellence as a work of art alone entitles it to command. To every human soul it tells the story of its own experience, rendered indeed more impressive by the sublime poetry in which it is uttered; but it is the truth itself, and not the form in which it is presented, which makes the force of its appeal; and the terrible truth with which the insidious approach of temptation—its imperceptible advances, its gradual progress, its clinging pertinacity, its recurring importunity, its prevailing fascination, its bewildering sophistry, its pitiless tenacity, its imperious tyranny, and its final hideous triumph over the moral sense—is delineated, that makes Macbeth the grandest of all poetical lessons, the most powerful of all purely fictitious moralities, the most solemn of all lay sermons drawn from the text of human nature.

In a small pamphlet, written many years ago by Mr. John Kemble, upon the subject of the character of Macbeth, and which now survives as a mere curiosity of literature, he defends with considerable warmth the hero of the play from a charge of cowardice, brought against him either by Malone or Steevens

* The clock-frame, carrying the various trains of wheels, &c. is 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, and 4 feet 7 inches wide; the pendulum, which makes one vibration in two seconds, weighs between 6 and 7 hundred-weight; the dials, of which there are four, and which are illuminated at night, are each 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter; and it is a day's work for a man to wind the clock up, both going and striking parts.

in some of their strictures on the tragedy.

This question appeared to me singular, as it would never have occurred to me that there could be two opinions upon the subject of the personal prowess of the soldier: who comes before us heralded by the martial title of Bellona's bridegroom, and wearing the garland of a double victory. But, in treating his view of the question, Mr. Kemble dwells, with extreme and just admiration, upon the skill with which Shakespeare has thrown all the other characters into a shadowy back-ground, in order to bring out with redoubled brilliancy the form of Macbeth when it is first presented to us. Banquo, his fellow in fight and coadjutor in conquest, shares both the dangers and rewards of his expedition; and yet it is the figure of Macbeth which stands out prominently in the van of the battle so finely described by Rosse—it is he whom the king selects as heir to the dignities of the treacherous Thane of Cawdor—it is to meet him that the withered ambassadresses of the powers of darkness float through the lurid twilight of the battle day; and when the throb of the distant drum is heard across the blasted heath, among the host whose tread it times over the gloomy expanse, the approach of one man alone is greeted by the infernal ministers. Their appointed prey draws near, and, with the presentiment of their dire victory over the victor, they exclaim, "A drum! a drum! Macbeth doth come!"

Marshalled with triumphant strains of warlike melody; paged at the heels by his victorious soldiers; surrounded by their brave and noble leaders, himself the leader of them all; flushed with success, and crowned with triumph—Macbeth stands before us; and the shaggy brown heath seems illuminated round him with the keen glitter of arms, the waving of bright banners, and broad tartan folds, and the light that emanates from, and surrounds as with a dazzling halo, the face and form of a heroic man in the hour of his success.

Wonderful indeed, in execution as in conception, is this brilliant image of warlike glory! But how much more wonderful, in conception as in execution, is that representation of moral power which Shakespeare has placed beside it in the

character of Banquo! Masterly as is the splendor shed round and by the prominent figure on the canvas, the solemn grace and dignity of the one standing in the shadow behind it is more remarkable still. How with almost the first words that he speaks the majesty of right asserts itself over that of might, and the serene power of a steadfast soul sheds forth a radiance which eclipses the glare of mere martial glory, as the clear moonlight spreads itself above and beyond the flaring of ten thousand torches.

When the unearthly forms and greeting of the witches have arrested the attention of the warriors, and that to the amazement excited in both of them is added, in the breast of one, the first shuddering thrill of a guilty thought which betrays itself in the start with which he receives prophecies which to the ear of Banquo seems only as "things that do sound so fair;" Macbeth has already accepted the first inspiration of guilt—the evil within his heart has quickened and stirred at the greeting of the visible agents of evil, and he is already sin-struck and terror-struck at their first utterance; but like a radiant shield, such as we read of in old magic stories, of virtue to protect its bearer from the devil's assault, the clear integrity of Banquo's soul remains unsullied by the serpent's breath, and, while accepting all the wonder of the encounter, he feels none of the dismay which shakes the spirit of Macbeth—

"Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?"

The fair sound has conveyed no foul sense to his perception, but, incited rather by the fear and bewilderment of his usually dauntless companion than by any misgiving of his own (which indeed his calm and measured adjuration shows him to be free from), he turns to these mysterious oracles, and, with that authority before which the devils of old trembled and dispossessed themselves of their prey, he questions, and they reply. Mark the power—higher than any, save that of God—from which it directly emanates, of the intrepid utterance of an upright human soul—

"In the name of *Truth*, are ye fantastical?"
At that solemn appeal, does one not

see hell's agents start and cower like the foul toad touched by the celestial spear ? How pales the glitter of the hero of the battle-field before the steadfast shining of this honest man, when to his sacred summons the subject ministers of hell reply true oracles, though uttered by lying lips—sincere homage, such as was rendered on the fields of Palestine by the defeated powers of darkness, to the divine virtue that overthrew them—such as for ever unwilling evil pays to the good which predominates over it, the everlasting subjection of hell to heaven.

“Hail, hail, hail !—lesser than Macbeth, but greater,” &c.

And now the confused and troubled workings of Macbeth's mind pour themselves forth in rapid questions, urging one upon another the evident obstacles which crowd, faster than his eager thought can beat them aside, between him and the bait held forth to his ambitious desires; but to *his* challenge, made, not in the name or spirit of truth, but at the suggestion of the grasping devil which is fast growing into entire possession of his heart, no answer is vouchsafed; the witches vanish, leaving the words of impotent and passionate command to fall upon the empty air. The reply to his vehement questioning has already been made; he has *seen*, at one glimpse, in the very darkest depths of his imagination, *how* the things foretold *may* be; and to that fatal answer alone is he left by the silence of those whose mission to him is thenceforth fully accomplished. Twice does he endeavor to draw from Banquo some comment other than that of mere astonishment upon the fortunes thus foretold them :—

“ Your children shall be kings ?
You shall be king ?
And Thane of Cawdor too—went it not so ?
To the self-same tune and words ? ”

But the careless answers of Banquo unconsciously evade the snare; and it is not until the arrival of Rosse, and his ceremonious greeting of Macbeth by his new dignity of Thane of Cawdor, that Banquo's exclamation of—

“ What ! can the devil speak true ? ”

proves at once that he had hitherto attached no importance to the prophecy of

the witches, and that, now that its partial fulfilment compelled him to do so, he unhesitatingly pronounces the agency through which their foreknowledge had reached them to be evil. Most significant indeed is the direct, rapid, unhesitating intuition by which the one mind instantly repels the approach of evil, pronouncing it at once to be so, compared with the troubled, perplexed, imperfect process, half mental, half moral, by which the other labors to strangle within himself the pleadings of his better angel :—

“ This supernatural soliciting cannot be ill—
Cannot be good ! If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success
Beginning in a truth ? I am Thane of Cawdor.”

The devil's own logic: the inference of right drawn from the successful issue, the seal whose stamp, whether false or genuine, still satisfies the world of the validity of every deed to which it is appended. Wiser than all the wisdom that ever was elaborated by human intellect, brighter than any light that ever yet was obtained by process of human thought, juster and more unerringly infallible than any scientific deduction ever produced by the acutest human logic, is the simple instinct of good and evil in the soul that loves the one and hates the other. Like those fine perceptions by which certain delicate and powerful organizations detect with amazing accuracy the hidden proximity of certain sympathetic or antipathetic existences, so the moral sensibility of the true soul recoils at once from the antagonistic principles which it detects with electric rapidity and certainty, leaving the intellect to toil after and discover, discriminate and describe, the cause of the unutterable instantaneous revulsion.

Having now not only determined the nature of the visitation they have received, but become observant of the absorbed and distracted demeanor and countenance of Macbeth, for which he at first accounted guilelessly according to his wont, by the mere fact of natural astonishment at the witches' prophecy and its fulfilment, together with the uneasy novelty of his lately acquired dignities—

“ Look how our partner's rapt,
New honors come upon him like our new garments,” &c.

[July,

Banquo is called upon by Macbeth directly for some expression of his own opinion of these mysterious events, and the impression they have made on his mind.

"Do you not hope your children *shall* be kings," &c.

He answers with that solemn warning, almost approaching to a rebuke of the evil suggestion that he now for the first time perceives invading his companion's mind:—

"That trusted home
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown," &c.

It is not a little remarkable that, having in the first instance expressed so strongly his surprise at finding a truth among the progeny of the father of lies, and uttered that fine instinctive exclamation, "What! can the devil speak true?" Banquo, in the final deliberate expression of his opinion to Macbeth upon the subject of the witches' prophecy, warns him against the semblance of truth, that combined with his own treacherous infirmity, is strengthening the temptation by which his whole soul is being searched:—

"But it is strange,
And oftentimes to win us to our harm
The instruments of darkness tell us truths," &c.

Although these two passages may appear at first to involve a contradiction almost, it seems to me that both the sentiments—the brave, sudden denial of any kindred between the devil and truth, and the subsequent admission of the awful mystery by which truth sometimes is permitted to be a two-edged weapon in the armory of hell—are eminently characteristic of the same mind. Obliged to confess that the devil does speak true sometimes. Banquo, nevertheless, can only admit that he does so for an evil purpose, and this passage is one of innumerable proofs of the general coherence, in spite of apparent discrepancy, in Shakespeare's delineations of character. The same soul of the one man may, with no inconsistency but what is perfectly compatible with spiritual harmony, utter both the sentiments: the one on impulse, the other on reflection.

Here, for the first time, Macbeth encounters the barrier of that uncompromising spirit, that sovereignty of nature,

which as he afterwards himself acknowledges "would be feared," and which he does fear and hate accordingly, more and more savagely and bitterly, till detestation of him as his natural superior, terror of him as the possible avenger of blood, and envy of him as the future father of a line of kings, fill up the measure of his murderous ill-will, and trust him upon the determination of Banquo's assassination; and when, in the midst of his royal banquet-hall, filled with hollow-hearted feasting and ominous revelry and splendor, his conscience conjures up the hideous image of the missing guest, whose health he invokes with lips white with terror, while he knows that his gashed and mangled corpse is lying stark under the midnight rain; surely it is again with this solemn warning, uttered in vain to stay his soul from the perdition yawning for it in the first hour of their joint temptation,—

"That trusted home
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown," &c.

that the dead lips appear to move, and the dead eyes are sadly fixed on him, and the heavy locks, dripping with gore, are shaken in silent intolerable rebuke. In the meeting with the kind-hearted old king, which immediately follows, the loyal professions of the two generals are, as might have been expected, precisely in inverse ratio to their sincere devotion to Duncan. Banquo answers in a few simple words the affectionate demonstration of his sovereign, while Macbeth, with his whole mind churning round and round like some black whirlpool the murderous but yet unformed designs which have taken possession of it, utters his hollow professions of attachment in terms of infinitely greater warmth and devotion. On the nomination of the king's eldest son to the dignity of Prince of Cumberland, the bloody task which he had already proposed to himself is in an instant doubled on his hands; and instantly, without any of his late misgivings, he deals in imagination with the second human life that intercepts his direct attainment of the crown. This short soliloquy of his ends with some lines which are not more remarkable for the power with which they exhibit the confused and dark heavings of his stormy thoughts than for being the

first of three similar adjurations, of various expression, but almost equal poetic beauty :—

“ Stars, hide your fires !
Let not light see my black and deep desires !
The eye winks at the hand, yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see !”

In the very next scene, we have the invocation to darkness with which Lady Macbeth closes her terrible dedication of herself to its ruling powers :—

“ Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunkest smoke of hell,” &c.

What can be finer than this peculiar use of the word *pall* ; suggestive not only of blackness, but of that funeral blackness in which death is folded up ; an image conveying at once absence of light and of life !—

“ That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, Hold ! hold ! ” &c.

The third of these murderous adjurations to the powers of nature for their complicity is uttered by Macbeth in the scene preceding the banquet, when, having contrived the mode of Banquo's death, he apostrophizes the approaching night thus :—

“ Come, sealing night !
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,” &c.

(what an exquisite grace and beauty there is in this wonderful line !)

“ And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond,
Which keeps me pale ! ”

Who but Shakespeare would thus have multiplied expressions of the very same idea with such wonderful variety of power and beauty in each of them ?—images at once so similar in their general character, and so exquisitely different in their particular form. This last quoted passage precedes lines which appear to me incomparable in harmony of sound and in the perfect beauty of their imagery: lines on which the tongue dwells, which linger on the ear with a charm enhanced by the dark horror of the speaker's purpose in uttering them, and which remind one of the fatal fascination of the Gorgon's beauty, as it lies in its frame of writhing reptiles, terrible and lovely to the beholder :—

“ Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rocky wood.”

We see the violet-colored sky, we feel the soft intermitting wind of evening, we hear the solemn lullaby of the dark fir-forest ; the homeward flight of the bird suggests the sweetest images of rest and peace ; and, coupled and contrasting with the gradual falling of the dim veil of the twilight over the placid face of nature, the remote horror “ of the deed of fearful note ” about to desecrate the solemn repose of the approaching night gives to these harmonious and lovely lines a wonderful effect of mingled beauty and terror. The combination of vowels in this line will not escape the ear of a nice observer of the melody of our language ; the “ rooky wood ” is a specimen of a happiness of a sound not so frequent perhaps in Shakespeare as in Milton, who was a greater master of the melody of words. To return to Banquo : in the scene where he and Macbeth are received with such overflowing demonstrations of gratitude by Duncan, we have already observed he speaks but little ; only once indeed, when in answer to the king's exclamation,

“ Let me unfold thee, and hold thee to my
heart,”

he simply replies,

“ There if I grow, the harvest is your own.”

But while Macbeth is rapidly revolving in his mind the new difficulties thrown in the way of his ambition, and devising new crimes to overleap lest he fall down upon them, we are left to imagine Banquo as dilating upon his achievements to the king, and finding in his praise the eloquence that had failed him in the professions of his own honest loyalty ; for no sooner had Macbeth departed to announce the king's approach to his wife, than Duncan answers to the words spoken aside to him by Banquo :—

“ True, worthy Banquo, he is full so valiant,
And in his praises I am fed.

This slight indication of the generous disposition that usually lives in holy alliance with integrity and truth is a specimen of that infinite virtue which pervades all Shakespeare's works, the effect of which is felt in the moral harmony of the whole, even by those who overlook the wonderful details by which the general result is produced. Most fitting is it, too,

that Banquo should speak the delicious lines by which the pleasant seat of Macbeth's castle is brought so vividly to our senses. The man of temperate passions and calm mind is the devout observer of nature; and thus it is that, in the grave soldier's mouth, the notice of the habits of the guest of summer, "the temple-haunting martlet," is an appropriate beauty of profound significance. Here again are lines whose intrinsic exquisiteness is keenly enhanced by the impending doom which hovers over the kind old king. With a heart overflowing with joy for the success of his arms, and gratitude towards his victorious generals, Duncan stands, inhaling the serene summer air, receiving none but sensations of the most pleasurable exhilarations on the threshold of his slaughter-house. The sunny breezy eminence, before the hospitable castle gate of his devoted kinsman and subject, betrays no glimpse to his delighted spirits of the glimmering midnight chamber, where, between his drunken grooms and his devil-driven assassin, with none to hear his stifled cries for help but the female fiend who listens by the darkened door, his life-blood is to ooze away before the daylight again strikes at the portal by which he now stands rejoicing in the ruddy glow of its departure. Banquo next meets us as the dark climax is just at hand; the heavens, obedient to the invocation of guilt, have shut their eyes, unwilling to behold the perpetration of the crime about to be committed. The good old king has retired to rest in unusual satisfaction, his host and hostess have made their last lying demonstrations, and are gone to the secret councils of the chamber where they lie in wait. Banquo—unwilling to yield himself to the sleep which treacherously presents to his mind, through the disturbed agency of dreams, the temptation so sternly repelled by his waking thoughts—is about to withdraw, supposing himself the last of all who wake in the castle; for on meeting Macbeth he expresses astonishment that he is not yet abed. How beautiful is the prayer with which he fortifies himself against the nightly visitation of his soul's enemy!—

"Merciful powers,
Restrain in me the accursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose."

Further on the explanation of these lines is found in a brief conversation that follows between himself and Macbeth when he says, "I dreamed last night of the three weird sisters," and it is against a similar visitation of the powers of darkness during his helpless hours of slumber that he prays to be defended before surrendering himself to the heavy summons that "lies like lead upon him." It is remarkable that Banquo, though his temptation assails him from without in dreams of the infernal prophetesses, prays to be delivered not from them, but from the "accursed thoughts that nature gives way to in repose;" referring, and justly, his danger to the complicity with evil in his own nature—that noble nature of which Macbeth speaks as sovereignly virtuous, but of which the mortal infirmity is thus confessed by him who best knows its treacherous weakness.

Banquo next appears in the midst of the hideous uproar consequent upon Duncans murder, when the vaulted chambers of the castle ring with Macduff's cries to the dead man's sleeping sons—when every door bursts open as with the sweeping of a whirlwind, and half-naked forms, and faces white with sudden terror, lean from every gallery overlooking the great hall into which pour, like the in-rushing ridges of the tide, the scared and staring denizens of the upper chambers; while along remote corridors echoes the sound of hurrying feet, and inarticulate cries of terror are prolonged through dismal distant passages, and the flare of sudden torches flashes above and below, making the intermediate darkness blacker; and the great stone fortress seems to reel from base to battlement with the horror that has seized like a frenzy on all its inmates. From the midst of this appalling tumult rises the calm voice of the man who remembers that he "stands in the great hand of God," and thence confronts the furious elements of human passion surging and swaying before him.

Banquo stands in the hall of Macbeth's castle, in that sudden surprise of dreadful circumstances alone master of his soul, alone able to appeal to the All-seeing Judge of human events, alone able to advise the actions and guide the counsels of the passion-shaken men

around him—a wonderful image of stedfastness in that tremendous chaos of universal dismay and doubt and terror.

This is the last individual and characteristic manifestation of the man. The inevitable conviction of Macbeth's crime, and equally inevitable conviction of the probable truth of the promised royalty of his own children, are the only two important utterances of his that succeed, and these are followed so immediately

by his own death that the regretful condemnation of the guilty man once the object of his affectionate admiration cannot assume the bitterer character of personal detestation, or the reluctant admission of the truth of the infernal prophecy beguile him into dangerous speculations as to the manner of its fulfilment. The noble integrity of the character is unimpaired to the last.

HOPE AND MEMORY.

Earth has each year her resurrection-day,
When the spring stirs within her, and the powers
Of life revive; the quiet autumn hours,
Ere the rough winter drives their warmth away,
Wear pleasant likeness of returning May;
Oft in the soul, where all was dry and bare,
Founts of fresh joy spring up, and heavenly air
Plays round it, while along its desert way
Blossom bright flowers of hope, and dull despair
Melts like a cloud;—and our dear Christ has said,
There is a resurrection of the dead;
Then may th' immortal spirit yet repair
The freshness and the grace that here had fled,
And in new strength and beauty flourish there.

But as a ship, when all the winds are gone,
Hangs idly in mid ocean, so the soul
Helplessly drifting hears the waters roll,
While in the heaven the breeze of hope dies down,
And memory darkens round, and from the lone
Vast sea dim shapes arise, and shadowy fears
Cling like damp mists, and the long track of years
(Where once the brightness of the morning shone)
Lies strewn with wrecks of that rich argosy
With which the bark sailed freighted to explore
The unknown deep, and distant gleaming shore,—
Keen, soaring hopes and aspirations high,
Pure thoughts, and sunny fancies, and the store
Of priceless gems from God's own treasury.

But the still depths of th' unreturning past
Have buried more than blessings, nor alone
Grief and regret blend with the wild waves' moan
Infinite yet not hopeless. In its vast
And healing waters kindly Time hath cast
Sorrows and sins, where in th' eternal tide
Heaves the full heart of God, and we confide,
Not comfortless, to Him the First and Last,
The secrets of our being.—Lo! the face
Of ocean, kissed by the descending breeze,
Breaks into smiles, and long-lost melodies
Vibrate from earth to heaven, and a fresh grace,
New-born of hope, lies on the breathing seas—
The far-off isles shine in the golden space.

Bentley's Miscellany.

A RUSSIAN FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.
FROM THE GERMAN.

THE Wospitelnoi Dom, or Imperial Foundling and Orphan asylum, at Moscow, is a magnificent institution that lodges under its roof more than twenty-five thousand children, and a retinue of more than two thousand wardens, male and female, nurses, teachers, and other officers, that expends annually above seven million rubles, and receives from year to year more than seven thousand infants and young children, ought deservedly to be reckoned among the wonders of the world. In Russia everything but freedom assumes gigantic proportions, therefore I approached this mighty institution with reverential expectation.

We drove up to the building through a long straight avenue of lime-trees, and in half an hour stopped before the broad stone steps of the pillared entrance. In the great hall, a military looking personage, in a blue uniform, and having a sword at his side, saluted us with a formal bow, motioned my faithful and rigorous cicerone to remain behind, and, by a sign, gave me to understand that there was not a minute to lose if I desired to see the ceremony. The man had so reserved and respectable an appearance, that I took him for the director of the establishment, and I accordingly bowed low, as in duty bound; but I soon learned that he was only the chief police-master, neither more or less than a martial beadle, the terror and bugbear of twenty thousand poor children, and possessing the power of inflicting great and important punishments. Notwithstanding this, he appeared to me to be good natured; I saw it in the kind smile with which he nodded to the children whom we met upon our way to church, and in the attention with which he listened to the numberless petitions of a string of nurses, of whom, in one room alone, there were collected upwards of five hundred. Indeed, throughout the whole extent of this immense establishment, I observed no looks betraying sorrow or unhappiness—all betokened contentment, peaceful innocence, and quiet happiness; and this circumstance explained to me

more fully than a thousand statistical notices, and all the blue or green books in the world could have done, how the asylum was organized and conducted.

Such of my readers as have, during an anxious dream, walked the whole night through the endless galleries, through room after room, through court after court, will have some notion of my feelings as I followed my friendly police officer through the labyrinths of this colossal building. At length, after a journey of half an hour, the perfume of incense, the song of a thousand sweet voices, and the deep bass of the priest intoning the prayers, announced that we had reached the outer court of the church. Upon tiptoe we moved past an army of kneeling women, the nurses and overseers of the children, until we stood under the cupola.

The church was closely lined; head to head sat thousands of children, but, to my astonishment, almost entirely girls. Boys I only saw by individuals. Later on I discovered the cause of this singularity. The children in bright yellow dresses in the gallery of the church were being educated as nurses, those in green, who filled the side-aisles, were preparing for domestic service; so my companion informed me. The elder classes sat in rows opposite the altar. They wore dark blue dresses, and in their devotion did not allow an eye to leave the priest, brilliant in red and gold, who was just visible, with his long, light, falling hair in a gray cloud of incense, behind the carved door of the shrine of the altar.

I looked from row to row at the bright but rarely pretty faces, and deep pity seized me as I thought that all these thousands of children were without homes, the greater part of them never having known a father or mother, and never the care or love of a relation, and that but few would ever know them.

"Poor children!" said I to the police-officer.

"Poor, it is true," he replied, "but still of good family. Note all these girls upon the foremost benches, sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen years of age. They are orphans, but all of noble decent. Do you not perceive a certain grace, a certain ease in their manner and deportment? They are educated here

in full accordance with their rank. We have more than five hundred masters and mistresses for all branches of woman's education; and the instruction is at least as good as that in the best boarding schools of St. Petersburg, if not superior."

All at once a murmuring, like the rustling of a forest agitated by the wind, arose, beginning at either extremity of the church, then passing us to the centre of the chancel. Divine service was over, and the children were preparing for departure. Each class marched along under the guidance of masters and governesses, in divisions, regiments, battalions, companies, and corps. First the yellow, then the green, afterwards the blue, and last of all the foremost rows, these being the grown-up girls. They approached with the mechanical regularity of well-drilled troops, their eyes directed in front, no smile, no banter, no pushing, no tricks, no display of merriment, such as one finds even upon this occasion in other children. All had a remarkable tranquility and composure.

The governor of such an establishment as Wospitatelnoi Dom, with a population exceeding that of many a considerable town, stands high in the scale of the comprehensive kingdom of Russian officers, ranking with the generals. I therefore anticipated a military abruptness and sternness, but was most agreeably surprised to find in the richly accoutred personage before whom I had to appear, in order to effect a visit to the house proper, a gentleman of most winning friendliness. Rising with the greatest affability from his writing-desk, where he was busied among papers and deeds, he came towards me on my entrance into his study, and offered, after having glanced at the introduction I handed to him, to conduct me himself round the establishment.

He took me, in the first place, to the infants' department, a long suite of light, cheerful rooms. In each stood from forty to fifty cradles, which, with their pretty gauze hangings, might have served for royal babes. From eight hundred to a thousand infants is the average number held by the institution at one time. At the door of each room we were met by the matrons of the chamber, curtseying,

well-dressed, pleasant-looking old women; the nurses stood each by the side of their especial cradle, shouldering their charge in order to show it me. Here, too, everything was conducted with military order and precision.

The position of nurse in the Wospitatelnoi Dom is considered a fortune, and eagerly sought by the Russian peasant girls. Beauty certainly I did not discover among the hundreds of nurses who presented themselves to us. Many were short, ill-developed figures, with yellow, broad, inexpressive features, but all looked perfectly neat and clean in their red and yellow cotton dresses and the bright national head-dress. Before one cradle the governor stood still, and bent over the babe lying in it. It was a lovely little girl, full of mirth and life, who appeared to know the governor well, for she danced about with joy when he approached, and clapped her little hands.

"That is my god-child. I have taken from the font some two hundred thousand children," he remarked, as we walked on; "many of them certainly are dead, but I could still bring an army, of my namesakes alone, into the field considerable enough to terrify a small state. But come, the great moment of our day, the dinner-hour, draws near; I must not fail in attendance, and to you it will no doubt, be an interesting sight; at least, it is not an ordinary lot to assist at a table d'hôte in which the covers are counted not by hundreds but by thousands, and the guests represented by all ages from six to sixteen."

Again through gallery upon gallery, corridor upon corridor, until we reached the door of the dining-hall. A sonorous bell had just given notice of the approaching meal, and with the last peal a throng of human beings issued forth from the innumerable rooms and cells to the right and left, like a migration of nations in movement. But what order in all the commotion! The scholars came out in pairs, and formed themselves, without a moment's hesitation or confusion, into long columns, marching just as sedately and quietly towards the most important period of the day's business as they did in emerging from the church. On some of the younger faces might be read the

excitement of expectation, but in none did the pleasure break forth in noisy expression.

It took a quarter of an hour before we succeeded in making our way through a section of the children and into the dining-room, and behind us the stream still flowed unceasingly. Dining-room, did I say? Dining-hall, rather, as vast as the largest church, but unfortunately so low roofed, that, upon entering, I felt as if oppressed by an Alpine mountain. Here were ranged interminable tables, the space between the single rows being no broader than absolute necessity demanded, yet here even everything went systematically. Of pressure and disorder there was no trace—everywhere complete discipline reigned. In a few minutes they had found a place at their appointed table.

In the centre of this ocean of tables arose a platform, whence the whole broad hall, with its multitude of children, might be seen. To this spot the governor led me.

"Here is my place," he said, after having procured me a chair from one of the active wardens continually passing to and fro. "I dine every day in the midst of my children upon nothing more than is offered them. May I ask you to test our kitchen?"

The food left nothing to be desired. Naturally it was plain, but nourishing, and so excellently prepared, served with such propriety, that the sight produced appetite. Only the death-like silence during the whole time of the meal had something painful. Discipline was carried rather too far. "Poor, poor, children!" I involuntarily thought. "Where is your real youthful joy? Where your wild sporting and activity, which ought to be seen without these chains of education and culture?"

"Where is the dining-hall for the boys?" I asked the governor, as he took me from table to table, directing my attention to his most promising pupils. "In the church, too, I saw scarcely any but girls."

"The larger number of our boys," I received for answer, "are not at present in the establishment. You must know that we have several large branch institutions and farms, and in these we house

the boys, the elder ones being principally occupied in agricultural employment. We have, besides, in all the villages in the environs of Moscow and farther inland, nurses and foster-mothers for our youngest children, of whom more than five thousand are maintained in this manner. It is understood we only entrust the children to perfectly trustworthy persons, and that we watch these closely. You must not think either that this is the only table d'hôte in the house. We have six other eating-rooms, though none so large as the one over which I preside."

I had again an opportunity of admiring the extraordinarily good understanding manifested in the intercourse of the governor and the children, and the love which they seemed to have for him. How the childrens' eyes sparkled when he smiled on them with paternal affection, here and there bestowing a word of praise, and gently patting one or other of the little girls on the cheek. For myself, the elder pupils, the young ladies of the first class, interested me most highly; their elegant appearance, the self-respect apparent in their ways and manners, were really surprising. Not one colored or showed the least embarrassment when addressed. Natural and unconstrained, they answered my questions with complete ease and quietude; of bashfulness or affectation there was no sign. Ladies of the first rank in London or Paris, in Berlin or Vienna, could not have surpassed these little Russian orphan girls in refinement of expression and innate good breeding.

"We Russians," remarked the governor, as we continued our inspection of the room, "have a peculiar talent for foreign languages. Even among my children here I have excellent linguists. Many write and speak German and French easily, besides their mother tongue. Others carry on music and drawing; many are actual artistes. We leave them in the pursuit of these higher studies free option, to choose after their own talent and inclination."

Meanwhile, the children had cleared the dishes; a pious hymn ended as it had commenced the meal, and, with the same order as that with which they entered, they defiled past us towards the

door. Not one went without saying, with a sweet curtsey, "Good day, papa!" to the governor.

"All our children," observed my conductor, as we left the hall, "feel very happy here. Whoever has once been in Wospitatelnoi Dom, whoever has once crossed the threshold of the house under the great stone pelican over the portals, has a right to call upon us in poverty or sickness, in care or sorrow, and to seek our help."

"Upon what funds is your institution supported, and by what means are they received?" I asked. "The St. Petersburg Foundling Hospital draws, as far as I know, its income from the duty on playing-cards and from the tax on the revenue of the Lombard money-lenders."

"The Empress Maria Theodorowna, wife of Paul, is the benefactress of our asylum," answered the governor. "We also appropriate the income of the Lombard Institution, and have, moreover, been endowed by the rich family of Demidoff with considerable property and capital. Lastly, all public amusements, theatres, balls, concerts, &c., must devote ten per cent. of their profit to us, which, among the pleasure-loving Russians, yields a large sum of money. But here is our garden," he remarked, proceeding to a window in the corridor.

I looked out and beheld an enormous green lawn, and upon it a concourse like that at a fair. The children were enjoying their Sabbath liberty, walking, playing, delighting in the fresh air, under the protection of a band of governesses and masters. The place lacked all positive garden adornment; it had few shrubs or flowers, but it boasted an extent upon which an army could manoeuvre. I was struck, too, with hundreds of small wooden summer-houses, placed close one to another around this enormous grass-plot.

"In these cottages," said the governor, who read the inquiry in my look, "we quarter, during the fine period of the year, those of our little pupils for whom uninterrupted fresh air seems advisable. They are air balloons in miniature, and the children are so fond of this tent or bivouac life, that there are always more candidates for it than can be gratified. I will not take you into the school-

rooms," he continued. "To-day being a holiday, they are vacant, and almost deserted. But you must take a peep into this room." And he opened another door, disclosing a large square apartment, the four walls fitted up with huge glass cupboards, filled from the top to bottom with dolls of all kinds and sizes—a collection of dolls more numerous than could be found in the largest toyshop at Nuremberg.

"In this room," explained the governor, "we preserve the toys of the more juvenile of our twenty-five thousand children. And here," he drew out a sliding partition of one of the cupboards, "you will find models of every variety of tool and implement. Upon that table you have our common animals, birds and fishes, in accurate plastic moulding; our children learn better from them than from books, and always exult when they come into this room with their class, and are allowed to choose their favorite plaything. And now come and drink tea with me in the Russian fashion; you must also be introduced to our mother—the mother of our children—the first matron, as we denominate her officially. We can chat an hour longer, and you can note down whatever you think deserving of remembrance. Put any questions you please, we are only too happy to talk of our Wospitatelnoi Dom."

I gladly acceded to this pleasing invitation. The apartment of the mother was a very elegantly furnished room, and "the mother" herself was a stately old lady of finished manner, who did the honors with the most amiable politeness.

"Strictly speaking," she began, after I had seated myself in a comfortable arm-chair, while a liveried waiter brought tea, "we cannot call our Wospitatelnoi Dom an orphan assylum, for we accept without inquiry, all children brought to us, provided they do not exceed a specified age. Summer and winter, day and night, the doors of the little lodge under the hall stand open. There we receive the children. Upon an average thirty are brought daily, for whom shelter and care are required. No one is obliged to inform us of the name of the mother, or of the father, likewise no one need pay a kopek for the maintenance and education of the child delivered to us. But

whoever chooses to pay annually thirty roubles, can assure himself that his child will not be given to country nurses, but be cared for entirely in the establishment. Also, if the sum of two hundred and fifty roubles is consigned to us with a boy, he will be qualified for an officer, or an engineer. Those wholly unprovided for become, without exception, private soldiers. Our best scholars we prepare for a later university education; for example, many of the most renowned physicians of Moscow have gone forth from our establishment. Immediately after reception every child is numbered, registered, and baptized; then a ticket with a name and number is hung round its neck, and a duplicate of the number handed to the person who has brought the child to us, by means of which it can eventually be reclaimed at the age of one-and-twenty. We have children in the house from the most remote parts of Siberia, from Bessarabia, the Caucasus, and the Crimea. Unhappily, a fourth part die within the first six weeks, and more than one-half in the first six years. In the St. Petersburg Findelhans, founded by Catharine II., 1770, and yielding to ours only in small matters, the proportion is still more unfavorable. Among the indigent peasant population in that vicinity there is a scarcity of strong healthy nurses, of whom we in general, have no want."

It had now become late, and although I had only been able to make a very hasty inspection of the establishment and its arrangements, yet five hours had elapsed. With sincere thanks I parted from the governor and the "mother," impressed with the conviction the Wospitatelnoi Dom is one of the best organized and best administered philanthropical institutions to be found.

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Cornhill Magazine.

BLANK VERSE.

ENGLISH blank verse, is, perhaps, more various and plastic than any other national metre. It is capable of being used for the most common-place and the most sublime utterances; so that, without any alteration in the vehicle, we pass from

merely colloquial dialogue to strains of impassioned soliloquy, from comic repartee to tragic eloquence, from terse epigrams to luxuriant descriptions. Originally instituted, like the Athenian iambic, for the drama, it received in Milton's hands an epic treatment, and has by authors of our own day been used for idyllic, and even for lyrical compositions. Yet all of these so widely different applications have only served to develop, without exhausting, its marvellous resources. Plato mentions a Greek musical instrument called panharmonion, which was adapted to express all the different modes and systems of melodious utterance. This name might be applied to our blank verse: there is no harmony of sound, no dignity of movement, no swiftness, no subtlety of languid sweetness, no brevity, no force of emphasis beyond its scope. In hearing good blank verse, we do not long for rhyme; our ears are satisfied without it; nor does our sense of order and proportion require the obvious and artificial recurrence of stanzas, when the sense creates for itself a melodious structure, and is not forced into the mould of any arbitrary form. So much cannot be said for any other metre. The Greeks, who were peculiarly bound by limitations, and by self-imposed canons of fitness in art, reserved the hexameter for epic and idyllic poetry, the iambic for the drama, the elegiac for minor compositions of a more personal character, and other complex structures for lyrical and choral utterances. To have written an epic or an idyll in iambics would to them have seemed a solecism. And for this reason, the iambic received from their hands no more than an elementary development. Two sorts were recognized—the one adapted to the loose and flowing style of comic conversation; the other to the more ceremonious and measured march of tragic dialogue and description. But when the action of the play became animated, instead of accelerating the iambic rhythm, the poet used trochaic or anapaestic measures, obeying the law of variety, by adopting a new mode externally fitted to express the change he had in view.

In the infancy of our drama, rhyme, as the natural accompaniment of mediæval poetry, had universally been used, until

the courtiers of Elizabeth bethought them of inventing some more solemn and stately metre in imitation of the classic. It will be remembered that attempts to naturalize Greek and Roman rhythms in our language were then fashionable. Sidney and the *literati* of the *Areopagus* spent their leisure hours in fashioning uncouth hexameters, and Roger Ascham, though he recognized the incapacity of English for scansion, was inclined to adopt an unrhymed metre like the classical iambic. Surrey first solved the problem practically by translating parts of the *Aeneid* into verses of ten syllables without rhyme. But his measure has not much variety or ease. It remained for two devoted admirers of classical art, Sackville and Norton, to employ what Surrey called his "strange metre" in the drama. Their *Gorboduc*, acted before the Queen in 1561-2, is the first tragedy written in blank verse. The insufferable monotony and dreariness of this play are well known to all students of our early literature. Yet respect for its antiquity induces me to give a specimen of its quaint style. We must remember in reading these lines that they are the embryo of Marlowe's, Shakspeare's, and Milton's verse.

O mother, thou to murder thus thy child !
Even Jove with justice must with lightning flames
From heaven send down some strange revenge
on thee.

Ah, noble prince, how oft have I beheld
Thee mounted on thy fierce and trampling steed,
Shining in armor bright before the tilt,
And with thy mistress sleeve tied on thy helm,
And charge thy staff—to please thy lady's eye—
That bowed the headpiece of thy friendly foe !

I have purposely chosen the most animated apostrophe in the play, in order that its venerable authors might appear to the best advantage. It will be noticed that notwithstanding much stiffness in the movement of the metre, and some embarrassment in the grammatical construction, we yet may trace variety and emphasis in the pauses of these lines beyond what would have been possible in sequences of rhymed couplets. Mr. Collier, in his *History of Dramatic Poetry*, mentions two other plays written in blank verse, but not performed on the public stage, before the appearance of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*. It is to this

tragedy that he assigns the credit of having once and for all established blank verse as the popular dramatic metre of the English. With this opinion all students who have examined the origin of our theatrical literature will, no doubt, agree. But Marlowe did not merely drive the rhymed couplet from the stage by substituting the blank verse of his contemporaries : he created a new metre by the melody, variety, and force which he infused into the iambic, and left models of versification, the pomp and gorgeousness of which Shakspeare and Milton alone can be said to have surpassed. The change which he operated was so thorough and so novel to the playwrights as well as the playgoers of his time, that he met with some determined opposition. Thomas Nash spoke scornfully of "idiot art masters, that intrude themselves to our ears as the alchemists of eloquence, who (mounted on the stage of arrogance) think to attract better pens with the swelling bombast of bragging blank verse." In another sneer he described the new measure as "the spacious volubility of a drumming decasyllabon ;" while Robert Greene, who had written many wearisome rhymed dramas, talked of making "verses jet on the stage in tragical buskins, every word filling the ear like the fa-burden of Bow bell, daring God out of heaven with that atheist, Tamburlan, or blaspheming with the mad priest of the Sun." But our "licentiate iambic" was destined to triumph. Greene and Nash gave way before inevitable fate, and wrote some better plays in consequence.

Let us inquire what change Marlowe really introduced, and what was his theory of dramatic versification. He found the tensyllabled heroic line monotonous, monosyllabic, and divided into five feet of alternate short and long. He left it various in form and structure, sometimes redundant by a syllable, sometimes deficient, enriched with unexpected emphases and changes in the beat. He found no sequence or attempt at periods: one line succeeded another with insipid regularity, and all were made after the same model. He grouped his verse according to the sense, obeying an internal law of melody, and allowing the thought

contained in his words to dominate over their form.* He did not force his metre to preserve a fixed and unalterable type, but suffered it to assume most variable modulations, the whole beauty of which depended upon their perfect adaptation to the current of his ideas. By these means he was able to produce the double effect of variety and unity, to preserve the fixed march of his chosen metre, and yet, by subtle alterations in the pauses, speed, and grouping of the syllables, to make one measure represent a thousand. Used in this fashion, blank verse became a Proteus. It resembled music, which requires regular time and rhythm; but, by the employment of phrase, induces a higher kind of melody to rise above the common and prosaic beat of time. Bad writers of blank verse, like Marlowe's predecessors, or like those who in all ages have been deficient in plastic energy and power of harmonious modulation, produce successions of monotonous iambic lines, sacrificing all the poetry of expression to the mechanism of their art. Metre with them ceases to be the organic body of a vital thought, and becomes a mere framework. And bad critics praise them for the very faults of tameness and monotony which they miscall regularity of numbers. It was thus that the sublimest as well as the most audacious of Milton's essays in versification fell under the censure of Johnson.

It is not difficult to support these eulogies by reference to Marlowe's works; for some of his finest blank verse passages allow themselves to be detached without any great injury to their integrity. The following may be cited as an instance of his full-voiced harmony. Faustus exclaims—

Have I not made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love and Ænon's death?
And hath not he who built the walls of Troy
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp
Made music with my Mephostophiles?

We feel at once that a new spirit has been breathed into the metre—a spirit of undefinable melody. Something is owing to the choice of long resounding, and full-voweled words; something to the use of monosyllables, as in the third line;

* Some of these remarks are repeated from a letter addressed by the author to the *Pull Mall Gazette* on the versification of Milton.

something to alliteration; but more than all to the passion of the author, and to the "plastic stress" of his creative genius. This tragedy is full of fine passages, and the soliloquy in which Faustus watches his last moments ebb away, might be quoted as a perfect instance of variety and sustained effect in a situation which could only be redeemed from monotony by consummate art. Edward the Second is not less rich in versification. In order to prove that Marlowe could temper his blank verse to different moods and passions, take this speech, in which the indignant Edward first gives way to anger, and then to misery—

Mortimer! who talks of Mortimer,
Who wounds me with the name of Mortimer,
That bloody man? Good father, on thy lap
Lay I this head laden with mickle care.
O, might I never open these eyes again,
Never again lift up this drooping head,
O, never more lift up this dying heart!

The didactic dignity of Marlowe's verse may be gathered from these lines in *Tamburlaine*,—

Our souls whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure every wandering planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless spheres,
Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all,
That perfect bliss and sole felicity,
The sweet fruition of an earthly crown.

Again, as if wishing to prove what liberties might be taken with the iambic metre without injury to its music, Marlowe wrote these descriptive lines in the *Jew of Malta* :—

Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
And sold seen costly stones of so great price,
As one of them, indifferently rated,
May serve, in peril of calamity,
To ransom great kings from captivity.

The licence of the first and third line is both daring and successful. The second departs less from the ordinary rhythm, while the four last carry back the period into the usual flow of Marlowe's verse.

The four passages which I have quoted are, perhaps, sufficient to prove that blank verse was not only brought into existence, but also perfected by Marlowe. It is true that, like all great poets, he left his own peculiar imprint on it, and that his metre is marked by an almost ex-

travagant exuberance, impetuosity, and height of coloring. It seems to flow from him with the rapidity of improvisation, and to follow a law of melody rather felt than studied by its author. We feel that the poet loved to give the rein to his ungovernable fancy, forgetting the thought with which he started, revelling in sonorous words, and pouring forth a stream of images, so that the mind receives at last a vague and various impression of sublimity.

This was the character of very much Elizabethan poetry. Even Shakspeare was not free from intemperance in the use of words.

Marlowe's contemporaries soon caught the trick of sonorous versification. The obscure author of a play which has sometimes been attributed to Marlowe, wrote these lines in the true style of his master :—

Chime out your softest strains of harmony,
And on delicious music's silken wings
Send ravishing delight to my love's ears.

While Peele contented himself with repeating his more honeyed cadences.

I will spare the reader any further specimens of the versification in which our poets rioted when Marlowe had unlocked the frozen streams of metre, and made it hurry in such liquid numbers.

It is time to proceed to Shakspeare, who, next to Marlowe, had more influence than any poet on the formation of our blank verse. Coleridge has maintained that his diction and metre were peculiarly his own, unimitated and inimitable. But I believe that a careful comparison of his style with that of his contemporaries will make it evident that he began a period in which versification was refined and purified from Marlowe's wordiness. Shakspeare has more than Marlowe's versatility and power; but his metre is never so extravagant in its pomp of verbal grandeur. He restrains his own luxuriance, and does not allow himself to be seduced by pleasing sounds. His finest passages owe none of their beauty to alliteration, and yet he knew most exquisitely how to use that meretricious handmaid of melody. Nothing can be more seductive than the charm of repeated liquids and vowels in the following lines :—

On such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea banks and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

Nor again did Shakspeare employ big sounding words so profusely as Marlowe, but reserved them for effects of especial solemnity, as in the speech of Timon.

Come not to me again : but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood ;
Whom once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover : thither come,
And let my gravestone be your oracle.

But Shakspeare did not always, or indeed often, employ these somewhat obvious artifices of harmonious diction. The characteristic of his verse is that it is naturally, unobtrusively, and enduringly musical. We hardly know why his words are melodious, or what makes them always fresh, whereas the more apparent charms of Fletcher and of Marlowe pall upon our ears. Throughout his writings there is a subtle adjustment of sound to sense, of lofty thoughts to appropriate words; the ideas evolve themselves with inexhaustible spontaneity, and a suitable investiture of language is never wanting, so that each cadenced period seems made to hold a thought of its own, and thought is linked to thought and cadence to cadence in unending continuity. Inferior artists have systems of melody, pauses which they repeat, favorite terminations, and accelerations or retardations of the rhythm, which they employ whenever the occasion prompts them. But there is none of this in Shakspeare. He never falls into the common-place of mannerism. Compare Oberon's speeches with Prospero's, or with Lorenzo's, or with Romeo's, or with Mark Antony's; under the Shakspearian similarity there is a different note in all of these, whereas we know beforehand what form the utterances of Bellario, or Philaster, or Memnon, or Ordella in Fletcher must certainly assume. As a single instance of the elasticity, self-restraint, and freshness of the Shakspearian blank verse ; of its freedom from Marlowe's turgidity, or Fletcher's languor, or Milton's involution; of its ringing sound and lucid vigor, the following celebrated passage from *Measure for Measure* may be quoted. It illustrates the freedom from adventitious ornament and the organic continuity of

Shakspeare's versification, while it also exhibits his power of varying his cadences and suiting them to the dramatic utterance of his characters.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not whither;
To lie in cold oblivion and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A knedled clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling; — tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on Nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Each of Shakspeare's contemporaries and successors among the dramatists commanded a style of his own in blank verse composition. It was so peculiarly the function of the stage and of the playwrights at that particular epoch to perfect this metre, that I do not think some detailed examination of the language of the drama will be out of place. Coleridge observes that "Ben Jonson's blank verse is very masterly and individual." To this criticism might be added that it is the blank verse of a scholar—pointed, polished, and free from the lyricisms of his age. It lacks harmony and is often labored: but vigorous and solid it never fails to be. This panegyric of poetry from the Italianized version of *Every man in his Humor*, may be taken as a specimen of his most animated style:—

I can repell opinion and approve
The state of poesy, such as it is,
Blessed, eternal, and most true divine;
Indeed, if you will look on poesy,
As she appears in many, poor and lame,
Patched up in remnants and old worn-out rags,
Half-starved for want of her peculiar food,
Sacred invention; then I must confess
Both your conceit and censure of her merit:
But view her in her glorious ornaments,
Attired in the majesty of art,
Set high in spirit with the precious taste
Of sweet philosophy; and which is most,
Crowned with the rich traditions of a soul
That hates to have her dignity profaned
With any relish of an earthly thought—
Oh! then how proud a presence does she bear!
Then she is like herself, fit to be seen
Of none but grave and consecrated eyes.

After a complete perusal of his works I find very little of the fluent grace which belonged in so large a measure to Fletch-

er and to Shakspeare. Yet the first lines of the *Sad Shepherd* have a very delicate music; they are almost unique in Ben Jonson:—

Here was she wont to go! and here! and here!
Just where these daisies, pinks, and violets grow:
The world may find the spring by following her;
For other print her airy steps ne'er left.
Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,
Or shake the downy blue bell from his stalk!
But like the soft west wind she shot along,
And where she went, the flowers took thickest
root,
As she had sowed them with her odorous foot.

The melody which gives so chaste and elegant a beauty to these lines is invariable in the verse of Beaumont and Fletcher. We have too much of it there, and surfeit on sweets; for in a very short time we discover the trick of these great versifiers, and learn to expect their luxurious alliterations, and repeated cæsuras at the end of the fifth syllable. Their redundant and deficient lines, the sweetness long drawn out of their delicious cadences, become well known. Then the movement of their verse is not, like that of Shakespeare, self-evolved and thoroughly organic; it obeys a rule; luxury is sought for its own sake, and languor follows as a direct consequence of certain verbal mannerisms. Among these may be mentioned a decided preference for all words in which there is a predominance of liquids and of vowels. For instance, in this line:—

Showers, hails, snows, frosts, and two-edged
winds that prime
The maiden blossoms.

There is no unlicensed redundancy of syllables; but the labor of getting through so many accumulated sounds produces a strange retardation of the movement. Another peculiarity is the substitution of hendecasyllabic lines for the usual decasyllable blank verse through long periods of dialogue. In one scene of *Valentianian* there are fifty-five continuous lines, of which only five are decasyllabic verses, the rest being hendecasyllables; so that the license of the superfluous syllable, which is always granted in dramatic writing for the sake of variety, becomes, in its turn, far more cloying than a strict adherence to the five-footed verse. It is also noticeable that this weak ending is frequently constructed by the ad-

dition of some emphatic monosyllable.
Thus :—

I do remember him ; he was my guardian
Appointed by the senate to preserve me,
What a full majesty sits in his face yet.

Or :

The desolations that this great eclipse works.

The natural consequence of these delays and languors in the rhythm is that the versification of Beaumont and Fletcher has always a meandering and rotary movement. It does not seem to leap or glide straight onward, but to return upon itself and wind and double. The following passage may be quoted as illustrative of its almost lyrical voluptuousness :—

I do her wrong, much wrong : she's young and blessed,
Fair as the spring, and as his blossoms tender ;
But I a nipping North-wind, my head hung
With hails and frosty icicles : are the souls so too
When they depart hence, lame and old and loveless?
Ah, no, 'tis ever youth there : Age and Death
Follow our flesh no more, and that forced opinion
That spirits have no sexes, I believe not.

The speech of Aspatia among her maidens is an excellent example of the more careful verse of Fletcher :—

Fie, you have missed it here, Antiphila,
You are much mistaken, wench ;
These colors are not dull and pale enough,
To show a soul so full of misery
As this sad lady's was ; do it by me,
Do it again by me the lost Aspatia,
And you shall find all true but the wild island.
I stand upon the sea beach now, and think
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the
wind,
Wild as that desert, and let all about me
Tell that I am forsaken ; do my face
(If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow,)
Thus, thus, Antiphila, strive to make me look
Like Sorrow's monument : and the trees about
me,
Let them be dry and leafless ; let the rocks
Groan with continual surges, and behind me
Make all a desolation ; look, look, wenches,
A miserable life of this poor picture !

There is enough variety and subtle melody in this without the usual effeminacy of Fletcher's style. What makes it most effective is that it is written so as to represent the natural inflections of tone, the pauses, and the emphases of the character who speaks it. One more specimen of this most musical of poets may be allowed me. It is from *Thierry and Theodoret*. Thierry speaks and Ordella answers :—

Th. 'Tis full of fearful shadows.
Ord. So is sleep, sir,

Or any thing that's merely ours and mortal ;
We were begotten gods else ; but these fears,
Feeling but once the fires of noble thoughts,
Fly, like the shapes of clouds we form, to
nothing.

Th. Suppose it death.

Ord. I do.

Th. And endless parting

With all we can call ours, with all our sweet-
ness,
With youth, strength, pleasure, people, time,
nay reason.

For in the silent grave no conversation,
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
No careful fathers counsel ; nothing's heard,
Nor nothing is, but all oblivion,
Dust, and an endless darkness, and dare you,
woman,

Desire this place ?

Ord. 'Tis of all sleep the sweetest ;

Children begin it to us, strong men seek it,
And kings from height of all their painted
glories

Fall like spent exhalations to this centre.

There the poet should have stopped, for exquisite thoughts have hitherto been rendered in exquisite language. He continues, however, for five lines of very inferior beauty.

Turning from the more celebrated to the less distinguished playwrights, we find almost universally the power of writing forcible blank verse. Marston condensed much thought into his lines, and made such epigrams as these :

Can man by no means creep out of himself
And leave the slough of viperous grief behind ?

Or such addresses of concentrated passion
as this prologue :—

Therefore we proclaim,
If any spirit breathes within this round,
Uncapable of weighty passion,
(As from his birth being hugged in the arms
And nuzzled 'twixt the breasts of Happiness)
Who winks and shuts his apprehension up
From common sense of what men were, and are ;
Who would not know what men must be : let such
Hurry a main from our black-visaged shows ;
We shall affright their eyes. But if a breast,
Nailed to the earth with grief, if any heart,
Pierced through with anguish, pant within this ring ;
If there be any blood whose heat is choked
And stifled with true sense of misery—
It aught of these strains fill this consort up—
They do arrive most welcome.

There is much quaintness of language and roughness of rhythm in these lines; but how weighty, how eloquently solemn, is the apostrophe to those of the spectators whose own sorrows render them participant of tragic woes. It is clear that a

large and broad *style* a sense of rhythm, and a freedom in the use of blank verse as a natural vehicle of thought, were epidemic in that age. Facility for expressing every shade of sentiment or reflection in clear and simple blank verse belonged peculiarly to Decker, Heywood, Middleton, and Rowley, poets who made but little pretension to melodious charms and flowers of fancy, but whose native ear maintained such flowing periods as the following :—

D. Thy voice sends forth such music, that I never
Was ravished with a more celestial sound.
Were every servant in the world like thee,
So full of goodness, angels would come down
To dwell with us. Thy name is Angelo,
And like that name thou art. Get thee to rest;
Thy youth with too much watching is op-
pressed.

A. No, my dear lady. I could weary stars,
And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes,
By my late watching; but to wait on you,
When at your prayers you kneel before the
altar,
Methinks I'm singing with some choir in
heaven,
So blest I hold me in your company.
Therefore, my most loved mistress, do not bid
Your boy, so serviceable, to get hence;
For then you break his heart.

The same praise belongs to Massinger, who was, indeed, associated with Decker in the production of the play from which these lines are quoted. Coleridge remarks that he has reconciled the language of everyday life with poetical diction more thoroughly than any other writer of dramatic blank verse, and for this reason he recommends him as a better model for young writers than Shakespeare, who is far too individual, and Fletcher, who is too monotonously lyrical. If it is the case with all our dramatists that the melody of their versification depends entirely upon the sense of their words, this is particularly true of Massinger.

It will be noticed that all the changes in his rhythm are accounted for by changes in the thought, or answer to supposed alterations of the actor's gestures and of his voice. In lighter moods, Massinger could use hendecasyllabic periods with much of Fletcher's melody. This is a specimen :—

Not far from where my father lives, a lady,
A neighbor by, blest with as great a beauty
As nature durst bestow without undoing,
Dwelt, and most happily, as I thought then,

And blessed the house a thousand times she dwelt
in.

This beauty, in the blossom of my youth,
When my first fire knew no adulterate incense,
Nor I no way to flatter but my fondness,
In all the bravery my friends could show me,
In all the faith my innocence could give me,
In the best language my true tongue could tell me,
And all the broken sighs my sick heart lent me,
I sued and served. Long did I love this lady,
Long was my travail, long my trade, to win her;
With all the duty of my soul I served her.

There is no need to call attention to the alliterative structures of this period. They are strongly marked. Massinger represents a whole class of the later Elizabethan playwrights, who used a flowing blank verse, perfected by long practice for the purpose of the stage. Shirley was one of this set; he wrote evenly and with due attention to the meaning of his words. But there were other ambitious versifiers, like Ford, who sought for more recondite and elaborate graces. It has been thought that Ford imitated Shakespeare in his style as much as in the situations of his dramas. I cannot myself perceive much trace of Shakespeare in the verse of Ford; but these two specimens will enable the reader to judge fairly of his rhetoric :—

Hie to thy father's house, there lock thee fast
Alone within thy chamber; then fall down
On both thy knees, and grovel on the ground;
Cry to thy heart, wash every word thou utterest
In tears, and (if 't be possible) of blood:
Beg heaven to cleanse the leprosy of lust
That rots thy soul; acknowledge what thou art,
A wretch, a worm, a nothing: weep, sigh, pray
Three times a day, and three times every night;
For seven days space do this; then, if thou findest
No change in thy desires, return to me,
I'll think on remedy. Pray for thyself
At home, whilst I pray for thee here; away—
My blessing with thee—we have need to pray.

The lines are much more broken up than is usual with our dramatists. They sparkle with short sentences and quick successions of reiterated sounds. The same effect is noticeable in Calantha's dying speech, where the situation is quite different :—

Forgive me. Now I turn to thee, thou shadow
Of my contracted lord: bear witness all,
I put my mother's wedding-ring upon
His finger: 'twas my father's last bequest:
Thus I now marry him, whose wife I am!
Death shall not separate us. O, my lords,
I but deceived your eyes with anticke gesture,
When one news straight came huddling on another,

Of death, and death, and death; still I danced forward.
But it struck home, and here, and in an instant,
Be such mere women, who with shrieks and outcries,
Can vow a present end to all their sorrows;
Yet live to vow new pleasures, and outlive them.
They are the silent griefs which cut the heart strings;
Let me die smiling.

This is a clipping and incisive style. Even the largo (to borrow a term from music) of Calantha's address to her nobles, though it assumes hendecasyllabic stateliness, maintains the somewhat jerky motion of the lines that had preceded it. While speaking of Ben Jonson or of Marston would have been the proper time to mention the blank verse of George Chapman, a very manly and scholarlike author. He expressed philosophical ideas in elevated language. This eulogy of honorable love is vigorous in thought as well as metre:—

'Tis nature's second sun,
Causing a spring of virtues where he shines;
And as without the sun, the world's great eye,
All colors, beauties, both of art and nature,
Are given in vain to man; so without love
All beauties bred in women are in vain,
All virtues born in men lie buried;
For love informs them as the sun doth colors;
And as the sun, reflecting his warm beams
Against the earth, begets all fruits and flowers,
So love, fair shining in the inward man,
Brings forth in him the honorable fruits
Of valor, wit, virtue, and haughty thoughts,
Brave resolution, and divine discourse.

There is nothing in this passage which can be termed highly poetical. It is chiefly interesting as showing the plasticity of language and of metre in the hands of our Elizabethan authors. They fixed their mind upon their thoughts, as we should do in writing prose, and turned out terse and pregnant lines not unadorned with melody. I have hitherto purposely abstained from speaking about Webster, a poet of no ordinary power, whose treatment of blank verse is specially illustrative of all the licences which were permitted by the playwrights of that time. His language is remarkably condensed, elliptical, and even crabbed. His verse is broken up into strange blocks and masses, often reading like rhythmical prose. It is hard, for instance, to make a five-footed line out of the following:—

To be executed again; who must despatch me?
Yet close analysis will always prove that

there was method in the aberrations of Webster, and that he used his metre as the most delicate and responsive instrument for all varieties of dramatic expression. Avoiding the sing-song of Greene and Peele, the lyrical sweetness of Fletcher, the prosaic gravity of Jonson, the mere fluency of Heywood and Decker, the tumid magniloquence of Marlowe, and the glittering regularity of Ford, he perfected a style which depends for its effect upon the emphases and pauses of the reciter. One of the most striking lines in his tragedy of the *Duchess of Malfi* proves how wholly and how successfully Webster sacrificed metre to expression. A brother is looking for the first time after death on the form of a sister whom he has caused to be murdered:—

Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle: she died young.
There is no caesura, no regular flow of verse, in this line, though in point of syllables it is not more redundant than half of Fletcher's. Each sentence has to be said separately, with long intervals and sighs, that indicate the working of remorseful thought. The powerful collocation of his words may be illustrated by such a line as,—

Other sins only speak; murder shrieks out!
where the logical meaning can hardly fail to be emphasized by the reader. Quantity in the verse of Webster is sympathetic with the purpose of the speaker: in writing it he no doubt imagined his actors declaiming with great variety of intonation, with frequent and lengthy pauses, and with considerable differences in the rapidity of their utterances. The dialogue of the duchess with her waiting-maid on the subject of the other world and death is among the finest for its thoughts and language. As far as rhythm contributes to its excellences, they depend entirely upon the pauses, emphases, and irregularities of all sorts which are used. The duchess begins,—

O, that it were possible we might
But hold some two days' conference with the dead.
From them I should learn somewhat, I am sure,
I never shall know here.

Up to this point the verses have run smoothly for Webster. But the duchess has exhausted one vein of meditation. Her voice sinks, and she falls into a

profound reverie. When she rouses herself again to address, Cariola, she starts with a new thought, and the line is made redundant:—

I'll tell thee a miracle;
I am not mad yet to my cause of sorrow:
The heaven o'er my head seems made of molten
brass,

The earth of flaming sulphur; yet I am not mad.

To eke out the second line the voice is made to dwell with emphasis upon the word "mad," while the third and fourth have each twelve syllables, which must be pronounced with desperate energy and distinctness,—as it were rapidly beneath the breath. But again her passion changes. It relents, and becomes more tender. And for a space we have verses that flow more evenly:—

I am acquainted with sad misery;
As the tanned galley-slave is with his oar;
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
And custom makes it easy.

At this point she sinks into meditation, and on rousing herself again with a fresh thought, the verse is broken and redundant:—

What do I look like now?

Cariola answers plainly, and her lines have a smooth rhythm:—

Like to your picture in the gallery,
A deal of life in show, but none in practice;
Or rather like some reverend monument,
Whose ruins are even pitied.

The duchess takes up this thought:—

Very proper;
And fortune seems only to have her eyesight
To behold my tragedy.

Here her contemplation is broken by the approach of a messenger, and she exclaims, without completing the line,—

How now!
What noise is that?

It might seem almost hypercritical to remark, that when the train of thought is broken from without, the verse is deficient; when broken by the natural course of the speaker's reflection, it is redundant. Yet this may be observed in the instances which I have quoted, and there is a real reason for it. The redundant line indicates the incubation of long-continued reverie; the deficient very well expresses that short and sudden cessation of thought which is produced by an interruption from without. The remarks which I

have made on Webster's style apply with almost equal force to that of his contemporaries. We read in *Hamlet*, for instance:—

This bodily creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ecstasy!

The second line is defective in one syllable. That syllable, to Shakspeare's delicate sense of the value of sounds and pauses, was supplied by Hamlet's manner. The prince was meant, no doubt, to startle his audience by the sudden repetition of the word "ecstasy," after a quick gesture of astonishment.

To those who read the pages of our dramatists with this conception of their metre, its irregularities furnish an unerring index to the inflections which the actors must have used, to the characters which the poets designed, and to the situations which they calculated. The want of action is thus in some measure compensated, and it becomes apparent that the true secret of blank verse consists in the proper adaptation of words and rhythms to the sense contained in them. On this point I have already more than once insisted. I repeat it because it seems to me that in this respect blank verse differs from every other metre in kind, and that it cannot be properly appreciated, far less properly written, unless it be remembered that thought must always run before expression, and mould language to its own particular uses. Blank verse is indeed a sort of divinized prose.

Having traced the origin and development of blank verse upon the stage, and seen the congruence of liberty and law, the harmony of thought and form, which constitutes its beauty, we can understand how Milton came to use it as he did. Milton was deeply read in the Elizabethan authors; he profited by all of them and wore their mantle with a double portion of their power. Nor did he fail to observe the analogy between blank verse and the Virgilian hexameter; so that he added structures of more complex melody than had been used upon the stage, periods more fitted to reading or to recitation than to the rapid utterance of acted character. Yet, while he dignified the metre by epic additions, he never forgot that

he was handling the verse of tragedy ; and every one of the "remarkably unharmonious" lines which Johnson has collected in his essay on the versification of Milton, was not fashioned, as the critic hints, in slovenly haste, or in despair of making modern language musical, but was deliberately written in obedience to the highest laws of the metre which Marlowe, Shakespeare, Fletcher, Webster, and other dramatists had used. In suiting blank verse to epic poetry, Milton preserved the elasticity and force with which his predecessors had wielded it ; his so-called harshness resulted from a deliberate or instinctive obedience to the genius of the English tragic metre. It seems hardly necessary to insist upon this view of Milton's versification. Yet the pernicious canons of the eighteenth century, when taste had become habituated to the mechanical regularity and meaningless monotony of the couplet, still prevail, and there are people who cannot read Milton by the sense and by their ear, but who cling blindly to the laws of rigorous scansion. A dispute arose not long ago in one of our leading papers, as to the proper reading of two lines in *Samson Agonistes* ; where, by the way, dramatic licence was, to say the least, allowable. The lines run thus :—

Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
For his people of old : what hinders now ?

It was suggested that they might be reduced to order by this transposition :—

Yet God of old hath for his people wrought
Things as incredible : what hinders now ?

It is clear that the versification according to the second reading is far smoother. But is it more Miltonic, and would it not be very easy by a similar process of transposition to emasculate some of the most vigorous periods in Milton's poetry, and to reduce his music to the five-footed monotony of incompetent versifiers ? The truth is, that the chorus,—or Milton, who speaks in the chorus,—does not think about iambic regularity, but is intent on arguing with Manoah. Its words of faith and confidence rush forth :—

Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
For his people of old—

then stop ; and the question follows after a pause :—

What hinders now ?

Energy of meaning is thus communicated to the double purpose of their argument. The action of the speech is weakened by the suggested emendation. Take again line 175 of *Samson Agonistes*,—

Universally crowned with highest praises.
and write it,—

Crowned universally with highest praises.

The first form is anomalous ; the second makes a very decent hendecasyllabic. Johnson, Bently, and the like, would rejoice in so manipulating a hundred characteristic passages ; but true criticism looks backward and deduces its grounds of judgment from the predecessors rather than the successors of a poet. Adopting this standard, we should try Milton by Elizabethan models and not by the versifiers of the eighteenth century.

But these examples are taken from a tragedy. In *Paradise Lost* we find that Milton has varied the dramatic rhythm by abstaining from hendecasyllables and by introducing far more involved and artificial cadences. In fact the flow of epic language is naturally more sedate and complex than that of the drama : for it has to follow the thoughts of one mind through all its reasonings. Yet the dramatic genius of metre is for ever asserting itself, as in the following lines :—

Rejoicing but with awe,
In adoration at his feet I fell
Submiss ; he reared me, and, " Whom thou
soughtest I am,"
Said mildly, " Author of all this thou seest
Above, or round about thee, or beneath."

Here, if we fix our attention upon the lines and try to scan them, we find the third most dissonant. But if we read them by the sense, and follow the grouping of the thoughts, we terminate one cadence at " submiss," and after a moment moment of parenthetical description begin another period, which extends itself through the concluding lines. To analyze Miltonic blank verse in all its details would be the work of much study and prolonged labor. It is enough to indicate the fact that the most sonorous passages commence and terminate with interrupted lines, including in one organic structure, periods, parentheses, and par-

agraphs of fluent melody, that the harmonies are wrought by subtle and most complex alliterative systems, by delicate changes in the length and volume of syllables, and by the choice of names magnificent for their mere gorgeousness of sound. In these structures there are many pauses which enable the ear and voice to rest themselves, but none are perfect, none satisfy the want created by the opening hemistich, until the final and deliberate close is reached. Then the sense of harmony is gratified and we proceed with pleasure to a new and different sequence. If the truth of this remark is not confirmed by the following celebrated and essentially Miltonic passage, it must fall without further justification:—

And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hardening in his
strength,
Glories ; for never since created man
Met such embodied force as named with these
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warred on by cranes : though all the giant
brood
Of Phlegra, with the heroic race were joined
That fought at Thebes or Illium, on each side
Mixed with auxiliar Gods ; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with English and Armoric knights ;
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco or Morocco or Trebizond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia.

After perusing this quotation, let the reader compare it with Claudio's speech on Death in *Measure for Measure*, and observe the difference between Shakspearian and Miltonic, between dramatic and epic blank verse. The one is simple in construction and progressive, the other is complex and stationary ; but both are musical beyond the possibility of imitation. The one exhibits a thought, in the process of formation, developing itself from the excited fancy of the speaker. The other presents to us an image crystallized and perfect in the poet's mind, the one is in time, the other in space—the one is a growing and the other a complete organism. The whole difference between the drama and the epic is implicit in these periods. The one resembles Music and the other Architecture.

In this again we find a proof that the structure of blank verse depends entirely

upon the nature of the thought which it is meant to clothe. The thoughts of a dramatist—whether his characters converse or soliloquize—are, of necessity, in evolution ; the thoughts of an epic poet are before him, as matter which he must give form to. The richness and melody and variety of his versification will, in either case, depend upon the copiousness of his language, the delicacy of his ear, and the fertility of his invention. We owe everything to the nature of the poet, and very little to the decasyllables which he is using.

Milton was the last of the Elizabethans. With him the spirit of our literary renaissance became for the time extinct. Even during his lifetime the taste and capacity for blank verse composition had expired. It is said that Dryden wished to put *Paradise Lost* into couplets, and received from Milton the indifferent answer, "Let the young man tag his rhymes," Dryden, in his essay on dramatic poetry defended the use of rhyme, and introduced the habit of writing plays in heroics, to the detriment of sense and character and freedom. Yet there are passages in his later tragedies—*All for Love*, *Cleopatra*, *King Arthur*, and *The Spanish Friar*—which show that he could use the tragic metre of blank verse with moderate ability. The Elizabethan inspiration still feebly surviyes in lines like these:—

The gods are just,
But how can finite measur: infinite?
Reason, alas ! it does not know itself !
Yet man, vain man, will, with this short-lined
plummet,
Fathom the vast abyss of heavenly justice.
Whatever is, is in its causes just,
Since all things are by fate. But purblind man
Sees but a part of the chain, the nearest links ;
His eyes not carrying to that equal beam
That poises all above.

This is average thought expressed in average words. But *Absalom and Achitophel* is a work of the very highest genius in its kind, written, not under the influence and inspiration of another age, but produced as the expression of a different and no less genuine phase of national development. During the period of Dryden's ascendancy over English literature, very little blank verse was written of much moment. Yet, it must be remembered, that the passage of the

Mourning Bride, which Johnson preferred to any single piece of English descriptive poetry, first saw the light in 1697. The lines begin—" How reverend is the face of this tall pile." They are dignified, melodious and clear; but we already trace in the handling of the language more of effort after neatness and precision, and less of nature than was common with the elder dramatists. After the death of Otway and Congreve, blank verse held the stage in the miserable compositions of the eighteenth century; but it had no true vitality. The real works of genius in that period were written in couplets, and it was not until the first dawn of a second renaissance in England, that blank verse began again to be practised. Meanwhile the use of the couplet had unfitted poets for its composition. Their acquired canons of regularity, when applied to that loose and flowing metre, led them astray. They no longer trusted exclusively to their ear, but to a mechanism which rendered accuracy of ear almost useless, not to say impossible. Hence it followed that when blank verse began again to be written, it found itself, very much at the point where it had stood before the appearance of Marlowe. Even Thomson who succeeded so well in imitating Spenserian stanza, wrote stiff and languid blank verse with monosyllabic terminations and monotonous cadences—a pedestrian style.

Cowper, in his translation of Homer, aimed at the Miltonic structure, and acquired a fine and solemn versification. The description of the Russian empress's ice-palace in *The Winter Morning Walk*, proves how he had imbued himself with the language of the *Paradise Lost*, and how naturally he adapted it to his own thoughts. Coleridge's blank verse has a kind of inflated grandeur, but not much of Elizabethan variety of music, subtlety of texture, and lightness of movement. His lines written in the Valley of Chamonix are sonorous; but they want elasticity, and are inferior in quality to his lyrics. Heaviness of style and turgid rhetoric deface his verse and prose alike. Wordsworth again could not handle blank verse with any certainty of success. Wildernesses of the *Excursion* extend for pages and pages barren of any beauty. We plod over them on foot, sinking

kee-deep into the clinging sand; whereas the true master of blank verse carries us aloft as on a winged steed through cloud and sunshine in a yielding air. Wordsworth mistook the language of prose for that of Nature, and did not understand that natural verse might be written without the tedious heaviness of common disquisitions. One of his highest efforts is the poem on the Simplon Pass, introduced into the *Prelude*. This owes its great beauty to the perfect delineation which he has succeeded in producing by suggestive images, by reiterated cadences, by solitary lines, by breathless repetitions, by the perfect union in short which subsists between the poet's mind and the nature he is representing.

Byron again is uncertain in his blank verse. The lines on the Coliseum, in *Manfred*, are as good as a genuine Elizabethan passage, because they are spoken from the fullness of a poet's heart, and with a continuity of thought and copiousness of language which insured their organic vitality. But they are exceptional. Byron needed rhyme as an assistance to his defective melody. He did not feel that inner music which is the soul of true blank verse and sounding prose. In Keats at last we reach this power. His *Hyperion* is sung, not written; governed in all its parts by the controlling force of imagined melody. Its music is fluid, bound by no external measurement of feet, but determined by the sense and intonation of the poet's thought, while like the crotalos of the Athenian flute-player, the decasyllabic beat maintains an uninterrupted undercurrent of regular pulsations. Keats studied Milton and strove to imitate him. But he falls below the majesty and breadth of Milton's manner. He is too luxuriant in words and images, too loose in rhythm and prone to description. In fact, he produces an Elizabethan poem of even more wanton superfluity than those which he imitates. The entrance of Phœbus into his desecrated palace is a gorgeous instance of the plasticity of language in a master's hand. But it smacks of a degenerating taste in art. Some of Shelley's blank verse is perhaps the best which this century has produced. In *Alastor* he shows what he can do both

without imitation and by its help. The lines on Egypt are written with a true Miltonic roll and ponderous grandiloquence of aggregated names. But in the last paragraph of the poem we find the vernal freshness, elasticity, and delicacy that are Shelley's own. It is noticeable that both Keats and Shelley make an Elizabethan use of the so-called heroic couplet. *Epipychidion* and *Lamia* are written, not with the metre of Dryden, Churchill, Pope, and Crabbe, but in that of Marlowe and Fletcher. Nothing proves more significantly the distance between the Elizabethan spirit and the taste of the eighteenth century, than the utter dissimilarity of these two metres, syllabically and in point of rhyme identical. The couplets of Marlowe, Fletcher, Shelley, and Keats follow the laws of blank verse, and add rhyme;—that is to say, their periods and pauses are entirely determined by the sense. The couplets of Dryden and his followers resemble Ovid's elegiacs in the permanence of their form and the restriction of their thought. Mr. Browning, who is one of the latest and most characteristic products of the Elizabethan revival, has made good use of this loose rhyming metre in *Sordello*. Among the few intelligible passages of that poem may be found the following:—

You can believe

Sordello foremost in the regal class
Nature has broadly severed from the mass
Of men, and framed for pleasure, as she frames
Some happy lands that have luxurious names
For loose fertility; a foot-fall there
Suffices to upturn to the warm air
Half germinating spices, mere decay
Produces richer life, and day by day
New pollen on the lily petal grows,
And still more labyrinthine buds the rose.

The whole structure of this period, in its pauses and utter disregard of the rhymed system, is that of blank verse. The final couplet completes the sense and satisfies the ear with regularity. Browning by fits and starts produces passages of fine blank verse, blowing out bubbles of magnificent sound as glass is blown from red-hot matter by the fierce breath and fiery will. Swinburne, with more extravagance, sweeps the long purple, blows the golden trumpet, and intones the sacrificial chaunt of the Elizabethan hierarchy. Yet with him it is "a song of little meaning, though the words are

strong." He is an artist in words; they obey him as the keys obey an organist, and from their combination he builds up melodious palaces of vacuous magnificence. How different is the art of Tennyson, the greatest living writer of blank verse. Here all is purity and elegance, and skill. We trace design and calculation in his style. The *linea labor* is perceptible. The classical beauty of the *Idylls of the King*, the luxuriant eloquence of the *Princess*, the calm majesty of *Ulysses*, the idyllic sweetness of *Œnone*, the grandeur of the *Mort d'Arthur*, are monuments to the variety and scientific grasp of his genius. Subtle melody and self-restrained splendor are observable throughout his compositions. He has the power of selection and of criticism, the lack of which makes blank verse timid or prosaic. It may be noticed that Tennyson has not only created for himself a style in narrative and descriptive blank verse, but that he has also adapted this Protean metre to lyrical purposes. Three songs in the *Princess*, "Tears, idle tears," "Now sleeps the crimson petal," and "Come down, O maid," are perfect specimens of most melodious and complete minstrelsy in words. We observe that the first of these songs is divided into periods of five lines, each of which terminates with the words, "days that are no more." This recurrence of sound and meaning is a substitute for rhyme, and suggests rhyme so persuasively that it is impossible to call the poem mere blank verse. The second song is less simple in its construction: it consists of a quatrain followed by three couplets, and succeeded by a final quatrain, each group of lines ending with the word "me." The lines are so managed, by recurrences of sound and by the restriction of the sense to separate lines, that the form of lyric verse is again imitated without aid of rhyme. Theocritus, in his Amœbean Idylls, had suggested this system; and Shakspeare, in the *Merchant of Venice* (Act v. sc. 1), had shown what could be made of it in English. But the third song which I have mentioned depends for its effect upon no artificial structure, no reiterated sounds. The poet calls it an idyll: I think it may be referred to as a most convincing proof that the English language can be made per-

fectly lyrical and musical without the need of stanzas or of rhyme.

I have now passed in brief review the greatest writers of blank verse, and have shown that this metre, originally formed for dramatic elocution, became epic, idyllic, lyrical, didactic, according to the will of the poets who made use of it. In conclusion, I may repeat some of the points which are established with reference to the scope and purpose of the metre. It seems adapted specially for thought in evolution; it requires progression and sustained effort. As a consequence of this, its melody is determined by the sense which it contains, and depends more upon proportion and harmony of sounds, than upon recurrences and regularities of structure. This being its essential character, it follows that blank verse is better suited for descriptions, eloquent appeals, rhetorical declamations, for all those forms of poetry which imply a continuity and development of thought, than for the setting forth of some one perfect and full-formed idea. The thought or "moment" which is sufficient for a sonnet would seem poor and fragmentary in sixteen lines of blank verse, unless they were distinctly understood to form a part of some continuous poem or dramatic dialogue. When, therefore, blank verse is used lyrically, the poet who manipulates it, has to deceive the ear by structures analogous to those of rhymed stanzas. The harmony of our language is such as to admit of exquisite finish in this style; but blank verse sacrifices a portion of its characteristic freedom, and assimilates itself to another type of metrical expression, in the process. Another point about blank verse is that it admits of no mediocrity; it must be either clay or gold. Its writer gains no unreal advantage from the form of his versification, but has to produce fine thoughts in vigorous and musical language. Hence, we find that blank verse is the metre of genius, that it is only used successfully by indubitable poets, and that it is no favorite in a mean, contracted and unimaginative age. The freedom of the renaissance created it in England. The freedom of our own country has reproduced it. Blank verse is a type and symbol of our national literary genius—uncontrolled by precon-

dent or rule, inclined to extravagance, and apt to degenerate into nonsense, yet reaching perfection at intervals by an inner force and *vivida vis* of native inspiration.

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The Saturday Review.

THE ELASTICITY OF TIME.

THE variations in the length of an hour as judged by sensation are so great and so constantly felt, that every one must be used to considering his own days as composed of an elastic material. It is only in calculating the length of other people's days that this property of time is apt to be forgotten. But the fact, though sufficiently familiar, is one which depends upon such complicated and obscure conditions, and which exercises such a subtly disturbing effect upon people's lives, characters, and works, that it is worth a little investigation. Each individual in course of time acquires an estimate of the average length of one of his own days which is sufficiently accurate for practical purposes. How much this estimate varies according to circumstances—among other things, according to the age of the person—we all know. It is commonly said that time goes faster and faster as we get older, and, as a rough outline of ordinary experience, this is on the whole true. But this progress is not uninterrupted, and is clearly perceptible only at the two ends of life. In childhood, time seems infinitely long, just as the world seems infinitely big; in youth, it begins to be reducible to some sort of measurement, but the irregularity of its pace is probably greater than at any other period. Then comes a sort of table-land, in which such variations as may occur in the length of the years are due chiefly to external causes; and towards the close of life the years begin to slip away with a rapidity which appears to increase to the end. But there are many other causes which affect the apparent length of our days and years. It is well known that sooner or later, in the course of every novel "a lifetime" will be "compressed into those few moments" in which some startling event takes place. In real life there are many

days and hours which appear for similar reasons to assume gigantic proportions, though it is chiefly in looking back that this is felt, for at such moments people do not take account of the flight of time. It is only when they are over that the ordinary routine of life is discovered to have been broken off but a very little while ago by the clock or the almanac, while to the mind it seems to have retreated into the dimness of the far-away past. In moments of great anxiety or suspense everybody knows how all the clocks seem to have entered into a conspiracy to move only at a snail's pace. Whenever the end of any period is anxiously looked for, there is some degree of suspense, and corresponding slowness in the apparent movement of time. But when the strain of expectation ceases, time recovers its natural speed, and monotony then serves only to hasten its flight. Prisoners who have been kept for many years in the most monotonous and trying kinds of confinement have agreed in saying that after the first few months they have subsided into a quiescent state, in which the months and years seemed to pass away unheeded and with incredible rapidity. Most people have experienced this with regard to a monotonous succession of quiet cheerful days, with no exciting event immediately in prospect. At such times any marked period (Sunday, for instance) seems to recur with a frequency which is sometimes absolutely startling. Thus the fact that monotonous days very often look long in the future, and oppress the mind in passing with a sense of endlessness, appears to be due rather to something depressing and distasteful in the circumstances under which they are spent, than to their monotony in itself.

But the fact is that in speaking of the apparent length of time, we use the word "long" in several different senses. By calling any particular period long, we may mean that it occupies a large space in our memory or anticipation as compared with other similar periods; or we may mean that a certain time has seemed, or will seem, to pass slowly; or again (which is quite a different thing), that the furthest point of it looks distant. Thus the same period may look long in the future, and short in the past, or *vice versa*.

sa; the apparent size of the future is complicated in every possible way by hope and fear, that of the past by the uncertainties of memory. In looking back upon a monotonous period it may seem as nothing, while yet we may well remember to have felt it almost endless in its tediousness as it passed. The fact that a certain time has seemed long in passing is one which from its very commonness we soon forget, and in looking back the mind is apt to dwell only on the salient points. In looking forward, the necessity of adjusting the mind to the demands likely to be made upon its powers of endurance prevents our passing in this summary manner over the intermediate spaces, and may even tend to magnify the monotonous days which lie before us. Leaving out of account those tricks of hope and fear and forgetfulness which are too subtle to be reduced to any rule, let us consider what are the conditions which affect, 1st, our sense of duration in passing through any period; 2ndly, the space which it occupies in our minds; and, 3rdly, the apparent distance of any point in it.

It is difficult to say by what standard the lapse of time is unconsciously reckoned—what are the beads upon our mental rosaries by which we measure its duration as it passes through our hands. They consist probably in part of physical sensations, and in some kind of mechanical tendency to the recurrence of certain states or actions at fixed periods. There are people in whose constitutions there is so much of this mechanical regularity, that they can tell as by instinct, without consciously making any kind of calculation, what o'clock it is whenever you ask them. They are popularly said to have been born while the clock was striking, and to naturally unpunctual people this power seems to be a privilege as enviable as it is astonishing. It seems to be clear, from the extraordinary, almost unlimited, expansion and contraction to which, in cases of illness, the sense of duration is liable, that the more ordinary variations in the apparent length of the hours depend in a great measure upon physical causes; and, accordingly, in health, when the only disturbing causes are external, the hours which seem longest are always those which

make the greatest demand upon the nervous system. Pain, suspense, and dullness are the circumstances which most certainly exhaust nervous energy and retard the movement of time; and unfamiliar circumstances tend to produce a similar effect. The first week at a strange place seems double the length of any succeeding week, and in walking or travelling through new country, the return seems only half as long as the outward journey. Another thing which makes time pass slowly is thinking about it. The effect of directing the attention upon the rate at which time is passing, may easily be made the subject of direct experiment. In a railway journey, for instance, there is no surer way to make time pass slowly than to compare one's watch and one's Bradshaw at every station, and calculate exactly how much time must yet elapse before one can reach one's journey's end. As the proverb says, "A watched pot never boils." If on such wearisome occasions one can by any means cheat oneself into taking no notice of the time of day, one is almost sure to be rewarded by finding it unexpectedly late when one's attention is again drawn to the subject. But the standard of comparison by which the speed of time while actually on the wing is most commonly judged, consist of wishes. We say it passes slowly when we mean that it is being spent in a manner in which, if we had our choice, less of it should be spent; it flies when we would fain prolong the particular phase through which we are passing; and this not from an inscrutable perversity in the nature of time, but simply because we measure it against our own ideal arrangements. Partly also perhaps it is because the mental revolt against the unpleasant phases, though not passing into outward action, is yet sufficient to exhaust nervous energy, and so to affect the physical sense of duration.

The conditions which determine the space occupied in the mind by any given period in the past or future are less obscure. This seems to depend simply upon the amount of thought and feeling which has been compressed into, or which is excited by the anticipant of, that period. There are days which have not seemed to pass slower or quicker than

others, in which indeed most likely no notice has been taken of the rate at which time was passing, but which afterwards loom larger than ordinary weeks, and which we feel to be rightly entitled to as much room in our minds as any such week. Indeed it would be difficult to deny that in such days we really have lived longer than in others. The portion of life allotted to each day is only nominally a fixed quantity, and though we habitually speak of days and years as giving the real measure of time, and of our own experience of its duration as only apparent, this is merely for the convenience of using a common standard, with which indeed nature has kindly provided us. But in this case, as in that of the dead languages, the convenience of a common medium of communication is balanced by the necessity of translation and correction, and by the inaccuracy with which it often represents the speaker's real meaning. In thinking of our own past or future we naturally drop it, and measure time by its contents, not by the number of nights by which it may have been intersected. In this sense it is no bad compliment to the most agreeable of companions to say that the time which has been spent with them seems long; the best company is that in which time flies the fastest while present, and expands the most when past. A curious instance of the reverse is afforded by sleepless nights, which pass perhaps more slowly, and yet contract afterwards into more insignificant dimensions, than any other periods of similar nominal length.

The apparent distance of any particular point of time is the result of an unconscious calculation of these two elements—namely, the rate of movement of the interval, and the space occupied in the mind by intervening events; and of their combination with a third—namely, the degree of our sympathy with our self of that date. People often say, "How long ago that seems, and yet it might have been yesterday!" Keenness of memory thus makes the past seem long in one sense and short in another; distending it with a crowd of recollections and yet bringing the furthest point of it within easy reach. And the vividness of those recollections depends very much upon the degree in which one's point

of view remains unchanged. To keep the past really fresh, one must not only remember its events clearly, but be able to enter into the feelings which they excited at the time. It is one of the penalties of frequent and violent changes of mind that they tend to confuse if not to obliterate past experience. Nothing makes any time seem so far away as to have since then passed through great revolutions of feeling to have adopted a different standard, especially to have lost one's hold on what then seemed real. It is to this cause that the most sudden and violent expansions of time are due. A day in which the morning seems before night to have been left behind years ago, is a day in which some great change has been made in one's position or state of mind; probably a day in which some great loss has been sustained, which has put a deep chasm between the past and the present. People are more aged by what they lose than by what they gain, or even by what they suffer. The youngest people are not those who have gone through least, but those who have retained most. The loss of sympathy with one's own past, and therefore with that of others, is one of the special dangers of advancing years, but happily experience shows that it is by no means an inevitable accompaniment of age. A firm hold on the past is to a life almost what the root is to a tree; without it, the present, instead of growing on in its place, is cut adrift like a wandering sea-weed. Happily the natural elasticity of time is sufficient, when no links have been snapped by violent means, to bring the past very near to the oldest of us.

Leisure Hour.

HEBREW POETRY.

THE following is an extract from the "Spirit of Hebrew Poetry," the last important work of Isaac Taylor. It points out with great force some of those physical characteristics of the land of Palestine which may have caused that land to be the earliest home of poetry:—

"Poetry will never disown its relationship to the beautiful and the sublime

in the visible world; in fact, it has always proved its dependence upon influences of this order. Born and nurtured not at hazard on any spot, but only in chosen regions, it finds at hand, for giving utterance to the mysteries of the inner life, an abundance of material symbols, fit for purposes of this kind, among the objects of sense. It is the function of poetry to effect such an assimilation of the material with the immaterial as shall produce one world of thought and of emotion—the visible and invisible, intimately commingled.

"Poetry, nursed on the lap of Nature, will have its preferences—it must make its selection—and this not merely as to the exterior decorations of its abode, but even as to the solid framework of the country which it favors; there must be not only a soil, and a climate, and a various vegetation favorable to its training, but a preparation must have been made for it in the remotest geological eras. The requirements of a land destined to be the home of poetry have in all instances been very peculiar; it has sprung up and thriven on countries of a very limited extent—upon areas ribbed and walled about by ranges of mountains, or girdled and cut into by seas. It has never appeared in regions which oppress the spirit by a dreary sameness, or by shapeless magnitudes, or featureless sublimity. Poetry has had its birth, and it has sported its childhood, and it has attained its manhood, and has blended itself with the national life, in countries such as Greece, with its rugged hills, and its myrtle groves, and its sparkling rills, but not in Egypt—in Italy, but not in the dead levels of northern Europe. Poetry was born and reared in Palestine, but not in Mesopotamia—in Persia, but not in India. Pre-eminently has poetry found its home among the rural groves of England and amid the glens of Scotland, and there, rather than in those neighboring countries which are not inferior to the British Islands in any other products of intellect or of taste. But more especially Palestine—which five English counties, Northumberland, Durham, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Lincolnshire would more than cover—brings within its narrow limits more varieties of surface, and of aspect, and of tempera-

ture, and of produce, than elsewhere may be found in countries that have ten times its area. Palestine, in the age of its wealth, was a sampler of the world—it was a museum country, many lands in one. Not in England, not in Switzerland, nor in Greece, in no country known to us, may there be looked at and experienced so much of *difference* in all those external things of nature which effect the bodily sensations, the conditions of life, and in what quickens the imagination ; and all upon an area the whole of which may be seen from three of its elevations, or from four.

Thus it was, therefore, that the Hebrew poet found, always near at hand, those materials of his art which the poets of other lands had to seek for in distant travel. Imagery, gay or grave, was around him everywhere ; and these diversities of scenery so near at hand must have made the deeper impression upon minds sensible of such impressions, inasmuch as the same land was bordered on every side by mountain ranges, or by the boundless table-land desert, eastward and southward, and by the great sea in front. Palestine was a picture of many a bright color, set in a broad and dull frame. From the lofty battlements of most of the walled towns the ancient inhabitants of Palestine looked westward upon what was to him an untraversed world of waters ; the "great sea" was to him the image of the Infinite. He believed, or might believe, that the waves which fell in endless murmers upon those shores had come on, there to end a course which had begun between the two firmaments, where the sun sinks nightly to his rest. From the opposite turrets of the same fenced city he watched for the morning, and thence beheld the celestial bridegroom coming forth from his chambers anew, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race ! To those who now for an hour will forget our modern astronomy, the Syrian sunrising well answers to the imaginative rendering of it by the poet ; the sun as he flares up from behind the mountain wall of Edom, seems well to bear out whatever may be conceived as to his daily course through the heavens. It is only in these last times, at the end of thirty centuries, that a river which has no fellow on earth, which has poured its waters down to

their rest near at hand to the civilized world, and has been crossed at many points, has come to be understood, and the mystery of its seventy-mile course opened up. Why it was not understood long ago is itself a mystery. This Jordan—which, physically and historically alike, is the most remarkable river in the world—is mentioned by ancient authors only in the most cursory manner, as dividing the countries on its right and left bank, or as emptying itself into the Asphaltic Lake. Even the Biblical writers, although the river is mentioned by them very often, say little that implies their acquaintance with the facts of its physical peculiarities. And yet, unconscious as they seem to be of these facts, they drew from this source very many of their images. Has their ever been poetry where there is not a river ? This Jordan, rich in aspects, alternately of gloom and gay luxuriance, sometimes leaping adown rapids, and at others spreading itself quietly in basins, reaches a prison-house whence there is no escape for its waters but—upwards to the skies. Within a less direct distance than is measured by the Thames from Oxford to the Nore, or by the Severn from Shrewsbury to the estuary of the Bristol Channel, or by the Humber, or the Trent, or the Tweed, in their main breadths, the waters of the Jordan break themselves away from the artio glaciers of Hermon, and within the compass of one degree of latitude give a tropical verdure to the plains of Jericho, where the summer's heat is more intense than anywhere else on earth, unless it be Aden. To conceive these extraordinary facts aright, we should imagine a parallel instance, and if it were so that, in the Midland counties—say between London and Lichfield—perpetual sun covered the land, while the valley of the Thames should be a forest of palm-trees with an African climate."

♦♦♦

Saturday Review.

CHARLES V. AND THE GERMAN PROTESTANTS.*

DON MANUEL GARCIA GONZALEZ, the director of the archives of Simancas, is cer-

* *Karl V. u. d. deutschen Protestantenten. 1545-1555*
Von Wilh. Maurenbrecher. Dusseldorf.

tainly anything but a sinecurist. His duty—which, according to the unanimous consent of his visitors, he performs with equal zeal and courtesy—is to act as guide to the succession of inquirers attracted by the thousand secrets which lie hidden, or have until very recently lain hidden, in his choked-up treasure-house. The liberal spirit evinced in this respect by the Spanish Government, at Simancas as well as at Madrid, is indeed above all praise. True, Spain has excellent reason for thus avenging herself upon her monarchs, by allowing them to condemn themselves as it were from their own mouths. Had Philip II. foreseen that he was writing, docketing, and margining his endless piles of despatches for the benefit of a M. Gachard, and, through a M. Gachard, of a Mr. Motley, it may be reasonably doubted whether even the indefatigable industry of the royal scribe would not have occasionally slackened. Though the activity of Charles V. (whom tradition credits with having been perfectly satisfied with four hours sleep out of the twenty-four) was by no means confined to the reading and writing of despatches, yet his pen was only less prolix than that of his son, who successfully managed to caricature the method as well as the policy of his father's rule.

At the time when Mr. Bergenroth was pursuing his laborious investigations at Simancas, another scholar was working upon the same spot, and upon kindred subjects. M. Maurenbrecher has long devoted his attention to what he not inappropriately terms "the Catholic-counter-Reformation and the offensive operations of Catholic Europe against the countries which had accepted Protestantism, in the second half of the sixteenth century." He is apparently a pupil of the illustrious Ranke, whose unerring sagacity had already anticipated many of the conclusions which are fast growing into axioms of historical truth. M. Maurenbrecher's previous publications are such as to induce us to look forward with no ordinary interest to his contemplated history of Philip II., to be founded on and accompanied by documentary evidence collected at London, Paris, Madrid, and Simancas. In the meantime—remembering that life is short, and that with German, no more than with Cam-

bridge, professors do intentions invariably ripen into publications—we congratulate him on having already given to the world a volume which is valuable in itself, and may eventually serve as an introduction to one of the most important portions of a more comprehensive work.

The monograph of *Charles V. and the German Protestants* constitutes a narrative, at once copious and clear, of the great but unsuccessful effort of the Emperor to put down Protestantism in Germany. For such, we are fully convinced, was the constant aim of Charles's policy. We believe that whoever desires clearly to understand the main current of German history in the middle of the sixteenth century, and at the same time to arrive at a consistent appreciation of the motives which animated the principal actor in that period, should above all hold fast to the fact that Charles V. never swerved from his allegiance to the Roman Catholic Church. Very different indeed were the means by which he at different times endeavored to put an end to the mighty secession from her communion. He tried persuasion, and when persuasion had failed he tried force, not, however, without occasionally recurring to the former method, when circumstances appeared to call for it. Whatever fanaticism there may have been in his principles, there was no fanatical hot-headedness in his mode of action. Whatever duplicity there may have been in his mode of action, it was at all events not duplicity of principle or purpose. Such duplicity existed, indeed, but not in the Emperor's tent or cabinet. The fact that, parallel with his determination to recover the lost ground of the Church, ran his resolve to subject Germany and Italy to the permanent rule of a Spanish dynasty, converted his natural allies into covert or open enemies. The treason of Maurice of Saxony found a support not only in the venal ambition of Francis of France, but also in the discontent (to employ no stronger term) of the Emperor's own brother and subsequent successor on the Imperial throne. And—a fact at first sight seemingly most paradoxical of all, though in truth it was merely a logical sequence from the essential nature of the Imperial policy—no trust could be placed by Charles in the support of

the Vatican. This point is, indeed, only incidental to the main subject of M. Maurenbrecher's narrative, but it constitutes a vital element in the complications of events with which that narrative is concerned.

Pope Adrian VI., who succeeded to the brilliant patron of a literary, not of a religious *renaissance*, reigned for too brief a space of time to leave behind him much more than the memory of his excellent intentions. In Clement VII. Spain seemed to have secured a tried and a trusty friend; and with his help the Emperor hoped to use the victory of Pavia as a stepping-stone towards the annihilation of heresy. But Cardinal Medici, in exchanging the hat for the tiara, had become an Italian prince; and, as such, he proceeded to bring about the great league against Charles at the very moment when the latter had thought to have, by the Peace of Madrid, settled matters with France, and freed his hands for action against the German Protestants. This action, it is not too much to say, was directly prevented by the course pursued by the Pope. The Emperor, to use a phrase of to-day, accepted the situation. In 1526 Protestantism was first legally established at the Diet of Speier; and in 1527 Spanish soldiers held the Pope a prisoner in his castle of St. Angelo. The triumphant establishment of Spanish supremacy in Italy hereupon once more permitted Charles to direct his attention to German affairs. When, in 1530, he met Clement at Bologna, it seemed as if a league were at last to be actually formed for the purpose of exterminating heresy in Germany; while it was, at the same time, agreed that a General Council of the Church was to assemble in order formally to condemn the new heretical tenets. Thus, doubly armed by conviction and authority, the Emperor met his Estates at the Augsburg Diet of 1530; nor was there any doubtfulness in the apprehensions which hurried the Protestant princes from Augsburg to Schmalkalden, where they speedily formed their famous League. As yet, however, the time had not come for them to draw the sword on behalf of their religious independence. Four years supervened, during which the apathy of the Pope, the intrigues of France, and the invasion

of the Turks caused the idea of a General Council to slumber, at the same time rendering any action on the part of the Emperor against the Schmalkalden League impossible. In 1534 Clement VII. was succeeded by Paul III. This time the Emperor had not carried through the conclave an avowed friend of his interests; but at all events it seemed again to have secured the election of a pontiff who had made political neutrality both his study and his profession. Paul III. was one of the most popular on the long roll of Popes, but the key to his policy as a sovereign is contained in his family name—Farnese. Two sentences from Ranke's classical work sufficiently mark the character of his proceedings before and after his election. As a Cardinal, he "conducted himself with so fortunate a circumspection that no one could say to which party—French or Imperial—he was most inclined." As Pope, according to a subsequent expression of the same historian, "the partiality he displayed for his family was beyond what had been customary even in the head of the Church." His desire for neutrality was speedily put to a severe test, for the war between Francis and Charles soon broke out afresh. The Pope was, however, able to persuade the combatants to agree to a general cessation of arms, concluded at Nice in the year 1537.

And now at last an opportunity seemed to have arrived for a pacific settlement of the religious question in Germany, i.e. for inducing the "heretics" to return into communion with the Church. At Frankfort a term of eighteen months was granted to the Protestant Estates, during which they were guaranteed the Imperial protection and peace. Theological conferences took place (in 1540 and 1541) at Worms and at Ratisbon. Their result was, of course, that which has attended all other theological discussions before and since. It became clear to Charles that these pacific methods were either out of the question, or at all events out of date. At Ratisbon he tightened the bonds which held together the league formed three years previously among the Catholic princes, and hereupon re-opened negotiations with the Vatican for a common effort in the common cause. The Pope agreed to summon a general Coun-

cil at Trent. But, before this Council met, war had once more broken out between the Emperor and France. Even in this war Paul III. contrived to preserve neutrality; and he was thus, after its termination, enabled to arrive at a definite understanding with Charles V. as to a course of common action with regard to the German Protestants. Thus the year 1545, in which the Pope's grandson, Cardinal Farnese, concluded at Worms with the Emperor this all-important league, constitutes a momentous epoch in the religious as well as in the political history of Europe. The compact was designed to settle the subjects of supreme importance to the contracting parties respectively—namely, the future of the Church in Germany and the future of the Farnese family. The Protestants were to be forced to submit to the true doctrines of the Church, to be promulgated by a General Council at Trent; and the Emperor was to take care of the Farneses. At the same time the Emperor insisted upon a thorough reformation of those practices in the Church which the Popes themselves had condemned, and in which his practical eye saw her real weakness, while he was but moderately anxious for reiteration of dogmas with which the associations of his life had already rendered him sufficiently familiar. In the following year Charles signed the capitulation binding him to make war upon the German Protestants, in which war the Pope had promised to support him with both troops and subsidies.

The Council of Trent commenced its sittings, and the Emperor his war. But the league between Pope and Emperor was still-born. They quarrelled as to the order of proceedings at the Council; they quarrelled as to the amount of the Papal subsidies; and in the last place, they fatally quarrelled in respect of the other subject of their original compact. Instead of Pier Luigi Farnese, the Pope's son, or of his relative Ottavio, Gonzaga, an inveterate enemy of the Papal family, had been appointed by the Emperor Governor of Milan; and it soon became manifest that the Spanish influence was to remain paramount in Italy, and the ambition of the Farneses unfulfilled. French intrigues fanned the flame of discontent aroused by these proceed-

ings, and thus a mixture of political and personal motives drew the Pope further and further away from the interests of the defender of the orthodox faith, till at last it drove him into the arms of the French King, and—truth almost compels us to add—into those of the Moslem allies of that unscrupulous sovereign.

Meanwhile a single year had sufficed to overthrow the power of the League of Schmalkalden. The fatal day of Mühlberg deprived John Frederick of Saxony of his electorate and of his liberty; and a base trick (for no other designation properly characterizes the proceeding which, as M. Maurenbrecher justly observes, "contributed more than anything else to make the Spanish Charles odious to the German nation") delivered the other leader of the Protestants, Landgrave Philip of Hesse, into the victor's hands. The consequence of these successes was the promulgation of the *Interim*. Among all the measures of Charles V., none has been the subject of more frequent dispute than this. In our opinion, a thinner gloss of toleration never covered a more decided act of force. Some historians consider that many of the expressions of the *Interim* were sufficiently vague to have allowed of their acceptance by the Lutherans, without the latter doing any violence to their consciences. The marriage of the clergy, e.g., was permitted, and the cup was conceded to the laity in the Eucharist. Indeed the Catholic Estates avowed their intention of refusing to accept these portions of the edict, at least until the General Council should have given its decision on these particular points of dogma; whereupon Charles pointed out to them the strictly temporary character of the measure. It became law on May 15th, 1548. The Pope never sanctioned it, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Emperor to induce him to use his dispensatory power. And yet such was the energy of Charles V., supported by the effects of his successes, that he actually succeeded in forcing the *Interim* upon the great majority of the Protestants, and seemed, in the words of M. Maurenbrecher, "to have accomplished the first greatest, and most difficult steps towards the subjection of German Protestantism."

Thus ended the first act of the strug-

gle between the Emperor and the Protestant princes. Of the second act the hero is no longer Charles V., but Maurice of Saxony. Neither friendly nor hostile writers have been chary in their acknowledgements of his extraordinary gifts as a politician and a general. But neither the undoubted fact that to him German Protestantism owes its rescue from virtual extinction, and, that his consummate skill and brilliant audacity achieved a triumph to which the blundering honesty of his unfortunate kinsman John Frederick could never have attained, neither the fame of his splendid exploits in the field nor the pious veneration paid by the noblest scholastic foundations in Germany to the memory of their princely founder, can remove from the name of Maurice the stain of a double, we should rather say of a treble, treason. He betrayed the cause of his religion for the sake of an Electorate, and that of his Emperor and benefactor in order to assure his own sovereign independence; and, lastly, together with his Torgau associates, he sold a German province to a foreign king as the prince of his support in a purely German quarrel. True, Maurice is not the only German prince against whom such a charge as the last can be established; but he was in so far more culpable than even Bernhard of Weimar, that, in the case of the latter, the French alliance was a necessity, and moreover a necessity scarcely of his own seeking. It is satisfactory to find M. Maurenbrecher avow, though with a certain reluctance, the weight of guilt attaching to Maurice and his associates in the matter of the cession of Metz, Toul, and Verdun:

In truth, the plaint of German patriotism against these princes is a just one. It is, and remains, a humiliation for a nation to have to tear off limbs from its own body in order to pay for foreign aid; this is the ancient curse which rests upon every attempt to attain to liberty by the help of strangers. I acknowledge the weight of this accusation, which the feeling of every German is justified in hurling against these acts of the League of Princes, and against its leader Maurice. I believe that it will be difficult to arouse in our nation an enthusiasm for a prince who resorted to such means for freeing Germany from the Hispano-Catholic yoke.

But, while reprobating the crooked paths

by which Maurice proceeded to his ends, it is impossible to avoid acknowledging the importance of the results achieved by him. Morality refuses to allow the proposition that the end justifies the means; but it is the duty of history to recognize the value of a success independently of the method of its accomplishment. The great result of Maurice's campaign—carried on with almost unparalleled skill and determination from the day of the sham capitulation of Magdeburg to a sham besieger—was the Peace of Passau, a treaty amounting to little short of a rehabilitation of the Augsburg Confession in lieu of the *Interim*. No doubt European politics operated favorably for the success of the German Protestants. The aid of France, whose monarchs have generally had their price had been purchased, however dearly; the foreign policy of England, under Warwick's regency, had been dictated by the ascendancy at home of Protestant sympathies. Lastly, the keys of St Peter had, after the brief interval of the papacy of Julius III., been in keeping of a pontiff who had neither promises of friendship to break nor declarations of neutrality to modify—of Giovanni Pietro Caraffa, who (once more to quote the historian of the Popes) “detested the Emperor as Neapolitan and Italian, as Catholic and as Pope, and in whose soul there existed no other passions than that of reform of the Church and his hatred of Charles.”

The Peace of Passau marks the final failure of the long struggle of Charles V. against the German Protestants. Not long afterwards he sought—and, as we now know, sought in vain—rest and peace in the retirement of San Yustè. In Germany he left to his successors the heritage of a terrible, though a noble, political mistake. He had identified the interests of the Hapsburgs with an uncompromising support of the orthodox faith. This fact it needed more than the *bonhomie* of a Maximilian II. to invalidate more than the imbecility of a Rudolf II. to obscure. When, under the tuition of the Jesuits, the tradition was resumed by Ferdinand II., two results were inevitable—the virtual establishment of religious liberty, and the virtual ruin of the German Empire.

POETRY.

SUMMER IDLENESS.

UNDER "a roof of pine,"
To hear the ringdove brood,
With the sorrow of love long past,
Thrilling the listening wood ;
Deep 'mid the clustering firs,
Where the nightingale sings all day,
To hide in the darkness sweet,
Where the sunbeam finds no way.

To ramble from field to field,
Where the poppy is all on flame,
All but the little black coal
At its core, that's still the same ;
And where the "speedwell" blue
Cheers with its two kind words,
And the wild rose burns with a blush
At the flattery of the birds.

To bask on a grassy cliff,
Lazily watching the sail.
The blue plains of the deeper sea,
And the shallows emerald pale ;
The breezes' rippling track,
And the sea-birds flickering white
Athwart the rosy cloud,
And under the golden light.

In the haycock sweet and dry,
To lazily nestle down,
When half the field is grey and shorn,
And half the field waves brown ;
'Mid the clumps of purple thyme,
When the evening sky is red,
To lie and rest on the flowers
One's Epicurean head.

Or better, amid the corn,
To turn on one's lazy back,
And see the lark upborn
Over the drifting wrack ;
To hear the field-mouse run
To its nest in the swinging stalk ;
And see the timorous hare
Limp over the hedge-side walk.

Such are the summer joys
That Epicureans love ;
Men with no morrow to heed,
Heeding no cloud above ;
Grasshopper-men, that sing
Their little summer through,
And when the winter comes,
Hide from the frost and dew.

Happy the man whose heart
Is granite against Time's frost,
Whose summer of calm content
In autumn's never lost ;
Who, when care comes with clouds
That gather from east and west,
Has still a changeless heart,
And sunshine in his breast.

—Chambers's Journal.

THE WRONG SIDE OF THE STREAM.

ONCE more do I feel the soft summer wind blowing,
Whilst it tenderly rustles the trees ;
Again the clear water is trilling and flowing,
As the rushes are bent 'neath the breeze.
The grand purple shadows are dreamily spreading
Their gloom o'er the sunshiny gleam ;
Through tall nodding grasses I fancy I'm treading,
By the side of the murmuring stream.

Ah ! don't you remember, sweet Amy, the talking
You caused down at Silverdale Hall ?
How men were all wild to attend you in walking,
Or to carry your sunshade or shawl ?
You laughed and you flirted, and were so provoking,
For you reigned like a despot extreme ;
And issued your edicts—part earnest, part joking—
From your throne by the side of the stream.

Then you had your fav'rites I can't help confessing,
Though you treated us all as your slaves—
One moment were angry, the next were caressing,
More capricious than wind-driven waves.
'Twas then Charlie Lincoln and I were both trying
To be first in your love and esteem,
Whilst swift'y the rosy young hours were flying
At your court by the side of the stream.

Thus it often occurred in that bright sunny weather
That we both were ensnared by your wiles ;
You gave one a flower, the other a feather,
Whilst you gladdened us both with your smiles.
At last came a time of most exquisite rapture—
How short did that afternoon seem !—
As rosy lips pouted, I made my first capture,
When I met you alone by the stream.

Alone, did I say ? Charlie Lincoln had seen us ;
That he had I could tell by his look ;
What matter ? With osiers and hurdles between
us,
With a thick tangled hedge and—a brook.
'Twas all one to me, for he could not come over ;
So he bowed in a manner supreme,
And envied the lot that had cast me in clover,
With himself the wrong side of the stream.

How tender and true were those words softly
spoken !
How lovely the light in your eyes !
How earnest those pledges, ne'er meant to be
broken,
Those whispers that melted to sighs !
No longer a fancy—my fate was decided ;
No mere phantom or fairy-like dream ;
I blessed the good luck that my rival had guided
Thus to walk the wrong side of the stream !
—Belgravia.

J. ASHBY STERRY.

L'AUTO-DA-FE.

In the hush of the winter midnight—
In the hush of the sleeping house—
When no weird wind stirs in the gloomy firs,
The spirits of storm to rouse.

When never a glint of moonlight
Gleams from the great black sky,
By the red fire's glow, as it smoulders low,
We crouch, my letters and I.

My letters, they lie where I tossed them,
On the crimson hearthrug there,
Still, vivid, and bright, in the ruddy light,
As cobras in their lair.

I push the hair from my forehead,
That burns and throbs so fast,
Thinking the while, with a strange dull smile,
Of the task I must do at last.

Who knows but I, the comfort
Those foolish letters have been?
The depth and scope—the strength and hope—
Of those "leaves" that are always "green"?

Who knows but I, how sadly,
To-morrow, I and my dream,
By the ashes grey will weep and say,
"Woe's me for that vanished gleam.

"The gleam of idle gladness,
The glimmer of memories bright,
That hid in each line of those letters of mine
Those letters I burn to-night?"

Ah well! the dream was a folly;
Its joy was an idle thing,
Its hope was a lie, and its loyalty
Died of a whisper's sting.

So a kiss—the last—to my letters.
A resolute hand, and—there!
Do the sad dark eyes of my Paradise
Meet mine through the fierce flame's flare?
—*Temple Bar.*

COMING PLEASURES.

SHADOW-LEAVES of rugged elms,
Thrown on cool green meadow plants;
Light beyond, and flowered realms,
Passing bees' deep organ-chants.

Plumes of air that touch the cheek
Like a rose, as soft and brief;
Happy thoughts that need not speak,
Lapped in rest and love's belief.

Rippling stream by sun and shade,
Golden-meshed, or amber deep;
Song of bird, and tinkling blade,
Where the distant corn they reap.

Such an hour is coming, sweet,
Banishing the anxious frown—
Fanning ache and troubles heat—
Bringing heavenly angels down.

POETRY.

SPRING'S CHANGES.

AGAIN the floweret on the bank
Its white stars shows; in foremost rank
Again the crocused April comes
Ere cold winds cease, or wild-bee hums.
The first link of the emerald year
With subtle change doth now appear;
Earth turns on her brown coverlet
A few green folds; begins to net
Her belt of flowers; the thrushes call
To ope the sun's high turquoise hall;
The running sparkling rivers show
At morn and eve a rosier glow;
The Day a longer pleasure takes,
E'en in the forest's leafless brakes;
The Spring's light fingers sweetly play
In the boy's heart her music gay.
The revel comes of joyous life,
Like the first waves in limpid strife
Playfully racing to the sand,
At some soft summer wind's command.
The old world once again returns,
Renews the fire that ever burns
On Heaven's cerulean hearth above;
And golden light is warm as love;
The old is now, the new is old;
The chestnut leaves again unrolled;
The squirrels in the beech-woods dark,
The lambs about the swarded park,
The echoing calls of new-come birds,
The Easter feast, the Easter words;
The same again, yet long desired;
The world of them is never tired.
But Change has played with human thoughts,
And rearranged them in her sports,
The heart's old longing still appears;
The mind more solemn grows with years.
Dear are the hills, the meadows green,
The sky's deep blue, the waters' sheen;
The little flower appeals to chords
That wake the tears, and know not words;
The voice of the old years is heard;
The depths within are deeply stirred.
A strange desire o'erpassing things
That are achieved by mortal wings,
Now seeks the unexplained, unseen,
The mysteries which have ever been;
It marks the clearer sounds of Time,
And sighs for some eternal clime;
It looks afar and yet is blind;
Its strength is like a mighty wind
Pent in by mightier caves of rock,
Till Nature feels the final shock.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

HEART'S EASE.

A SIMPLE flower for such a magic name,
The leaves of royal purple, matched with yellow;
Yielding no perfume, humbled, hardy, wild,
Yet with a fame not Amaranth can follow.

No opiate sleep is treasured in its stem,
No precious balsalm with enchanted powers;

It bears no scent of Eden in its buds,
Nor gathers hues from rainbow-colored showers.

It lends no brighter glory to the spring ;
It casts no solace o'er the winter-snow ;
But all unheeded 'mid the statelier growths,
Its triple blossoms innocently grow.

That gives its value, which its name implies,
Dives would pour his gold in streaming floods
To buy a leaflet ; and one-half the world
Would life-long search for it through fields and
woods.

BRIEF NOTES ON BOOKS.

Christocracy; or Essays on the Coming and Kingdom of Christ, with Answers to the Principal Objections of Postmillenarians. By JOHN T. DEMAREST & WILLIAM R. GORDON. New York: A. Lloyd, 1867.—These joint authors are highly respected ministers in the Reformed Dutch Church. They are intelligent, conscientious and earnest believers in what is known among theologians as the Millenarian theory of the Second Coming and Kingdom of Christ, and they herein expound and vindicate that theory in a dispassionate, logical and Scriptural manner. On the whole we have here probably the best exposition and defence of Millenarianism that has been made. It is well for those who do not hold these views to see what can be said in their favor, and especially by such candid and able men as the authors of this volume are admitted to be.

The Berry Pickers of Wisconsin. Philadelphia. Presbyterian Publication Committee, New York: A. D. F. Randolph.—This is a wholesome and lively story that will interest the younger members of the household, and do good service in the Sunday-school library.

Bible Pictures; or Life-Sketches of Life-Truths. By GEORGE B. IDE, D.D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 1867.—Dr. Ide is one of the ablest and most eloquent writers in the denomination to which he belongs; and the present volume will not detract from his well-earned reputation. He aims in it to illustrate the teachings of the Bible by the analogies of nature, and the passing scenes and events of every day life, and in this he succeeds, and has produced an interesting and valuable work.

The Descriptive New Testament. With Notes. By INGRAM COBBIN. Edited by REV. D. MEAD. Illustrated with numerous Engravings. New York: Clark & Mead, 1867.—This work has been before the public for some years, but is now brought out in a new and very tasty edition. The Notes are brief and mainly descriptive, and the illustrations well adapted to illustrate the text. It is a neat, compact and not expensive commentary on the New Testament. We agree with the opinion expressed by it at the time it was first published by Theodore Frelinghuysen, Drs. Spring and Hawes, and others: "The Descriptive Testament, containing explanatory notes, especially designed for the study of youth, by Ingram Cobbin, combines an amount of valuable information on matters connected with the New Testament, that will

render it a ready help to any student of the Scriptures, and deserving the careful examination of the youth of our country. It affords, in a condensed form, what would cost them much research to obtain."

Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects. By Sir J. F. W. HERSCHEL, Bart., K.H. London and New York: A. Strahan.—This is one of the few reproductions from the pages of our periodicals which thoroughly deserve separate existence. The distinguished and now venerable author has long stood among the highest representatives of English science; when he therefore condescends, or rather undertakes, to make science familiar, we have every reason to place absolute reliance on his teaching. Sir John Herschel is a graceful writer as well as a profound physical philosopher, and these lectures combine deep science and pleasant illustration in a manner of which there are few examples, often as the effort is made to combine them. Take an example:—

"Now, to make this clear, I must go a little out of my way and say something about the first principles of geology. Geology does not pretend to go back to the creation of the world, or concern itself about its primitive state, but it does concern itself with the changes it sees going on in it now, and with the evidence of a long series of such changes it can produce in the most unmistakeable features of the structure of our rocks and soil, and the way in which they lie one on the other. *As to what we see going on now.* We see everywhere, and along every coastline, the sea warring against the land, and everywhere overcoming it; wearing and eating it down, and battering it to pieces; grinding those pieces to powder; carrying that powder away, and spreading it out over its own bottom, by the continued effect of the tides and currents. Look at our chalk cliffs, which once, no doubt, extended across the Channel to the similar cliffs on the French coast. What do we see? Precipices cut down to the sea beach, constantly hammered by the waves and constantly crumbling: the beach itself made of the flints outstanding after the softer chalk has been ground down and washed away; themselves grinding one another under the same ceaseless discipline; first rounded into pebbles, then worn into sand, and then carried further and further down the slope, to be replaced by fresh ones from the same source.

"Well, the same thing is going on *everywhere round every coast of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.* Foot by foot, or inch by inch, mouth by month, or century by century, *down everything must go.* Time is as nothing in geology. And what the sea is doing, the rivers are helping it to do. Look at the sand-banks at the mouth of the Thames. What are they but the materials of our island carried out to sea by the stream? The Ganges carries away from the soil of India, and delivers into the sea, twice as much solid substance *weekly* as is contained in the great pyramid of Egypt. The Irrawaddy sweeps off from Burmah sixty-two cubic feet of earth in every second of time on an average, and there are 86,400 seconds in every day, and 365 days in every year; and so on for the other rivers. What has become of all that great bed of chalk which once covered all the weald of Kent, and formed a continuous

mass from Ramsgate and Dover to Beechy Head, running inland to Madamscourt Hill and Seven-oaks? All clean gone, and swept out into the bosom of the Atlantic, and there forming other chalk-beds. Now, geology assures us, on the most conclusive and undeniable evidence, that *all* our present land, all our continents and islands, have been formed in this way out of the ruins of former ones. The old ones which existed at the beginning of things have all perished, and what we now stand upon has most assuredly been, at one time or other, perhaps many times, the bottom of the sea.

"Well, then, there is power enough at work, and it has been at work long enough, utterly to have cleared away and spread over the bed of the sea all our present existing continents and islands, had they been placed where they are at the creation of the world; and from this it follows, as clear as demonstration can make it, that without some process of renovation or restoration to act in antagonism to this destructive work of old Neptune, there would not now be a foot of dry land for living things to stand upon.

"Now what is this process of restoration? Let the volcano and the earthquake tell their tale. Let the earthquake tell how, within the memory of man, the whole coastline of Chili, for 100 miles above Valparaiso, with the mighty chain of the Andes—mountains to which the Alps sink into insignificance—was hoisted at one blow (in a single night, Nov. 19, A.D. 1822) from two to seven feet above its former level, leaving the beach *below* the old water-mark high and dry; leaving the shell-fish sticking on the rocks out of reach of water; leaving the seaweed rotting in the air, or rather drying up to dust under the burning sun of a coast where rain never falls. The ancients had a fable of Titan hurled from heaven and buried under Etna, and by his struggles causing the earthquakes that desolated Sicily. But here we have an exhibition of Titanic forces on a far mightier scale. One of the Andes upheaved on this occasion was the gigantic mass of Aconcagua, which overlooks Valparaiso. To bring home to the mind the conception of such an effort, we must form a clear idea of what sort of mountain this is. It is nearly 24,000 feet in height. Chimborazo, loftiest of the volcanic cones of the Andes, is lower by 2,500 feet; and yet Etna, with Vesuvius at the top of it, and another Vesuvius piled on that, would *little more than surpass the midway height of the snow-covered portion of that cone*, which is one of the many chimneys by which the hidden fires of the Andes find vent. On the occasion I am speaking of, at least 10,000 square miles of country were estimated as having been upheaved, and the upheaval was not confined to the land, but extended far away to the sea, which was proved by the soundings off Valparaiso, and along the coast, having been found considerably shallower than they were before the shock.

"Again, in the year 1819, in an earthquake in India, in the district of Cutch, bordering on the Indus, a tract of country more than fifty miles long and sixteen broad was suddenly raised ten feet above its former level. The raised portion still stands up above the unraised, like a long perpendicular wall, which is known by the name of the 'Ullah Bund,' or 'God's Wall.' And again,

in 1538, in that convulsion which threw up the Monte Nuoro (New Mountain), a cone of ashes 450 feet high, in single night; the whole coast of Pozzuoli, near Naples, was raised twenty feet above its former level, and remains so permanently upheaved to this day."

The book is throughout written in this style, and we have nothing but satisfaction in recommending it to our readers.

London Poems. By ROBERT BUCHANAN, Author of "Idylls and Legends of Inverburn," "Under-tones," etc. London and New York: A. Strahan.—Mr. Buchanan is a poet. He can sing from the soul to the soul. You read him, and you lose yourself, and you wake up to find that your heart has been pausing. For intensity of feeling, for exquisiteness of pathos, and for moral grasp together, we scarcely know where to mark his equal among the contemporary names that have not already won their immortality. Some of his poems, indeed, look in a direction towards which it is possible for pity to turn with a passion that shall be neither just nor merciful. We have no sympathy with unsympathetic rectitude; and Christianity falsifies itself when it frowns remorselessly upon evil, however gross, that is put away and lamented. But as misfortune is not vice, so neither is vice misfortune; and things which differ in their essence should not, if possible, be brought into the way of being confounded through identity of name. It is quite enough to have referred to a feature of Mr. Buchanan's poetry, which has struck us in several parts of this volume. As to the prevalent tone of the poems, it is all that the most rigid purist could desire; and Mr. Buchanan must be numbered among the increasingly numerous company of gifted men, whose genius is linked to all noble qualities and uses. The piece entitled "Nell"—which means the *quasi*-wife of a man who committed murder when he was drunk, and was hanged for it—while it illustrates by its general drift and bearing the observations we have just made on the *morale* of Mr. Buchanan's writings, is one of the most thrilling and pathetic poems in the English language, and would of itself justify large expectations as to its author's future labours and successes.

Here is the conclusion of the poem. Nell describes to Nan, the only one of her neighbours who had been kind to her after Ned's ignominious death, how she had done and felt on the morning of the execution. The crisis is at hand. She had crept into a lane off Ludgate Hill, and sitting on a doorstep in the rain, with her shawl thrown off, was vaguely listening for she knew not what. And she says,—

"I heard the murmur of a crowd of men,
And next, a hammering sound I knew full
well,
For something gripp'd me round the heart!—
and then
There came the solemn tolling of a bell!
O Lord! O Lord! how could I sit close by
And neither scream nor cry?
As if I had been stone, all hard and cold,
But listening, listening, listening, still and
dumb,
While the folk murmur'd, and the death-bell
toll'd,

And the day brightened, and his time had come.
 Till—Nan!—all else was silent, but the knell
 Of the slow bell!
 And I could only wait, and wait, and wait,
 And what I waited for I couldn't tell,—
 At last there came a groaning deep and great—
 Saint Paul's struck “eight”—
 I scream'd, and seem'd to turn to fire, and fell!
 “God bless him, live or dead!
 He never meant no wrong, was kind and true—
 They've wrought their fill of spite upon his head—
 Why didn't they be kind and take me too?
 And there's the dear old things he used to wear,
 And here's a lock o' hair!
 And they're more precious far than gold galore,
 Than all the wealth and gold in London town!
 He'll never wear the hat and clothes no more,
 And I shall never wear the muslin gown!
 And Ned! my Ned!
 Is fast asleep, and cannot hear me call;—
 God bless you, Nan, for all you've done and said,
 But don't mind me! My heart is broke—that's all!”

There are parts of the poem which exhibit Mr. Buchanan's powers to greater advantage than the section we have quoted. We simply give the end as a matter of convenience. If Mr. Buchanan continues to ripen in power and quality, retaining his purity of tone, we shall hope to meet him often again in print through many years to come.

SCIENCE.

The Fishes of the Amazon—The district of the Amazon seems to swarm with all kinds of organic life. Of the land animals a very able and graphic account has already been given by Mr. Bates; and now Professor Agassiz has given an account of his elaborate investigation of the fish of the Amazon. In a lecture delivered quite recently at New York, Professor Agassiz stated that he found that the Amazon has not one fish in common with any other fresh-water basin; that different parts of the Amazon have fishes peculiar to themselves; and, as an instance of the teeming variety that exists in the Amazon basin, he gave the result of his examination of a small contiguous lake or pool, of only a few hundred square yards, which showed 200 different kinds of fishes, which is three times as many as the Mississippi river can boast. In the Amazon itself he found 2,000 different kinds; and when he began his investigation of the river only 150 were known to exist, and he said that in proportion as he found the larger number the difference between them seem to grow. He proceeded to a general classification of the fishes of the Amazon, and instanced one that might appropriately be called a very peculiar fish, inasmuch as it had the power of walking or creeping on dry land, one having been found five miles from the water; and the Professor himself kept one of them out

of water half a day, and on putting it back into its natural element it showed as much of life as if it had never been removed. Moreover, it is an agile fish, worming its way up the inclined plane of the trunk of some old tree that had fallen, and twisting about among the branches until finally a single shot has brought down a bird and a fish together. Professor Agassiz declared that the Amazon, for a river of turbid water, and of so high a temperature, the average being 80 deg., nourishes an extraordinary number of delicious fishes for table use.—*Popular Science Review*.

What our Coal-measures yield.—At a late meeting of the Manchester Philosophical Society, Professor Page read a paper entitled “What we owe to our Coal-measures.” In the course of this he gave the returns of the yield of coal in the years 1857 and 1865 respectively, and, as the contrast of the figures show, the enormous increase in the quantity of coal removed from our mines, we give the statistics for the benefit of those of our readers interested in the subject:—

	1857.	1865.
	tons.	tons.
Durham and Northumberland	15,826,525	25,032,694
Cumberland	942,048	1,431,637
Yorkshire	8,875,410	10,846,000
Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire	3,687,442	4,200,810
Warwickshire	338,000	859,000
Leicestershire	698,750	965,501
Staffordshire and Worcestershire	7,164,625	12,201,000
Lancashire	8,565,500	11,962,000
Cheshire	750,500	850,000
Shropshire	750,000	1,135,000
Gloucestershire, Somerset and Devonshire ..	1,225,000	1,875,000
North Wales	1,046,050	1,983,000
South Wales and Monmouth	7,132,204	12,036,587
Scotland	8,211,748	12,650,000
Ireland	120,610	123,500
	65,895,707	98,150,587

—*Popular Science Review*.

The Glacial period, in its relation to the eccentricity of the earth's orbit, is the subject of a highly philosophical essay, which appeared in the *Philosophical Magazine* for February. The paper should be carefully studied by those of our readers who are interested in the point it deals with. The following paragraph will give an idea of the author's views. “When the eccentricity reaches a high value and one of the solstice points is in *perihelion*, the difference between the temperature of the two hemispheres must be very great. The hemisphere which has its winter in *aphelion*, and under a condition of glaciation, is much colder than the opposite hemisphere, which has its winter in *perihelion*, and enjoying an equable climate; and the consequence is, the aerial currents from the pole to the equator must be much stronger on the colder hemisphere than on the warmer, because the difference between the temperature of the pole and the equator is greater on the former hemisphere than on the

latter. When the northern hemisphere, for example, is under glaciation, the north-east trade-winds will be much stronger than the south-east. The *medial line* between the trades will consequently lie a considerable distance to the south of the equator. The effect of the northern trades blowing across the equator to a great distance will be to impel the warm water of the tropics over into the Southern Ocean. And this, to an enormous extent, will tend to exaggerate the difference between the temperature of the two hemispheres." Mr. Croll gives a long series of tables showing the different values of the eccentricities at different epochs, and from them calculates the dates of the Glacial periods.—*Popular Science Review*.

Comets and Meteors.—In No. 794 of the "Leisure Hour" attention is drawn to a most extraordinary coincidence between the orbit of the *August* ring of meteors and that of Comet II of 1862, from which M. Schiaparelli has inferred that an intimate connection exists between comets and meteors, each originating from the same source. Since that paragraph was written, Dr. Peters, of Altona, has pointed out the remarkable fact that the orbit of the *November* ring of meteors, computed by M. Schiaparelli from the observations of the great display of last year, is almost identical with the orbit of Comet I of 1866. There must be something more than accident in these two coincidences, for the agreement, in both instances, in the different elements of the orbits is really startling. There is every appearance at present that M. Schiaparelli's speculations on this subject will rank among the most celebrated of recent astronomical discoveries. M. Le Verrier, of Paris, has also published some remarks on the probable origin of meteors; his hypothesis, however, does not differ much from that of M. Schiaparelli. Whether it may be found ultimately that these speculations are or are not borne out by future investigations, we have no hesitation in again remarking that the two coincidences which have been mentioned are "the most remarkable which we have had in astronomy for a considerable period.—E. D., Greenwich.

Electric Guns.—At a late meeting of the Society of Natural Sciences of Seine-et-Oise, M. De Brettes exhibited a rifle on the Fiobert system, and which is fired by means of electricity. This new invention, with which the Emperor appears to be much pleased, has the following characters:—Two small electric batteries are enclosed in the stock, there conducting wires arrive at the surface of the breech, and can be put in communication with the extremity of a platinum wire, which traverses the cartridge. A simple pressure of the finger upon the trigger closes the electric circuit; the current passes; the platinum wire becomes at once redhot, and inflames the powder which surrounds it. The cartridges prepared for the needle gun carry their own priming, and a shock might inflame them; the cases are thus liable to explode, and deprive the troops of their ammunition. With the new system this danger is impossible. It can, as the expense is trifling, be easily applied to guns of the ancient model. This ingenious weapon does not, however, seem likely to come into general use. Though exhibited by M. De Brettes, it was invented by M. Trouvé.—Vide French Correspondence of *Chemical News*.

Standard Thermometers.—Perhaps there is no instrument which it is of more importance to the meteorologist to have perfectly corrected than the thermometer; yet we learn, from a letter recently addressed to the "Times," by Mr. H. C. Kay, that even among the instruments of the first London makers there is a great want of uniformity. A correspondent of the *Chemical News*, writing upon the same subject, corroborates Mr. Kay's remarks. Two years ago, he required a first class *maximum* registering thermometer for scientific purposes, and he applied to Messrs Negretti and Zambra for a standard instrument, with the Kew certificate. Not having one of them at the time, they sent him one of the instruments with Mr. Glaisher's certificate, which stated that the "reading" was 0.5° too high throughout the range. Some time after suspecting that the difference was greater than was represented, he made a comparison with some of the Kew certificate instruments, and found the following result:—

Kew instrument, degrees.	Mr. Glaisher's instrument, degrees.
57½	59
70½	72
79	81½

We draw attention to these facts, because they are of serious importance. We trust therefore, that some arrangements may be come to by which only one certificate shall be allowed, and which shall compel all standard thermometers to be registered.

The important discovery made by Dr. W. B. Richardson, that parts of the body can be rendered insensible to pain at the will of the operator, has been introduced into veterinary practice, and with such success that henceforth we ought to hear no more of horses being tortured by operations. This "local anaesthesia," as it is called, is produced by directing a shower of ether spray on the part affected from an instrument which acts as a fountain throwing off the finest of dew. In a short time after the instrument has been let to play on any part of the head, body, or limbs, all feeling ceases in that particular spot. During a lecture recently delivered, Dr. Richardson deadened portions of his arm, into which a brother physician thrust large needles, without occasioning the least pain. The importance of this discovery will be obvious; for the risk incurred by rendering the whole body insensible is avoided, and the most painful operations can be performed as insensibly to the patient as under the complete influence of chloroform. And the results obtained on the human subject are obtained also in horses, as has been made clear to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Veterinary Surgeons have used Dr. Richardson's process to render the parts insensible, and have cut out tumors, put in setons, and have made deep incisions to get at internal obstructions without pain to the horses. In cases of local inflammation, whether in the human subject or in animals, the ether spray affords such a ready means of alleviating the pain and abating the attack, that it cannot fail to be adopted. We see by advertisements in the public journals, that in recognition of the value of Dr. Richardson's discovery a testimonial is to be presented to him by the medical profession.

Thirty-two years ago, Sir Charles Lyell examined some ancient sea-marks on the coast of Sweden, and concluded therefrom that the land of Sweden was rising gradually at the rate of three feet in a century. The Earl of Selkirk has recently examined the same marks, and comes to an opposite conclusion, which he has just communicated to the Geological Society. The change in the position of the marks he regards as apparent only, due to fluctuations in the level of the water, and not to any upward movement of the land. The question thus opened is important. Perhaps other geologists will take it up, and carry it on to a satisfactory solution.

Among other geological facts worth notice is the demonstration that gold exists in the gravel in the river valleys of Central New Brunswick, as reported by Mr. Shea; and the surprising yield from a copper-mine in Newfoundland. When, last year, a few specimens of copper-ore was exhibited at the conversazione of the President of the Royal Society at Burlington House, no one anticipated the discovery that has since taken place. At a depth of seventy feet, while sinking the shaft, the miners came upon a lode of rich ore four feet thick; a level was then run at right angles to the direction of the lode, and at a distance of eighty feet, another richer lode was struck; ten feet further, there was another twenty feet thick; and ten feet still further, another of four feet. This is a most extraordinary instance of the occurrence of copper: the yield will be enormous, for the distances to which the several lodes extend are unknown, and many years may be spent before they are worked out. Specimens of the ore are to be seen at the Great Exhibition at Paris, along with specimens of lead ore also from Newfoundland, described as rich in silver.

VARIETIES.

History and Fiction.—It will not do to contrast fiction with history, as if one were all true and the other all false. Even as to matters of fact, historians contradict one another. Each writer tells us what he thinks, or wishes, or believes to have happened; relying mainly on somebody else's opinion, who said or wrote that such and such was the case, according to his view of the matter; he relying on somebody else's words nearer to the time, the whole picture coming to us at third or fourth hand, each authority having given to it a fresh varnish or coat of paint in exact accordance with the spectacles which he wore at the time. But as history is not all absolutely true, so neither is fiction all false.—*Quarterly Review*, Jan., 1867.

Chignons in Equatorial Africa.—On my arrival at Igoumbié, I had noticed how curious the head-dresses of the women were, being so unlike the fashions I had seen among any of the tribes I had visited. Although these modes are sometimes very grotesque, they are not devoid of what English ladies, with their present fashions, might consider good taste; in short, they cultivate a remarkable sort of chignon. I have remarked three different ways of hair-dressing as most prevalent among the Ishogo belles. The first is to train the hair into a tower-shaped mass elevated from eight to ten inches from the crown of the head; the hair from the forehead to the base of the tower, and also that of the back part up to the ears, being closely shaved off. In order to give shape to the tower,

they make a framework, generally out of old pieces of grass cloth, and fix the hair round it. All the chignons are worked upon a frame. Another mode is to wear the tower, with two round balls of hair, one on each side, above the ear. A third fashion is similar to the first, but the tower, instead of being perpendicular to the crown, is inclined obliquely from the back of the head, and the front of the head is clean shaven almost to the middle. The neck is also shorn closely up to the ears. The hair on these towers has a parting in the middle and on the sides, which is very neatly done. The whole structure must require years of careful training before it reaches the perfection attained by the leaders of Ishogo fashion. A really good chignon is not attained until the owner is about twenty or twenty-five years of age. It is the chief object of ambition with the young Ishogo women to possess a good well-trained and well-greased tower of hair of the kind that I describe. Some women are far better dressers of hair than others, and are much sought for—the fixing and cleaning of the hair requiring a long day's work. The woman who desires to have her hair dressed must either pay the hair-dresser, or must promise to perform the same kind office to her neighbor in return. Once fixed, these chignons remain for a couple of months without requiring to be rearranged. The fashion of the chignon was unknown when I left Europe, so that to the belles of Africa belongs the credit of the invention. The women wear no ornaments in their ears, and I saw none who had their ears pierced. The men also have fancy ways of trimming their hair. The most fashionable style is to shave the whole of the head except a circular patch on the crown, and to form this into three finely-plaited divisions, each terminating in a point and hanging down. At the end of each of these they fix a large bead or a piece of iron or brass wire; so that the effect is very singular. The Ishogo people shave their eyebrows, and pull out their eyelashes.—*Le Chiallu's Visit to Ashango-Land*.

Favorite Days for Marriage.—The latest reports of the Registrar's-General of England and Scotland show that no two nations could differ more widely than do the English and the Scotch with regard to the choice of days of the week for marriage. The Scottish report states that the favorite day for marriage in Scotland is the last day of the year, provided it does not fall on a Saturday or a Sunday. No marriages are celebrated on Sunday in Scotland, while in England it is the favorite day of the week for marriage, 32 per cent. of the marriages being contracted on that day. Monday is a favorite day in both countries. Saturday, in England, is the third day of the week in order of selection for marriage, 17 per cent. occurring on that day; but in Scotland no true Scot will marry on a Saturday, nor, indeed, begin any work of importance. With the Scot Saturday is an unlucky day for marriage, and he is impressed with the superstitious belief that if he married on a Saturday one of the parties would die before the expiry of the year, or that, if both survived, the marriage would prove unfruitful. Hence it happens that Sunday and Saturday, the two favorite days for marriage in England, are blank days for marriages in Scotland. Friday is the day on which the English do not marry, but in Scotland it is one of the favorite days for marriage.





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